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AN ITINERANT'S

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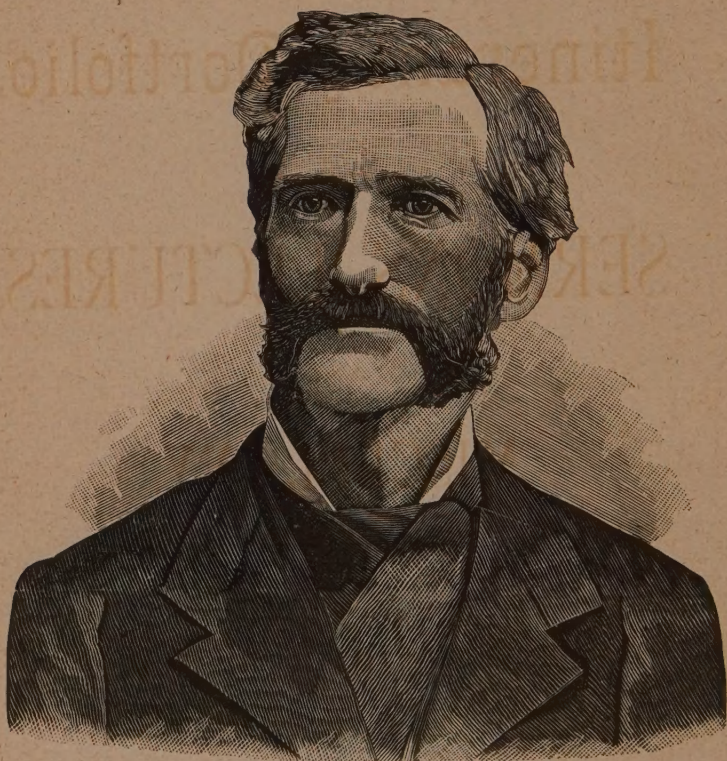


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AN

Itinerant's Portfolio.

SERMONS, LECTURES,

AND

MISCELLANY.

BY

REV. R. L. HARFORD, D. D.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

H. G. PARSONS & Co., PRINTERS, 532 CLAY ST.

1885.

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PREFACE.

THE MANUSCRIPTS which are gathered and bound in this "Portfolio" were none of them written for publication, excepting the one in answer to ex-Governor Robinson of Kansas, on "Vicarious Atonement." Many of them, therefore, are more fragmentary and incomplete than would have been the case had Dr. Harford prepared them himself for publication. Yet, they were too valuable to be lost, and I present them to you in this form, with the belief that the thoughts here contained will afford both profit and pleasure to many readers. To Rev. E. R. Dille I would return grateful acknowledgments for the aid he has rendered me in preparing the manuscripts.

Dr. Harford was a self-made man. So great was his thirst for knowledge that, when a boy, while working in his father's fields, he took his books with him, studying and working at the same time. When but seventeen years of age he taught school, earning money in this way to enable him to pursue his studies at Washington College. The same eagerness to acquire knowledge characterized him throughout his short life; his quick and active brain seized upon every element in the universe which could be so used, and converted it into material for his work. He possessed a clear and penetrating mind; nor was he easily controlled and led by other men, for he had a will of his own; when convinced that he was right, he planted his foot with firmness, and no power was strong enough to force him to change his position. He preached fearlessly his conviction that there should be instantly universal suffrage, total prohibition of the liquor traffic, and compulsory education; that caste should be abolished, whether based upon color, lineage or wealth, and urged the human brotherhood in Christ, believing that, where the Christian spirit prevails there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free; but all are

alike. In his hands the trumpet never gave an uncertain sound,

With the keen appreciation of a poet of the beautiful and grand in nature, and noble in human nature, he adorned his sermons with pictures—vivid word-paintings, which were hung in the halls of memory by those who heard, and became the souvenirs of a lifetime. He possessed an unfailing fund of wit and humor, which manifested itself in dark days as well as bright ones, and gave a sunny gleam to every dark cloud, making him one of the most companionable of men. Something of this may be seen in the lecture on "Character-Building."

He had in him an innate reticence and reserve, which may have caused him to appear cold and distant to some when nothing was further from his feelings; although not naturally demonstrative, there was in his heart an inexhaustible fountain of tenderness. Perhaps the best tribute I can pay to his memory is to say that, living beside him so long, I learned that a life of self-sacrifice for the good of others is not so hard, after all; it may become comparatively easy, and is paradise itself compared to a life of selfish ease and indulgence at the expense of discomfort, toil and anxiety to others. Unselfish, magnanimous and high-minded, he imparted to others, at least, the desire to possess those qualities so conspicuous in him.

At the age of forty-six, just in the prime of life, he has passed away. His labors and his example are a precious heritage to his children.

"Like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters when he sinks from us."

Yet God alone knows how hard it is to watch for returning feet that never come. O Christ! how dark this life, how dreadful death, how cold the yawning grave would be, without your blessed consolation!

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

Very sincerely yours,

MARY E. HARBORD.

INTRODUCTION.

REV. ROBERT L. HARFORD, D. D., from the contents of whose "Portfolio" the following sermons and sketches are compiled, was born in Ohio, in the year 1837. In his early childhood his parents removed to Pennsylvania, where he grew up to man's estate. He was converted at the age of seventeen, and two years later emigrated to Kansas, where, in 1857, he was licensed to preach, and in 1860 admitted on trial into the Kansas Conference. A complete list of his appointments in Kansas cannot now be given; but it is known that many of them were important and responsible positions. He was stationed at Junction City, Manhattan, Atchison, Lawrence, Leavenworth, and for three years was Presiding Elder of the Manhattan District. In 1865 he was President of Blue Mount College, and at a later time of Baker University, serving a year and a half without compensation, and making other pecuniary sacrifices to aid that young and struggling institution. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1872, and in the same year received the degree of D. D. from his *Alma Mater*, Washington College, Pa.

His first marriage was to Miss Lyman, who died in 1871, leaving two children, one of the three born to them having preceded her to the better land. In 1873 he was married to Mrs. M. E. Fraser, who, with their three children, survives him.

In 1873 he was transferred to the Colorado Conference, and while there was stationed at Georgetown, Central City and Denver. He was transferred to the California Conference in 1876, and appointed successively to the following charges: San Rafael, Green Valley, San Jose, Powell-street and Bush-street, San Francisco, and last to Petaluma, where he finished his course with joy, June 2, 1883, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his ministry.

Brother Harford possessed intellectual gifts of a very high order, and these gifts, consecrated to God, and vitalized by the Holy Ghost,

made him indeed an "able minister of the New Testament," as all will testify who have been thrilled by his forcible and fervent appeals, his apt illustrations, and his robust and manly eloquence. His marvelous readiness in extemporaneous effort led an admiring layman to say, "He does not *prepare* sermons; he *preaches* them."

His mind was vigorous and virile, and his preaching was marked by a fresh originality and a rugged forcefulness that always left a deep impression. While an attractive and popular preacher, he was entirely free from all that savored of sensationalism, handling the great themes of the gospel in a manner becoming their greatness.

In his private life he was above reproach. Modest and unassuming, and gentle-spirited as a child, he aroused no antagonisms, cherished no resentments, and sought no ambitious ends during the years of his ministry.

For more than a year before his death his never vigorous constitution was being slowly but surely undermined by that insidious destroyer, consumption. But so reluctant was he to lay down the life-work he loved so well that he labored on when his failing strength was by no means adequate to the discharge of his duties. When, at last, the unmistakable summons came, a few days before his death, his faith triumphed gloriously, and the sun of his life went down without a cloud—clear, calm and serene.

As his devoted wife was about to retire to seek much-needed rest, she expressed the hope that he would enjoy a good night's sleep. "Yes," said he, "sleep, or a prayer-meeting." It was a prayer—or rather, a praise—meeting, for in the silent hours of the night, the watchers at his bedside heard him repeat again and again, "Thou hast loved me with an everlasting love."

Two days later, he fell asleep in Jesus, falling at his post of duty like a true soldier of the cross. His body was lovingly and tearfully laid to rest by his beloved flock, to await the resurrection of the just.

The sermons and fragments which have been collected and edited by loving hands for this volume were not intended by their author for publication, and not more than two or three of them were ready for the press as he left them. They were mostly written hastily as a

basis for extemporaneous effort, as Dr. Harford neither memorized nor used manuscript or notes in the pulpit or on the platform.

Hence, while this collection gives an excellent transcript of the author's mind, and will recall to many his living words on the camp-ground and to his own parishioners, it scarcely represents the average excellence of his weekly discourses. It might be said of him as of one of our greatest modern pulpit orators, that "the difference between hearing his sermons and reading them is very much like the difference between seeing fireworks go off at night, and looking in the morning at the blackened frames on which those fireworks were suspended." Had Dr. Harford dreamed that his work would ever be given to the public, he would have carefully revised it, especially in respect to literary style. But, as it is, it is given, as nearly as possible, as it came from his pen, the only attempt being to arrange the fragments in as logical and coherent order as possible.

This work is sent out by Mrs. Harford with many prayers that the dear voice now hushed in death may yet speak through these pages to the strengthening of believers, and the leading of many souls to Christ. Doubtless, many Christians will be moved to aid in its circulation, not only for the cherished memory of its author, and for the good it may accomplish, but because they can thereby aid the widowed mother who has given her all to the cause of Christ, and to whom a fallen hero of the cross left no other legacy than a spotless and honored name and the sacred trust of three fatherless children.

Sacramento, Cal.

E. R. DILLE.

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AN ITINERANT'S PORTFOLIO.

SERMON I.

Hungering and Thirsting for Righteousness.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”—Matt. v: 6.

We are so created that the things essential to our happiness and welfare find a passport to our natures in our appetencies and desires. For our food we hunger; for water we thirst; the eye demands the light, and the ear the mysteries of mind; and by no other process than these susceptibilities can the glories of the outer world, material and spiritual, find access, or be utilized and assimilated. It is idle to expect to overwhelm with rapturous joy the soul of a blind man by leading him into the presence of the most sublime and magnificent landscapes, or to entrance the soul of the deaf man by inundating him with the profound harmonies of Beethoven.

But were one not blind, but having his sight, devoid

of that natural love of the beautiful with which God, in creation, endows the race, it would be equally useless to place him in the presence of these gorgeous landscapes, as the glorious pageant, beneath the sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight, passes before him. The meadows enameled with flowers, the hills enwrapped in verdure, the lakes embosomed in forests, the lofty mountains, sunrise and sunset, resplendent clouds, night's glittering, jeweled diadem, are all to him, without this taste, as they would be to the blind.

To him who possessed not the sense of harmony there could be no enchantment in the whirlwinds and storms, the deep, rushing torrents, the sparkling fountains, the dancing rills, leaping, foaming cataracts of melody that burst and freed themselves from the magic fingers of Liszt in his palmiest days.

And if there were not a religious sense in man it were vain to appeal to him with truths and considerations of a spiritual nature; but there is a religious nature in man from which arise in him tastes, aptitudes and susceptibilities to religious and spiritual verities.

I. This religious sense (faculty, capacity) is a universal endowment of the race, just as the sense of the beautiful, or as the intellectual faculties are universal.

In attest of the universal character of this faculty there are presented before us the history of all nations. Their smoking altars, burning incense, bloody sacrifices—all tell the story and reveal the presence of this abounding principle of human nature.

II. It is an indestructible principle of our being. Through all the ages the fires of persecution have been applied to burn it out, the plowshares of royal edicts have

sought to uproot it—on the rack and wheel, as between upper and nether millstone, they have sought to grind it to powder, in gloomy dungeons to starve it out; yet—

“As, from their nature, will the Tannen grow
Loftiest on the loftiest and least-sheltered rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where naught below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shock
Of eddyng storms, yet'springs the trunk and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,
And grew a giant tree.”

So hath this imperishable power of our nature grown strong beneath the storms of persecution.

III. It is a principle involving righteousness. When this sense is incited to hunger and thirst, its supreme object is righteousness. The heathen devotee burns incense, offers sacrifice, brings his gifts, or lacerates his body, or immolates himself, or sacrifices his child, that righteousness may be secured. He has a conviction of guilt, that he is not in a state of harmonious relationship with the moral conditions. His nature cries out for equipoise, for righteousness, for justification, adjustment.

This principle is not merely a passion for happiness, a desire for heaven, a hunger for pleasure, but a hunger and thirst (when brought to its right conditions) for righteousness.

It is the rectilinear power of human nature. A ship is so built that when properly ballasted, if the winds beat it over upon the waves, it rights itself up again, though swept down until its masts strike the waves; the power of gravitation, holding on to it, pulls it up again. So the great

law of righteousness—the external gravitation of the moral universe—steadily and constantly pulls and tugs at this principle of our nature to restore man to his moral equipoise, and hold him fixed in proper and healthful adjustment to the righteousness of God and of his law. See its influence in the nations. How often has truth gone down in the sunless night of the grave, but only to arise as spring from the icy arms of winter !

It is deemed a proper thing just now for a man to declare himself an atheist, infidel, skeptic. What do we mean by this? Young men now are given to boast of such a thing, saying, “I have no objection to others enjoying themselves as they will, but as for me, I receive none of these things.” By this they can mean:

First, to say they are devoid of this religious instinct. Now, there are startling and painful exceptions to the ordinary principle and rules of creation.

There is here and there an instance of absence of taste, so that a man cannot tell whether that which he eats is sweet or sour, spiced or salted. It is all the same to him. Yet these cases are not numerous, but exceedingly rare—one in ten thousand—and these persons are not inclined to boast of themselves as an exceptional case ; they rather call forth our sympathy.

There is here and there a man blind from his birth, whose sightless eyeballs never looked out upon the myriad forms of beauty that glorify the scene; there is one, here and there, who, having eyes, is still color-blind, cannot distinguish scarlet from violet; one in a multitude who has never heard; the ear is there like the gilded false pipe upon

the front of the organ; and the harp within may be perfect, but the auricular nerve is defective, and he hears not.

There are men in which one of the intellectual faculties is wanting, who cannot comprehend mathematics, cannot learn the multiplication table; still others in whom all the intellectual powers are abated or suppressed—who cannot learn anything. These we call idiots, in great commiseration of their condition.

And now, are we to assume that these cases of atheism—infidelity, so-called—are, in regard to the religious aspects of their natures, equally wanting? that it is a spiritual color-blindness, spiritual paralysis of taste, spiritually having no mathematical power? Spiritual idiots? Is it true that there is one in ten thousand an Ingersoll, a Paine, a Voltaire, whom God, in his general distribution of spiritual susceptibilities, has overlooked, and thus left them stranded in this awful orphanhood—this soul-idiocy? If so, then, these are cases not for boasting, but for pity—for the commiseration of God, and men, and angels.

These are ‘clouds without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.’

“Like some stately ship, well built and tall, which winds cast out on desert shore, and then, retiring, leave it there to rot and moulder in the winds—so he, cut off from the sympathies of life, and cast ashore on pleasure’s boisterous surge.” (Pollock’s “Course of Time.”)

Or, on the other hand, they must mean that, having religious natures in common with others, they find more

noble occupation than the culture of this religious sense, the education of these powers of the higher nature, these potencies of being. Well we have known those who were gifted by nature with clever intellectual faculties, but who decined their culture, saying that education was in no way to be desired; that educated men, so-called, had no advantages over the uneducated; that their fathers could not read nor write, yet succeeded in the world, and they did not care for these new-fangled notions about education. So would these declare themselves indifferent to the culture of the moral and religious faculties of their nature.

A lack of intellectual training is not a thing to be proud of. Neither is a want of spiritual and moral training and culture a thing to boast of.

Or, third, they would say that they do not choose to cultivate their religious susceptibilities according to Christian methods, nor by Christian standards.

Then this involves a consideration of the different methods and different systems of religion, and their comparative merits and claims—rather, which is true, which false.

All religious systems answer in some manner this principle in man, and tend to its culture, though perhaps not a culture that gives much fruit—Mohammedanism, Buddhism, all the religions of the pagan world, their altars, their rites, their sacrifices; Catholicism, with its splendid pagantry, its forms and symbols, etc.

The grave difficulty in all systems of religion is that they do not comprehend and preach the grand aim and object of this principle, namely, righteousness.

The sense and pleasure of taste are not for themselves,

but that the body may be fed and receive its necessary nutriment; so thirst. The eye is not made for the mere pleasure of seeing, but for the useful purpose of life.

This religious sense in man is not given him simply as a string upon which different hands may play, and being for their varying anthems, and each say, "Well done," but it is a principle whose end and ultimatum is righteousness. It is meant to bring us into and hold us in right relations with God and man, with the moral realm, and make man a cosmopolite—a citizen at large of the moral universe.

And any system of religion that does not accomplish this high and holy end comes short of the true aim. The symbols and forms of Catholicism may please and hold its votaries firmly to its side, but it is only too plain a fact that it does not beget a deep hunger for righteousness, and show how it may be fed.

So, more or less, with Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Their power in this respect is hardly appreciable, while many religions tend to corrupt and degrade the moral sense, although attended with high religious enthusiasm.

Nor do they succeed any better who attempt to cultivate the religious nature by diligent care of some other department of nature. Though related to each other, the different departments of our nature are essentially different, and each requires for its culture special treatment—appropriate treatment.

We have methods for training the powers of the body, methods for cultivating the intellectual faculties. You will all agree, however, that these methods are not interchangeable. Running upon the race-course, or practice in the

gymnasium, may make the sturdy athlete or the fleet racer, but would not produce a profound astronomer; neither would the study of astronomy necessarily make a good musician. If you would create a musician, you give him the scales, not the multiplication table. Yet men preposterously assume that the moral nature of man may be cultured by the exercise of his intellectual powers. Increase the intelligence of the people, say some would be philosophers, then morality will flourish. That intelligence may dissipate some forms of sin, as well as error, is possible; but that the culture of the intellect, coupled with the neglect of the religious nature, will assuage the streams of private vice and public corruption all history contradicts. It is certainly proven that the grossest sin is entirely combatible with the highest intelligence.

The unredeemed wastes of the moral and religious nature send their streams of poison through all the aqueducts of the life. Of this truth, Lord Bacon, Byron, Aaron Burr and E. A. Poe are all melancholy examples.

But to him who has the slightest logical gift, this proposition needs no confirmation of history.

When the study of the multiplication table will make a first-class musician, or reading Shakespeare will make an engineer or a wheelwright, then may we hope that the culture of the mental faculties will create a pure and holy man, whose life reflects the image of God.

The gospel, as a scheme for the development of the religious potencies of man's nature, is adequate to all these ends.

(a.) Through the power of the Holy Spirit it stimulates this sense to a state of hunger and thirst. We have held

all the way along that man has such a sense, but it is unmistakably in abeyance. It is sadly paralyzed. However much he may hunger, it is not for righteousness. He would fain make this power a ladder by which he might climb to heaven, or a pleasurable path over which he may walk to perpetual joys. From all this selfishness it is purged by the fire of the Holy Spirit, until he hungers and thirsts after righteousness, after God, after purity. The truly hungry and thirsty man, in this higher sense, would seek righteousness, even if righteousness led to hell, and sin to Heaven.

(b) In the cross is another element necessary to the awakening of this faculty. The man whose hunger and thirst after righteousness have not been awakened feels no need of a system of atonement, wants no cross; but he who has, by the Spirit, been brought under conviction of righteousness finds in himself—not simply in God, but in himself—an imperative demand that the principles of righteousness be laid upon right foundations. These he finds in the cross, in faith, in Jesus Christ.

Righteousness is the right adjustment of personal relationship. It is not an abstract right. Right, or righteousness, in a moral sense, implies not only a doer of right, but one toward whom or to whom the right is performed. Righteousness is not merely the observance of God's law, but it implies right relations toward him who holds the scepter—toward God.

Spiritualism tells of revelations to be secured through *seances*, table-tippings, tappings, through peepings and mutterings in darkened chambers. But it is not revelations the hungry soul desires, but the righteousness of God

revealed in the heart-throbs of his own divine presence, bringing pardon, regeneration, approbation, love. This is secured to man through Jesus Christ, who is the way, the truth, the life, bringing all things into sublime harmony by a personal adjustment of all high relationships.

II. Shall be filled.

God works, through principles, to the accomplishment of great ends, so adapting the means to the end. The rain and sunshine fall upon the earth, with its inherent principles of vegetation, and who can count the blades of grass springing, not one here, one there, but hills and plains carpeted in a day with its myriads of springing spires; the flowers burst forth, not one by one, but as an army, with banners trooping everywhere? Man hath an eye, a principle of sight, and the light answering to that principle brings its multitudinous revelations, ever changing, ever new, through all your life. How has the eye been filled? *filled* with form and color, always new, always full, full like the sea.

In all your life you have never seen two sights alike—clouds, and hills, and streams, and plains, and flowers, and forms, and lights and shades. Go look to-day at that mountain range, with its ridges and slopes, and points and peaks, and as the sun bathes all day long that mountain range, watch the ever-changing panorama of light and shade. So through life, in panoramic splendor and power, has the eye been filled with light.

The moral sense is an eye—an organ—in man. Its light is in the gospel, through which it is ever filled—filled to overflowing. When we stand on the foundations of one of these grand fundamental principles which the Creator

has founded in man, the infinite, with its fullness, stretches away. The depths, the heights, the distant views, are God's infinite storehouses for answering and filling these potencies of our nature.

Men are hungry to-day who will not be filled? sick, who shall not be made well? thirsty, who will not receive water? Some would travel—are hungry for sights of England, Paris, Venice, St. Peters, Palestine, Egypt, the cradle of the race, but cannot, for poverty; and, destined to hard work, they are shut up in a shop or kitchen 10 by 12. Some hunger for art—the works of the masters—but cannot satisfy their desires in this life. How the the blind hunger for light! the deaf for hearing! but hunger in vain. “He who hungers and thirsts after righteousness *shall* be filled.”

What if you could go to the hovel of that poor man to-day? Or, if Bro. Beeching, manager of the Benevolent Association, could say to that poor man or woman, “Take this blank and fill it up with what you want, and your wants shall be supplied.” And as, in wonder, he asks, “Can I have a home?” “Yes.” “Flour?” “Yes.” “And groceries and clothing?” “Yes.” What a blessed office it would be! But still the hungry can only be half fed, the naked half clad. But in Christ Jesus all who hunger and thirst shall be filled—filled to repletion.

By and by these blessings shall not even await the claims and clamors of hunger and thirst. The last chapter of Revelations looks back through the strife and over the sanguinary battlefields and feverish scenes presented in God's Word, and, pointing back, says, “This for this world”; points forward and says, “There shall be no more

curse; there shall be no night there; they need no candle, neither light of the sun."

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of them, shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. As the light comes to the eye unasked, unsought, so will the light eternal flood the eyes and souls of God's redeemed.

SERMON II.

A Name to Live.

“Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead.”—Rev. iii: 1.

I.—DEFINITION.

Death is defined as the total and permanent cessation of the functions of life. Such is physical death. By a legitimate transfer the term may be applied to one or more departments of a compound being. Physically dead, intellectually, spiritually dead, yet the definition will not apply without modification. The mind may be so paralyzed as that we may say of the reasoning faculty, or of memory, or imagination, “It is dead,” by which is not implied the *total* cessation of the functions of the mind, but that condition through which certain functions are deprived of their normal power and completed action.

There is spiritual death. The powers of the immortal soul lie prostrate in a paralysis from the confusion and ruin of whose dive shock they cannot arise; yet this view does not imply a cessation permanent, inasmuch as it is not total. By a power operating from without it may be recuscitated and renewed. “Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” The sense, therefore, in which this is a total depravity, is that it is helpless—has no power of self-renewal.

“The heart unchanged can never rise to happiness and God.”

"Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding heart,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea
Can wash the dismal stain away."

The church at Sardis was dead though outwardly it was flourishing. So a dead body may seem only to sleep. There is a man whose eye looks as clear and bright as yours, yet the optic nerve is destroyed, and he is stone blind. Organisms may be perfect, yet all the powers paralyzed, dead, dead, dead!

II.—SYMPTOMS.

The individual symptoms are: Lack of natural, healthful tastes; the appetite is wanting—no craving for food, no thirst for the water of life. The Lord hath "spread a table in the wilderness," and "opened fountains in the desert," in the varied means of grace. This table is loaded, these fountains overflowing, yet these partake not. Dead men do not sit at the table of the Lord; dead men and women do not frequent the prayer-meeting and the class-meeting. They need nourishment, but they are not hungry, not thirsty. There is music in the air but they hear it not; there is exhilaration in the light, but they behold it not. Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not.

There is also the absence of functional activity. Every living thing has its life operations and processes, its activities; it takes up, and throws off, and assimilates, and is changed and renewed.

The Christian is a living, organic entity. He should move forward through the appropriate processes of this Christian life, inhaling, eating, drinking, receiving nourishment, changing, assimilating, changed from glory to glory.

Constant movement and change affect every molecule of that luxuriant plant, a lithe young tree, whose free, graceful branches sway and wave in the wind. Not a movement except decay affects that fallen trunk. The living Christian hath movement—exercises of faith and love, of hope and joy, humiliation, prayer, groanings that cannot be uttered, peace that passeth understanding. That living plant has buds, b'ossoms, fruit, as well as foliage. The living Christian bears fruit, "much fruit."

So, the church that is well alive has exercises, processes, outcries to God, humiliation, consecration, confession, communion with God, incoming of conviction to hearts of penitents, pleadings of those who seek the Lord, happy deliverance of the captives, shouts of the new-born, hallelujahs, glory, the glory of God, revealings of divine power, Otherwise she may have a "name to live but is dead."

III.—OCCASION—CAUSE.

The consideration of the occasion also involves the study of the preventive and cure. Two things are necessary to the perpetuity of life—first, nourishment; second, protection against destructive forces. Every living thing hath its foes as well as its friends, its poisons as well as its nourishments. Its life-philosophy is to receive the one, to eschew the other. Life is a struggle, a problem, a warfare. You are busy every day, not merely in acquiring food but guarding against peril. A like problem surrounds the destiny of the immortal soul. Refuse nourishment you die; take poison even with nourishment, you die.

For soul life: Prayer, holy living, divine grace, the gift of the spirit-communion with God. For soul life: Freedom from poisons, from worldliness, selfishness,

earthly pleasures, earthly amusements. Persons inquire what harm is there in the theater, the dance, etc. That depends on whether you mean in its application to living or dead bodies. You may fill a corpse full of poison, of nitric acid, corrosive sublimate, it does not hurt; there is no life to destroy; but a spoonful will pull down all the pillars of the living fabric. Worldiness is poison to soul-life. If the soul be dead, if there be no life or life-plan, you may fill it full of theater, balls and deviltry, generally; but the living soul, through which breathes the Christ-life, is poisoned thereby, and the Christ-life is killed. "Beware of poison!"

We had a church member, a worthy, worldly-minded professor, who was fascinated with the ball-room. She used to say to me: "What harm is there in dancing?" Afterward she was converted, or converted over. I need not say she ceased at once the attendance at the ball-room. I said one day, "Why do you not still go to the ball? I thought there was no harm in dancing." "Oh," said she, "I do not now want to go, and I am sure it would destroy this peace in my soul. Poison! poison! poison!"

Furnish the soul nutriment. Guard it against poisons, enemies, the destroyer, the adversary. "Strengthen the things which remain."

This is the order for restoration. All is not lost. The soul still turns (as the eye in the darkness turns to the light) toward the sunlight, toward the "peaceful hours it once enjoyed." Strengthen these things that remain, that have survived the storm, outlived the blight, have not perished in this deadly sirocco. Thank God, something still remains. Alas, that so stately a temple should be in ruins,

yet the foundation remains; build thereon. Strengthen the things which remain.

To the unconverted this strongly appeals. With the footsteps of indifference and unbelief you have, through long years, been trampling out the tender, immortal plants of the soul, as a child would go through a garden and uproot and destroy the most choice and exquisite plants—the roses, the camellias, the carnations, etc. So you have uprooted the roses of Sharon, the immortelles, the lilies of the valley of the soul, and left there only mullein and fennel and upas.

Still, in some sequestered nooks of this abused garden there remains, hidden away, some choice plants, and here and there the roots of the injured ones. “The violet still grows in the depths of thy valleys; though withered, thy tears shall revive them again.”

On thy knees, then, pour your tears around those remaining roots. The trees of the Lord, when matured, are prolific and grow luxuriantly. Strengthen the things that remain. In this building are adjusted a system of pipes and jets for illumination, yet that does not give the light, nor will it, even if the jets be opened and the gas turned on; the torch must be applied. In the sinner's heart are all the susceptibilities for light to enable him to go forward through this world in a blaze of spiritual day, but this is not enough; the torch must be applied; the baptism of fire must be given. “O Spirit of burning, come.”

This is the rule, also, for the Church: “Strengthen the things that remain.” In every church are those who have not defiled their garments, who have not bowed the knee to Baal—earnest, praying souls, whose lips touch the very ears of Jehovah, whose prayers move the arm that

moves the world. At this point strengthen the things which remain. Build here; let hand join hand, shoulder stand to shoulder, heart throb to heart, till the increase comes, and the power of God be made known. Do not run somewhere else to sit by another's fire. Strengthen the things at home; bring together the embers; have a fire of your own.

On a bitter cold night, once, I traveled twenty miles across the desolate prairie on a sleigh. I had frequently to jump out and run along beside the sleigh to restore circulation and keep from freezing. After a time I found myself getting very comfortable; the weather seemed to have moderated. I did not feel cold; then it flashed upon my thought what I had been told, that this was the state, at last, before freezing; and, summoning my resolution, I leaped from the sleigh, and, as I did so, I felt as if ten thousand needles were thrust into me as the impeded circulation was quickened. Then I knew that I had been growing comfortable because feeling was benumbed as circulation stagnated, and have always thought that in twenty minutes more I should pleasantly have sunk into that sleep that knows no waking till the resurrection angel shall sound his trumpet.

There is a legend of a ship that was once seen at sea manned by dead men, dead men at the helm, at the ropes, in the rigging—everywhere. Are not some churches manned by dead men—dead men in the pulpit, in the officiating, to whom the Master saith: "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

SERMON III.

Image Worship.

“With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.”—Rom. x: 10.

The term “heart,” as used in this connection and in other such places in Scripture, is easily understood by the simple-minded reader. We say of a man, he is engaged in such and such a pursuit, but his heart is not in it.

With the heart, in this sense, man believeth unto righteousness. True, but what are the accessories to the heart? Is it not moved, more or less, at the instance of other faculties?

Of some men it is said, the way to their hearts lies through their pockets; of others, through their stomachs. Praise one man’s horse, and you gain his heart; praise another’s house, and you find his heart. With the heart, religious service involves the core, the central elements, of power.

Men have always exhibited a marked interest in superficialities. The savage paints his face and body; dresses his hair in the most grotesque manner; puts rings in his ears and nose; fastens the claws of animals and the rattles of serpents upon his person; plumes himself with the feathers of birds, and then struts himself, as proud as king or president. And this fondness for embellishment stops not at the wigwam of the Indian, but advances boldly into every walk in life—Masons, Odd Fellows, Good Templars,

with their regalias; soldiers, in their uniforms; officers, with their epaulettes. We have seen a military officer as proud of his shoulder-straps as the Indian of his wampum belt, and scarcely more knowing or less foolish. Our Chief Justice must have his robe. Once it was the custom for the judge when he pronounced the death sentence, to place upon his head the black cap, as if the poor culprit was affected by the manner of the judge, at such an awful hour! The English barrister must wear his wig and gown.

It was natural enough that this common tendency to the ceremonial should make its appearance in the organism of religion. The Almighty himself introduced these types and shadows into the Jewish economy. But when the great Antitype himself come, these things seem forever displaced.

Christ came as priest—but not robed, with rod and censer. No veil hid him from the gaze of the people. On mountain slope, by open seashore, far from smoking altars and temple ceremonials, he talked to the people as friend to friend, revealing to them in simplest yet most facile language the glories of God in Christ Jesus. The tendency to degenerate into formalities, forsaking the weightier matters of the law to cleave to the “mint and cummin,” has betrayed itself with never-ceasing persistence.

The dress the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the Puritans in Cromwell's time were regulated on principles resembling those of the Pharisees, who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a May-pole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to play at chess, to

wear love-locks, to put starch in a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the "Faery Queen."

Rules such as these—rules which would have appeared insupportable to the free and joyous spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the serene and philosophic intellect of Zwingle—threw over all life a more than monastic gloom. The learning and eloquence by which the great reformers had been eminently distinguished, and to which they had been in no small measure indebted for their success, were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion.

Some preachers had scruples about teaching the Latin grammar, because the names of Mars, Bacchus and Apollo occurred in it.

The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. The light music of Ben Jonson's "Masques" was dissolute. Half the paintings in England were idolatrous, and the other half indecent.

The extreme Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and, above all, by his peculiar dialect.

The Quakers renounced form, and became so formal that they were known everywhere by their dress, hats, coats and bonnets. So thoroughly was it manifest, that "Broadbrim" became a pseudonym.

Methodists, in cutting loose from established formalities, were noticeable in dress-coats and bonnets. They even cut off their coat-buttons, and tried one member of their society for wearing suspenders.

A man talks about everything in a quick, incisive, business-like voice; but beginning to pray he assumes the most unnatural and disagreeable voice and tones he can command. What for? To please God? Does he suppose the Almighty is better pleased to have him address him in a manufactured voice than with the one he gave him, or is it to please some cant-worshipping crowd? One would think that such a person supposed that, by praying in such tones, he would weary the Almighty, and thus the more secure the blessing.

The Catholic Church has, for centuries, had its Image Worship, its signs and symbols; the Episcopal Church, its sonorous ceremonies and its robes. These things are assumed to be impressive and instructive. They certainly were so in the ignorance of primeval days, in the dim twilight of the world's early dawn. Hence the Lord accommodated himself to the dullness of Jewish vision in the types and ceremonials that foreshadowed the coming of the "Lamb Jesus from the foundation of the world"; but we are not now living in the dawn but in the day.

When I see these ceremonials, the symbols and robes, I am carried back in imagination to the dim religious light of the morning hour of religion, amid clouds slowly receding as "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

But the Antitype has come. The morning is past. The winter has come and gone. There is light on all the skies. The resurrection angel has placed his feet upon the tomb of a dead world and summoned it to life; and the green hills of a vivified scene lift themselves everywhere. Types and shadows are lost in the great Antitype, who now lives and reigns.

When a friend is absent we value his picture and dote upon it, anticipating his return. When in his presence we think nothing of his mere image. To-day men are worshipping the image where the living Christ is present to the open eye of faith.

Neither to the eye of faith nor reason can it be made plain how a sermon is more effective because the preacher is clad in a certain kind of robes; nor prayer more availing if chanted in somnolent notes, or in holy tones; how a Christian is holier in the sight of God; a man, by virtue of a particular kind of a hat, or a bonnet, or a coat of particular pattern. Try an analogy in business. Go to the bank to-morrow morning precisely at nine o'clock with a check in your hand. Suppose the cashier gives you to understand that the bank must be opened in a certain prescribed dress or gown. Suppose he keeps you waiting, check in hand, while he dons certain robes and gets a peculiarly fashioned cap upon his head and then proceeds to open the safe about which there does seem something mysterious, pronouncing certain incantations—and what is all this to you? Perhaps your patience would so far give way that you would call him a fool, and tell him that it is the money you want. In precisely this attitude do the New Testament Scriptures place us before the bank of heaven—the store-house spiritual—saying: “Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened to you.”

Away with mummeries and forms! When Christ announced to the disciples of John the proofs of his Messiahship he did not tell them to notice that Jewish altars were aflame with consuming sacrifices or burning incense; but that “the deaf hear, the blind receive their sight, the dead

are raised up, the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." These were grand realities. So is the true-hearted worship of God, and all the forms thereof but the husks; such as incense, burning candles, robes, incantation, all of which come with moss and sepulchral dust of ages upon them.

But it is said these things, with the attraction of art, may minister to spiritual improvement. To mental improvement they may; to moral improvement, even; but we do not think they do to spiritual. Nor does the bright imagery of the natural world—mountains, streams, and skies. I ask you why you love a friend? "Oh, because he gives me such good dinners." That is the man who thinks he loves God from gratitude; but suppose the dinners cease. Another answers: "I love my friend because he has such fine tastes, and hangs his walls with such exquisite pictures." That is the man who thinks he loves God because he was placed in such a beautiful world; because of its mountains and sunsets. That is not love. To admire is not to love. A man may admire his bitterest enemy.

We do not go through "Nature" up to "Nature's God," which is a bright, poetic fancy; but through Nature's God to Nature.

Symbols are full of instruction. Little things, as mementoes, may carry a world of meaning—a ring, a glove, or a foot-print; yet these lose their significance in the presence of the thing typified.

Algebraic symbols and formulas are important until the unknown quantity becomes known; then the symbols disappear. We sit by the lamp until the daylight bursts through the windows. So were all these things significant and use-

ful until Christ, in the fulness of time, burst, as the light of day, upon this world.

With the heart man believeth unto righteousness. "True worshipers shall worship in spirit and in truth." Temple shrines are in the dust. God's shrine is everywhere—"where two or three are gathered together in thy name, and lo, I am with you."

SERMON IV.

Reforms and Reformers.

For six thousand years the world has been a threshing-floor, and thick and fast the flails of the workmen have fallen upon it. But, as God did not create the physical world in a day, so his workmen, left to solve great problems in the moral world, have not yet completed their tasks. The grain is still in the chaff, the diamond still in the rough; and though we can discern their forms and see their brilliant flashings, we still know that "blow upon blow," continued with ceaseless effort, will long continue to be necessary to bring out the jewels to perfection.

Still the workmen are making progress; one by one the problems are being solved. The closing years of this century are startling the world with the great massing of revolutionary events. The wonderful strides of intellectual attainments, the astonishing revelations of the great resources of God's universe, now so rapidly unfolding themselves, indicate that man is not living in vain. Intellectuality is in the ascendant. The future is bright with the portents of glorious possibilities. Geography, astronomy, physical science in all its departments, jurisprudence, ethnology, navigation, medicine, agriculture, history, biology—in fact, everything; but more especially the great moral and religious questions relative to the happiness and destiny of mankind, have received a degree of thought from

the best intellects of all nations, that have caused them to be infinitely better comprehended than ever before. Evidences of intellectual ascendancy are as plentiful as the leaves of the forest. Our Sumners, our Websters, our Calhouns, our Simpsons, are legion all over the world; and the Aristotles, the Xenophons, the Platos, the Ciceros, who, in their time, could sway the great masses of people as readily as the heaving ocean sways the ships upon its bosom, are intellectual pigmies in comparison. "The age in which we live seems to accelerate its own progressive development by the momentum it receives in each new advance. Where it is to end we know not; but the practical observer, with mind and eye upon the alert, gazes into the future with an expectancy of discoveries which shall utterly eclipse anything the world has ever witnessed." And amidst the general intellectual activities of the world, we may look with confiding hope for a greater progression among all nations of people, that shall lead them to a higher plane of moral and spiritual manhood.

It must be so. It has taken the world six thousand years to learn how *to think*, and the lesson has been poorly learned. It has taken it so long to learn how *to love*, and the lesson has been learned to A B C, and no farther. For, despite our boasting, while we have philosophy and the common logic of life, supported by the great orators and great statesmen of the land, telling us in ringing, unmistakable words that we are here for something grander than what is involved in mere existence, the rabble hordes are catering to the depraved tastes and the ribald jokes of an Ingersol.

Reforms are still necessary; and this is decidedly an age

of reforms. Not that the world is shaken with an ague fit of revolution, like a steamboat with an engine too big for its body, such as was witnessed in the time of Martin Luther; but it is an age of quiet, wholesome, steady reform, as lasting as the hills. The ubiquitous printing-press, the clink of the incorporeal, electric telegraph, the mammoth burden-bearer—a thing of life we choose to call a railroad—the subtle yet swift-flying shuttle, weaving garments of a thousand colors, are all active agents. And he who can stand in the front ranks of men and quietly and imperceptibly, if need be, use these and other things for the welfare of humanity and their advancement in the kingdom of Jesus, is the greatest reformer.

Such a reformer was William of Orange—so gentle, so wise, so good, so loving, that little children cried in the streets when he died. Charles V, monarch of half the world, with the greatest generals and the largest armies at his command, with Germany and Austria under his thumb, with Italy and the Pope catering to his wishes, with England and France patting his back to keep him from scratching theirs, with the wealth of the Indies and the product of the rich Peruvian mines to supply his exchequer—could not bequeath to his son, Philip II, an inheritance great enough to crush a few handfuls of sturdy Dutchmen, in the low, marshy, sea-drowned Netherlands. Orange was there—the quiet, self-denying, invincible Orange.

In vain did Margaret, Alva, Don John of Austria, the Prince of Parma, and a host of generals and statesmen second to none in the world, marshal their forces. In vain was the Inquisition. In vain were men burned to the

stake, buried alive, pinched to death with red-hot pinchers, flayed alive, stung to death with bees, drowned by the thousands, in sea, in rivers and in marshes. The great Orange was there with but one thought uppermost in his mind—the deliverance of the people from tyranny and from oppression. For this he labored day and night. For this he poured out his vast fortune of princely estates like water becoming penniless. For this he bore every burden of his state alone, until the weight almost crushed him with premature old age. For this he laid down his life by an assassin's hand, doing more in his death to gain the goal of his ambition than in all things combined. His quiet, determined manners, his pure and spotless life, his great, loving, forgiving nature, his wonderful patriotism for his country, his reverence for and obedience to his God, were such effective weapons, such potent educators, that the divided, doubtful, hesitating Netherlanders were united together, with strength sufficient to fight the mighty armies of Spain for eighty long years, gaining their independence, and teaching the world such a lesson in civil government as it had never dreamed could exist.

Luther, like a terrible cyclone, denounced the abuses and the corruptions of the Church; Orange, like a steady ocean breeze that carries moisture and life in its wings, made a *free gospel and salvation by faith a possibility*.

By studying the life of Orange, we can easily see that he possessed all the elements requisite for a true reformer:

1. The great necessities of the case were indelibly impressed upon his mind. He could not get rid of them. The groanings of the people were striking bleeding chords in his own heart. Go where he would, they followed him.

The nation's anguish was his own, resting heavier upon him than upon any one else. The wailings of tens of thousands of his own countrymen, who were literally being torn to pieces, limb by limb, gave him no rest, day or night. "Thou art the man!" they said. "Become our leader! Help us in this, our extremity! Save our homes! Save our loved ones! Keep us from being destroyed by piece-meal! We will follow, if you will only lead!" These were the voices coming up from all over the land, as the divine call to duty, from which there was no escape. He must obey, or have the harrow-teeth of anguish in his soul for ever. Abraham Lincoln had a similar call. The groanings of four million of people were bidding the North men onward. "Thou art the man!" they said, pushing him to the front. The call was divine. Like Orange—very like him in all of his characteristics—he obeyed; like him, Lincoln fell by the assassin's hand; like him he became the nation's idol, enshrined forever in the hearts of millions of people. Moses, Joshua, David, Jesus Christ, the greatest of all reformers, the apostles, Martin Luther, Zwingli, Knox, Bunyan, Washington, and thousands of known as well as nameless reformers, have heeded the same call.

2. Another requisite is physical courage and determination.

All great reformers have possessed these qualifications. Luther had the inspired earnestness of purpose and the courage to face a thousand deaths. Erasmus and Melancthon, vastly more learned than Luther, never could have created a reform. The earnestness of purpose and the physical courage were lacking. Great as they were, a regard for personal safety made them poor, timorous weak-

lings. On the other hand, courage alone will not fit a man to conduct a reform. With an average army, General Grant will pound the world to pieces and sack up the dust. Yet the most pregnant crisis, the most opulent opportunity for revolution and reform, might pass beneath his very nose, all unseen.

Who are the great reformers of to-day? Society at large does not contemplate reform. Let a woman fall, and who shall help her up? Let a man become a criminal, a culprit, an outcast, and who accepts the thought of his reformation and opens the door for his return? Not the world; no, not the world. Rather, as from the waves of sin they seek to rise, clinging, with hope, to the edge of the boat, does the world cut off the clinging fingers, and remands them to the waves and to death. Who, then, are the reformers of to-day? Their names are legion. All over the land we find earnest and courageous men and women, willing to spend themselves and their substance for the sake of humanity. None tower sufficiently above the others to become leaders of the whole; still, they are great reformers. The same spirit that caused Jesus to come into the world is resting upon them. And the true Christian of to-day possesses the essential elements of a reformer as truly as any who were leaders in revolutions that shook the world.

The man who takes his fellow-creature by the hand, lifts him from the gutter, and sustains him until he is able to stand alone in his renewed life, is a great reformer; and his success depends alone upon his *inspired earnestness, and the courage with which he prosecutes his calling*. From his Christian standpoint, every man is his brother, and

thousands of his brethren are neck-deep in perdition, in the low, disgusting avenues of sin. And none are cast, like Dickens' "Little Nell," beyond the possibilities of sin; and none are hopelessly bad. David was a good man, with the stain of awful guilt resting upon him. Peter denied his Lord, yet was brave and true. Judas was not wholly bad; for with remorse reformation set in, and he fairly hurled his thirty pieces of silver at those who employed him.

There is a region where we find geysers spouting up mud and water; hot springs, bubbling and hissing with steam; sulphuric streams, sending forth disgusting and poisonous vapors. And, amidst them all, and in close proximity to all, are crystal, health-giving fountains. There is also a place in the moral world, where bubbling, seething, putrifying streams, carrying liquid gall that encrusts all with death, are flowing in every direction. And amidst them all is also a healing, crystal fountain, that washes whiter than snow. It is the Christian reformer's business not only to point out the great, healing fountain, but to persuade, and even compel, his brethren to step in and be cleansed. "Thou art the man! Yes; thou art the man!" Below him, all around him, are those who are in midnight darkness. They are waiting for the Christian to lead them out. Their bruises, their groans, their shrieks, their sin-bleared countenances, their follies, their bloated forms, their degraded actions, their debased passions, are all shouting in tones of thunder, saying, "Thou art the man! Help, or we perish! Lead, oh, lead us out!" He is a great reformer who recognizes the call as divine, and who buckles on his armor and fearlessly goes to the work.

He is a great reformer, also, who is engaged in *preserv-*

ing the good. Simon Peter was commanded twice to take care of the lambs, and but once to feed the sheep. The mother who trains up her child and gives him to the world, in manhood, as sweet and as pure as when first received, with fragrant breath, from the hand of God, has not only preserved ■ soul, but has given an impetus to goodness that may garner in great harvests. The miner who amused himself, on a sunny day, by rolling a snowball from the top of a mountain was horrified to see it accumulate until it reached the proportions of a terrible avalanche of snow and dirt and rock, that carried destruction to his own home in the valley beneath. The soul, newly born from heaven, may be thus set going with an impetus that will not only destroy itself, but will carry destruction to thousands in its pathway; or, it may be sent onward in its life of purity with an impetus that will sweeten and purify to the end of time. "Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influences in the East. Napoleon still is France and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps in Wurtemberg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring throughout the churches of Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron and Milton all live in their influence for good or for evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who have all passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds they did, in the lives they lived, and in the practical lessons that they left behind them." Oh, the boundless possibilities of the human soul! Oh, for a land of Christian mothers, and for the keeping power of grace that will enable them to save the children and redeem the

world! The artist who painted his ideal of purity from the face of a little child, in after years painted his ideal of evil from the same face. Save, oh, save our children from this fate, and keep them in their purity!

The days of great, startling reforms, that have so often shaken the whole world to its foundations, are past. But an era of greater reform has begun. Our Luthers, our Zwingles, our Le Fevers are legion. All over the land are found thousands of self sacrificing, heroic people who are hearing the call to duty; and, instead of having one noted personage as brilliant as a meteor, dazing the world with his light, we have whole nations of people conducting reforms. The Woman's Crusade in Ohio was but the effervescence of a deep, underlying principle of reform. The *people* are in earnest. The liquid fire so long sweeping the country, leaving bloat, and blast, and death, and desolation, must go. Prohibition is a national question. It is marching to the front. State after State will be reclaimed, until the nation is saved; then it will become a question of the world. Whisky must go. The decree has gone forth. The wailings of a million of children annually bequeathed an inheritance of rags, of a hundred thousand annually left orphans, and sent to asylums and almshouses; the sorrow and tear drops of millions of mothers, bereft and heart-broken; the groans of millions of wives, who, in their agony, tear their hair, rave, go mad and commit suicide, or are sent to insane asylums to await a lingering death; the hopeless, faltering, tottering steps of countless numbers of fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, who, were it not for rum, would be happy, respected men—all form a voice that is pleading long and loud at the door of every

honest man's heart. "Come and help us! Oh, come and help us!" they cry. And the nation has made an answer: "We are coming; yes, we are coming!" and Kansas and Iowa are a partial fulfillment of the promise, and an indication of what the full answer will be. Praise the Lord for a reform conducted by many people!

Other great reforms will follow in the wake. The evils of the labor question, the incongruities of great monopolies, the inconsistency of numberless tramps, will all receive due attention. Let every upright, Christian soul hearken to the call to duty, buckle on his armor and to the work, and reformation after reformation will succeed one another, until Christ shall come to reign a thousand years, and—

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for former things (shall) have passed away."

SERMON V.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—Matt. xi: 28.

In all that God has made, we behold the assemblage of attributes combining together to produce harmony and perfection. Some of the qualities of objects may seem more important; but all are necessary, and unite for a common end. The human body is made up of many members—the destruction of any mars the perfection of that body. If the eyes be removed, you no longer have a perfect man; however much labor he might accomplish, still there is imperfection; so of the arms or other members. If the lungs be diseased, the man dies.

When God created man, and clothed him with moral and spiritual powers, he prepared for him this same perfection. One element of that harmony is association with God. This is one of the grand features of human perfection. Remove this, and it is like the destruction of lungs, or brain, or heart. Man is made for companionship with God.

If you go into a town or village, and find there no temple of worship where men pay their devotions to God, you will only have to look around you, and you will find desolation spreading her baleful wings over all the houses and homes and streets of that place. Ignorance and vice and beastly stupidity will spread like an incubus over all. Ich-abod will write itself on all its walls.

So, when we look into a human life, and find no God there, no temple dedicated to the great All-Father, wherein

the soul collects all its faculties and energies and communes with the Maker, you have but to look around, and you discover desolation spreading itself over all the empire of the heart. There vampires raven; there nightshade grows; there the soul is a cage of unclean birds. Faith is trampled in the dust; the wings of hope are shorn; the heart's harp-strings of love for God, truth, purity, are discordant and inharmonious. Therefore, upon this felt want is planted the proclamation of the gospel, "Come unto me." Into this vacuum it urges its entrance—

"Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bringing."

You enumerate many things you would have before you come to Christ; but those very wants are the arguments that should impel you hither.

"I have no faith"; therefore, come to Christ. This is the very reason you should come. Faith, hope and charity are Christian virtues. They come only through Christ; but we must avail ourselves of the faith he already gives. Here is a blind man. He is told there is power at hand to open his eyes; but he stops to question and make unreasonable demands: "I am not sure that a man may have the experience you speak of, and be able to see natural objects clothed with light; and, if that be so, I am not sure that the offered remedy is sufficient; that this personage has the requisite power. Until I am convinced of this, I will not submit to the operation."

Now, there is no way by which he can come to this certainty, except by experience. In order to this, he must put the matter to test; otherwise, he stands in this absurd position: He will not apply until he has evidence; he will not have evidence until he applies. Here is a dead-lock.

The gospel says: "Taste and see that the Lord is good";
 "Come to Jesus";

"He speaks, and listening to His voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe."

"If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." "But my heart is hard and unfeeling. I need more feeling in order to come." However true this is, in one sense it is untrue. When we hear a man say of his enemy that he wishes he could love him, and have pleasant intercourse with him, we see that a change has overtaken his feelings; so, when we confess (with sorrow, too) the want of feeling, of spiritual emotion, here is evidence of a revolution in progress. How comes he to be thus conscious? Because Jesus knocks at the door of his heart.

It is the dawn of the sunlight gleaming through, and revealing to the prisoner the hideous walls and chains that have fettered him. What so inspires the dweller in the dungeon to seek the light and freedom as the stray beams that glance upon him, or the faint revealings of the music of the air? What so tempts the hungry man to put forth all energy as the sight or smell of savory dishes; the thirsty one, as the sight or sound of murmuring fountains? What can so prompt us to seek the fulness of redemption in the blood of Jesus as the faint revealings of his own most blessed nature?

"The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis Heaven to rest in thy embrace,
 And nowhere else but there."

The very things you seek for you will find in Christ—the feeling, the penitence, etc. You have them not because you have not Jesus, and, "ye will not come to me that ye

might have life." But, "I am so wicked"—the very reason you should come to Jesus. "I came to call," says he, "not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." 'Twas said of him, "This man receiveth sinners." Do you wait expecting to be better? Does the patient, when very sick, seek to relieve himself in some measure, and then apply to the physician? He applies in his extremity, knowing 'tis then he needs help. If he could help himself, he could most likely cure himself. If man could make himself purer from guilt and sin, could he not save himself?

The litmus paper we find in our blotting pads is crimson, because so indelible is this standing hue of nature that it cannot be expunged without destroying the very fabric. Thus sin has so steeped the immortal soul with its terrible carmine that no refiner's fire nor fuller's soap on earth can purge it away. But hear the voice of God: "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet [the indelible color of the world], they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains."

The drowning man feels the necessity of using his powers to bring him to the rock. He does not say, "My vigorous strokes will save me," and circle at a distance around the rock; he makes straight to the rock. So the sinner, struggling amid the storm-swept waters, must not rely upon his moral strokes, but press straight to the rock, Christ Jesus. To the toilers in the flood, Jesus stretches forth his loving arms, saying, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Like her, then, who pressed through

the throng to touch the hem of his garment and was healed, so press thou.

Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me;
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

But here is a turning-point in the will—the resolution to come. But we say we cannot. This is false. We know we can; we can seek the Lord now. The will is the standard-bearer of the soul. Around it gather, in full play, all the elements of our being, faith, hope, impulse, law—all.

On the battlefield, the ensign moves forward to the thickest of the fight, and thence tend all the currents of battle; and around it, in battle rage, are gathered all the soldiery; and when this position is lost the field is swept. The will is the ensign of the soul. Let it but plant the flag of stern resolve, and around that gather all the forces of the soul.

When a stone descends to the earth, all its atoms, acted upon by the law of attraction, contribute to cause its descent swifter and yet swifter to the earth—not one particle but tends earthward. So should our nature all concentrate in one direction—the love of Christ—move unresisted to our rest.

"Come unto Jesus, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest."

SERMON VI.

"The Paternal Government of God."

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—James i: 17.

In our better moods thanksgiving is an inspiration. Our formal offerings are expressions of prime impulses in human nature. The rendering of heartfelt gratitude is the only return to the Giver that lies in the power of man to make. He cannot give to God the gold and silver—He made it—nor his flocks nor possessions, for "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." But the joy and gladness produced in his life by the use of these blessings, and higher than these the grateful recognition of the giver, ascends to God as sweet incense. As from sea and earth arise the crystalline exhalations, leaving behind the sediment and impurities, and are wafted on cloud-wings to their fountain sources in the hills, so arise the exhalations of fervent gratitude to God. These impulses to gratitude—to worship—exist, have always existed, in savage life and in the highest seats of civilization.

Greece in her palmiest days, Rome in her proudest supremacy, had, after their forms, times and seasons of thanksgivings. This indestructible tendency has a significance that rises above man and the limitations of this world. Pursued by the scientific method, there lies in these instructions "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ"

of the existence of a living heavenly Father. As the streams that rush down mountain sides tell of the sea to which they go, so do these streams of human worship declare the ocean of divine love toward which they move. If the phenomena of heat, light and electricity were not reducible to general principles when fully understood, nature would be a meaningless mockery, and if these resistless impulses of the soul find no respondent in a personal Deity, then man's spiritual nature is the greatest, because highest, of all mockeries. When shall we have a mental and moral philosophy that includes the consciousness of the human soul in its sublime quest for God, and its deep, unearthly joy in finding him?

HOMAGE TO GOD.

To-day we are expected to join in expressions of homage to God. To do this, we must place ourselves on the high ground of Scripture. That every good gift cometh down from the Father of light, is not merely the effect of natural laws; but, though coming through these laws as God's instruments, are designed and conferred by Him. Several things conspire to modify the strength and clearness of our faith in God, and to refer the origin of life's blessings to the process of nature. Sin and error cloud human vision. Sin leads to doubt. God's kindness for a guilty conscience sees frowns where no frown exists. Then, also, science declares it finds no God in its crucibles and retorts, and thus comes to reinforce doubt and distrust, and of the fact itself we are glad. Who would want to worship a God found in the crucible, or discovered by spectrum analysis? "The pure in heart shall see God," and enjoy him forever.

GOD'S POWER AND THE LAWS OF NATURE.

God's power to bestow gifts in any direct manner is questioned, on the ground that the laws of nature are established and its forces designated, and to bestow upon men, for moral ends, gifts other than come from the continuous chain of causes in nature, would overthrow natural laws. In reply to this objection, let it be said that the largest and best part of man's life is carried on above what is called natural laws; above the law of gravitation or of light and heat, and God's highest blessings touch man on these freer heights. We cannot foretell the determinations of a man's course in any given combination of circumstances, much less can we forecast the results where man's free will and God's freer will determine the results, with all the resources of heaven and earth at their command. Still, it is not admitted that the fixedness of nature excludes the possibility of free gifts in and through natural laws.

The musician, who sits at the key-board, has before him but a few distinct tones with the accompanying semitones; yet by varying the combination of those fixed, unvarying tones, an endless succession of new tones is produced. In numerical computation we have but ten characters, their value fixed, yet by the permutation of these unchangeable characters, the business of the world is carried on, and their possibilities are infinite. The artist has but the seven prismatic colors, but combines them to produce every tint and hue possible to the most wayward dreams of his genius. Thus God stands before the key-board of laws and forces, physical and spiritual, and combining tones and semitones, with infinite wisdom, executes the anthems of the ages. Thus he combines the colors into every

conceivable hue and shade, painting on the canvas, unrolling itself through all time, pictures such as only God can paint. Thus, as the Duke of Argyll expresses it, by the "variable combinations of invariable laws" he varies and multiplies results.

DISCRIMINATION OF GOD IN THE BESTOWAL OF GIFTS.

As a loving father, the Lord uses wise discrimination in the bestowment of his blessings, sending that which disciplines as well as that which brings joy. An over-indulgent father might relieve his son of the problems of the school-room, and shield him from the trials of business life; but a wiser father, while he would render all proper assistance, places the problems of the school-room and the higher problems of life, with all their manifold cares, upon him. So our heavenly Father thrusts us out into the strife of life's problems and helps us fight our battles. Thus it becomes true, "God helps those who help themselves." And the Lord, in bestowing what is needed, cannot always send that which is most agreeable.

"The great master-hand, which sweeps over the whole
Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch
To shrill tension some one wailing nerve, means to fetch
Its response, the truest, most stringent and smart,
Its pathos the purest from out the wrung heart,
Whose faculties, flaccid it may be, if less
Sharply strung, sharply written, had failed to express
Just the note the great final harmony needs."—*Lucille*.

MAN'S FITTING RESPONSE.

The acceptance of these principles should produce in us that just compensation of God's dealings with us as to secure a grateful recognition of his hand in the facilities for happiness he bestows upon us, and equally so when we are

shorn of all these glories. The ptarmigan, in mountain heights, when the summer is past, lays aside its tinted plumage, and robes itself in plumage as white as the driven snow in which it makes its winter home. Yet it is the same bird. So the spirit, in the glad summer time of its joy, may wear gayer robes and sing more exuberantly than in dreary winter time. Yet it is the same loving, tender, dutiful spirit.

Second—Our hearty co-operation with God for human good. In these thoughts, he is exhibited as seeking man's co-operation, in order to aid individual and national prosperity. The Lord has so marvelously blessed us as a nation, so clearly displayed his loving kindness, that we should draw more closely to him as co-workers, until, through us, his grand designs for his people are fully wrought out. Yet, with a strange blindness and forgetfulness, restless spirits throughout the land are seeking to get rid of his presence and power, seeking to "secularize" the nation, which, in very many instances, by a free translation, means diabolize it. This nation is not the offspring of secular, but of religious, parentage. Here are a few sentences from the memorable sketch of Benjamin Franklin in the Convention of 1787, given as the words, not of a sectarian, but of a wise man. Every sentence of the entire speech would be a very appropriate study just now. "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth that God governs in the affairs of men; and, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build.' I firmly believe this, and also believe that, without his concurrence,

we shall succeed in this political building no better than the building of Babel."

SECTARIANISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

If we are to fulfill the grand designs with which we set out, there must be an increase of the moral quality, instead of a diminution. In order to attain this, let us say on this national day that there should be, if possible, a higher moral culture in our public schools. Against any attempt to divert school moneys to sectarian ends we believe all Protestant churches will present a solid front, and with equal force will resist every attempt at sectarian interference in the schools. But the introduction of the highest moral culture in our schools by the State has nothing to do with churches, nor the churches with it. It is simply a sensible attempt of the State at that which is called the first duty of man—self-preservation.

SERMON VII.

Character-Building.

Evanescent seem all the elements of character. From life the fugitive thoughts, emotions and deeds fall like the foliage from the trees, and are whirled from man's presence like leaves upon the breath of the wind. Submerged in life's teeming, troubled main, man lives and toils and dies; yet, like the coral insect, leaves the enduring monument of his toil. As the subterranean fires thrust up the mountains and hills, that defy the disintegrating power of the ages, so the waxing, waning fires of human passion push out the rounded or rugged outlines that remain in monumental grandeur or misshapen ugliness forever. How enduring are the names and characters of Abraham, Moses, Cæsar, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Lincoln! The substantial nature of character is revealed in its individuality and identity. Actions group themselves around the central figure in action, to remain his body-guard and intimate companion forever. You can lop the branch from the tree, with all its fruit, and it perishes at the root of the tree from which it fell, to affect it no more. Not so character; there is no lopping off, no permanent excision. Though all the dark troops of vultures be summoned to feed upon vitals or product through all the long day, they grow again, over night. A man may shake the bottle until confusion destroys the fine iridescence; but precipitation

soon follows, and the conscious *something*—the center of identity, the *ego*—finds everything crystalizing in most accurate form around it; every line and angle clearly drawn, and the genius invoking ten thousand index fingers to point to the tablets of conscience. A man may commit some foul deed that stains his hands in blood, and escape the fleet hounds of justice; may traverse sea and land, until he places a hemisphere between himself and the scene of his crime; his victim may be buried and moulder to dust; he himself may have undergone every possible mutation, being metamorphosed from an ignorant to a cultivated and intelligent man, with all science and art at his command; may undergo as thorough a reform in his moral as his intellectual nature, changing from a besotted and vicious man to one most pure and amiable; then, the physiological change that takes place in the body may replace every atom in his physical nature, not once, but three times, in the twenty-five years elapsing. Yet not the diameter of the globe, nor the intellectual, nor moral, nor yet physical, changes can work alienation of the act committed from its original author. The act is his own child, bone of his bone; his blood filters in its veins; it belongs to him for this world, for the next, for every world. A man is absolute despot here, no foreign flag flies the air, no conspiracies are possible to which may be referred any irregularities in action. To the one central will all things are referable.

Long before Mr. Daguerre discovered the principle that light repeats in picture the phenomena of the natural world, and invented the instrument by which he could retain these pictures, called from the inventor daguerreotypes, the sun was doing this wonderful work, catching up in

its airy fingers the earth, the hills and plains, and streams and skies, and perpetuating them on the enduring tablets of rocks. So the moral atmosphere may be contrived around man as to repeat and hold the complete copy of his every-day doings; so that, by and by, he may sit as in a picture gallery, and see the works of his own pencil, through all his life, grouped conspicuously around him. Character is thus registered; little by little, character will come out. The veneering family is very large. As a cunning artificer can take a piece of very cheap, plain wood, and by veneering and lacquer and varnish, make it to pass for solid mahogany, so a cheap, plain substratum of character is fixed up. It is not only natural, but praiseworthy, to try to put the best foot foremost, as we term it; so, we put on our best clothing when we go abroad, with the little jewelry we may happen to possess; and the silverware, or, at least, the best cut-glass and china-ware, when company comes; and from this civilizing tendency, it is but one step to the varnish and the veneering. But the serious feature is, that this veneering will be affected by climate and season and temperature, and will sometimes crack wide open at the most inopportune moment.

A lady calls, and is met at the door with the most profuse expressions of kindly sentiment: "My dear, how kind of you to come; *delighted* to see you." When a little child on the floor says: "I don't like you." "Why not, my dear?" "My ma says you're the meanest woman in town." We cannot be always upon guard. A soldier sought a discharge from the service because of a stiff knee; he was sent to the surgeon's quarters for examination; a sudden alarm was given, when he, with the others, sprang up and

ran with alacrity, his knee perfectly supple. A man makes a subscription to a hospital for the care of the poor and suffering of \$5,000. It goes abroad through the papers; a most liberal, generous, magnanimous man. But, some morning, when he does not suppose he is at all in the public eye, he is unhappily discovered kicking a hungry beggar from his back door. What an ugly seam is there rent in this splendid coat of veneering! Truth will out. When the old battered veteran, Oliver Cromwell, sat for his portrait, before a painter who revealed some inclination to make a flattering picture, "Paint me," said the hero, "with all my scars, or I'll not pay you a cent." There is a sterling difference between character and reputation. When Shakespeare died, he had the character of a great thinker and writer, but not the reputation; this did not come for years afterward. Others had reputation, without character; and some are in a great fever for reputation who do not seem essentially anxious for character. There is abroad in places a sentiment that implies that character, or the thing that represents it, can be bought ready-made like clothing; so that a man may be indifferent to the growth of character; may be a mere hanger-on in life, and may then give his orders, send up his measurement, eight, by ten, thus and so, and have the garment ready made, with straight breast, standing collar, watch fob and all the requisites of a first-class man. A mother asked a teacher what more her daughter lacked to succeed in her studies. Said the teacher, "Madam, she lacks capacity to master the sciences." "Get her one at once!" answered the mother. "You know we spare no expense."

Certain trades are now apparently competing with the

Creator. If a man loses his teeth, the dentist tells him he could put in better ones at a ruinously low price. If his hair falls out, the wig-maker can furnish him a finer coat of hair, parted in the middle, with such ambrosial curls as never yet decked his brow. If he lose an eye, he can have a glass one inserted. It may not be the very best for purposes of vision; but it will be showy. He can have it the same color as the remaining one; or, for the sake of variety, a different color. So these artists and artisans will take the merest running-gears of a man and piece him out into quite a respectable specimen of the *genus homo*. But this is nothing compared to the astounding miracle of transformation wrought in the regions of the intellectual and moral character. Characters, bald, toothless and blind, are pieced out into most faultless proportions, by dint of glass eyes, false hair and teeth, and wooden legs, etc.

Guilt is its own punishment; crime arrests the criminal and brings him to justice. Daniel Webster and John B. Foray relied on the assistance of guilt to bring the culprit to bay. This trait of character is well represented by Shakespeare. After the murder of Banquo, Macbeth flies in horror, leaving wife and child, position and wealth behind him. Lady Macbeth is seen continually washing her hands, trying to wash away the stain of blood; yet she declares "there's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Lincoln, after his arrest, and when dying of his wounds, was heard by his attendants to mutter, "Blood, blood, blood, blood"; and after those the words, "Useless, useless." A man cannot dig a

grave deep enough to hide his sin. The Scriptures declare: "Be ye sure your sin will find you out."

Character is composite. Several different qualities appear as factors, and the real strength of character will be governed by the harmonious adaptation and balance of these several different motives. A very indispensable element is brain. It is hard to make a great man without a pretty fair share of brain. It has been often attempted, with no signal success as yet, however. Some one asked a great painter, whose colors seemed exquisitely blended, with what he mixed his paints "Mix them?" said he, "I mix them with brains." A good ingredient in all kinds of painting.

It is current that when a young lawyer spoke despondingly to Daniel Webster of the difficulty of gaining foothold within the crowded bar, "Young man," was the right royal reply, "there is room in the upper seats"; and let us add, those who are pew-holders in this elevated gallery carry blood-stained battle-flags.

The world's system of registry is perfect. We cut a tree, and find it supplied with rings, each of which denotes the growth of a year; and it is a record of the character of that year, whether prosperous in growth or otherwise. The geologist announces that, so many ages since, a glacier occupied a certain place. Why? Because he studied the stones and bed-rock, and finds the grooves channeled in the granite by the stony plowshares in its base as it slowly descended upon its slow but unremitting journey. And everything that God has made seems to have the historical chisel and pen placed in its hands, wherewith to record its doings for the intelligence of future ages. So

there are rings in man's nature, that tell the strange story of his experience and progress in his life-time. Every movement of the glaciers, down amid the gorges and over the slopes, leaves its grooves to be read and studied forever. 'Twill require no book of record, but every character will have written its own record. The highest attainment in railroad registry is an odometer, under lock and key; a reference to which, at the close of the journey, discloses not only the distance, but the time, and the time at every stage; so that the Superintendent knows upon looking at it the complete history of the trip; and whether the conductor has obeyed orders. So character is not enduring as a whole, merely; but every vestige of it equally so. There is nothing so absolutely indestructible.

"Humanity is great;
And if I would not rather pore upon
An ounce of common, ugly, human dust,
An artisan's palm, or a peasant's brow,
Unsmooth, ignoble, save to me and God,
Than track old Nilus to his silver roots,
And wait on all the changes of the moon
Among the mountain peaks of Thessaly,
Until her magic crystal round itself
For many a witch to see in—set it down
As weakness—strength by no means."

Character should be well-balanced. Some men have good intentions, good sense, right notions; but no will. They consult the sewing circle, town clock, town pump—flabby fellows with no backbone. Others have plenty of will without sense and discretion. One who had both will and sense placed his hand firmly on the throat of the Rebellion, and choked it to death, and gave us those characteristic sayings which will live in history forever: "Unconditional surrender"; "I propose to move immediately upon your works"; "I'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

Daniel Webster, when the question of the Constitution hung trembling in the balance, uttered those weighty words which probably decided the Senate: "Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am for the Constitution." A sad illustration of an unbalanced character is that of Lord Byron. He had great intellectual powers, yet there was an unsound part in his mind; and, at the age of thirty-six years, we hear him lamenting—

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

And again—

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pyre!"

It would be well if character could be proportioned as the deacon's wonderful one-hoss shay. It should be so built that it *couldn't* break down.

"Fur, said the Deacon, 'tis mighty plain,
That the *weakest* part must stand all the strain;
N' the way to fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make *that* place as strong as the rest.
So the deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was'nt a chance for one to start;
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle and hub encore,
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst"—

And thus cease at once to work and live.

Building is an interesting vocation. The styles of architecture are diversified; there is the Corinthian, the Doric, the Ionic and the Tuscan. Then, your building may range from the dug-out on a Western prairie to a one-story, two, three or four-story house, with mansard roof and bay windows. Men are quite as various. There are, however, more one-story men than three-story, with mansard roof. God never makes two men just alike in physical features. This diversity extends to temperament, taste, emotions and strength of purpose. There is no accounting for tastes.

“Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings in the nose,
Cannot contain their passions. For affliction,
Mistress of the passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmless, necessary cat;
Why he a swoln bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend—himself being offended;
So can I give no reason; nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.”

Still tastes are susceptible of cultivation to some extent. The fact of such agreement, as to standards in various departments, is conclusive upon this. We agree in the main, as to the excellence of various classes of music; so with oratory and many other things. We have erratic tastes and eccentric men, who, recognizing no other law, are a law unto themselves; and their deeds, however irregular and reprehensible, win for them no other notice than, “Just like him”; while if some steady-going man should commit deeds of the same kind, society would stand aghast.

It is very important in building to have a firm foundation. We lived in a town where the walls of a large stone church had reached the second story, when, to the dismay of the builders, one corner was seen to be settling. The walls were taken down at great expense of time, money and labor, when it was discovered that the defective corner had rested upon a stump. It was a sad mistake, but could be remedied. But if we make the awful mistake of building our spiritual house upon some false foundation, it will be too late to build again; when the floods come and the tempests blow and beat upon our house, there will be no opportunity then to repair our fault; but if it falls we are forever ruined.

The signs of character are claimed to be numerous. There are the bumps. The phrenologist claims everything for these. We heard one who carried the principle to an unusual extreme. He argued that the development of character along certain lines would tend to enlarge the corresponding bumps; and *vice versa*, the enlargement of the bumps would tend to the development of the traits; and then it was but a step to the conclusion so patent, that by a judicious system of cupping, we might so round out the cranium, according to a well-devised plan, as to create a Webster, a Washington or Napoleon, entirely to our taste.

Negroes are unusually endowed with musical abilities; so are larks. Negroes have long heels; so have larks. So, from this course of reasoning, we have known wiseacres to insist that the best indication of a good singer is one with a long heel. Then, there is the nose, with its wonderful variety. There is the heavenly nose—at least, it turns

towards the heavens; in contradistinction is the nose going straight down—a regular Gothic. Then, there is the nose too meek to turn up, too proud to strike down, but just goes on and on without any visible means of support. All of these are supposed to indicate character. We know a man who claims that noses are denominational—that he can tell a Methodist nose, a Presbyterian, etc.; and if he finds, throughout a town, one not according to his rule, why, he is in the wrong pew.

There is an attempt, at the present day, to reduce everything to a common standard. The lion must submit to have his fangs taken from him. We must have no screaming eagles. If birds will not be canaries or downy doves, let them die or be banished. We undertake in the schools to form the characters as much alike as the diplomas are—all wearing the same big red seal and blue ribbon. One of the clearest signs that we are approaching the long-promised “Golden Age” is that we are now living in the “Gilded Age.” Our fine gold is gilded, our silver is plated, and some of our jewelers tell us that the paste diamond is the most fashionable and popular. It is an age of cheap and bloodless victories. Once a lifetime—a most laborious one—was deemed requisite to the attainment of any worthy goal; now, the beardless youth is restive at the briefest delay, and would vauntingly carry off trophies enough from his first battlefield to last him a lifetime. But such trophies are scarcely worth the care of their preservation. Men used to spend years in learning a trade, or preparing for one of the professions. Young men now are all eye, all ear, and learn these things by absorption. This, at least, seems to be assumed; but, notwithstanding all this startling mush-

room growth, it is the slow-growing oak, scarcely noticed, that will furnish the masts and pillars in days to come. And it is noticeable that, while many vault at once into apparent position, those who make names that will perish only amid convolving heavens and melting elements still go up by the old battle-beaten pathway, upon which have trodden the scarred heroes of six thousand years. It is narrated of a wanton queen of England that she was accustomed to lave her person in the blood of the victims slain at court, believing that it gave beauty to her complexion. Whether this be true or not, it is true that the genius of human progress has ever laved her person in the life-fonts of her devotees, and the "dew of her youth" is the blood of her martyrs evermore.

The moral element is not less essential to true character than the intellectual, and perhaps nothing is now more requisite than that. It needs wisdom to guide the hand, and a steady moral purpose to impel; wisdom and goodness, uniting their hands for the direction of the ship, bring all emotions and passions into a state of vassalage, making these passions not the masters, but the ministers, of the soul. Mind the moral nature, and it will take care of the intellectual. In other words, the best thing for the intellect is the cultivation of the conscience. It may take longer to arrive, but the end will be the highest possible ratio of progress.

"God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;

For, while the rabble, in their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in the selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

SERMON VIII.

Sermon to Boys and Girls.

“Buy the truth and sell it not.”—Prov. xxiii: 23.

Why preach sermons especially addressed to boys and girls? What would you think, boys, to see a boy of eight or ten strutting upon the street, wearing his father's great-coat and tall hat? So it may be assumed that sermons, like clothing, should be fitted to the wearer. If boys can wear adult spiritual clothes, all right; if not, let us take their measure and give them a good fit. The tailor guarantees a correct fit, and agrees, if it does not set well, that we need not pay for it, but can leave it. Now, if my part of this garment does not fit, you need not wear it. “Buy and sell”: Boys understand that, at least, in a small scale. They know the purchasing power of a dime or a dollar in marbles, tops or candies. Truth cannot be bought in the ordinary way. The genuine article is not for sale. You can buy groceries and provisions, dry goods and jewelry, houses and lands and horses, if you have the money; but there are no merchants of truth into whose store you can walk and buy truth by the pound, or have it measured to you by the yard. If a lady shall have lost her health, if the roses of health have faded from her cheeks, she cannot, though she may be ever so rich, go and buy health; though, through medicine or by appropriate exercise, through sunlight and pure air, she may regain it. So must we breathe

in the air of truth and purity, and become healthy. He who would gather truth rapidly must have a readiness to use it. This is really the condition of its purchase. God puts truth into the hands of him who builds it as bricks into the wall. We must love it, and be hungry for it, and thirst for it; this is the price of it, and whosoever buys it must pay the fee.

Outside truth: There is a view of truth as seen in a person's character, as it shows itself from day to day, amid the experiences of life. The best formula of truth we know of is that which a witness in our courts is required to observe under oath. He is required, as a witness, to tell, first, "the truth." Now, it looks as though that covered the ground, but not so. He is not only to tell the truth, but the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

1. Truth: There are various ways of expressing the truth; also, falsehood may speak through other organs than those of speech. There is an old maxim, "Actions speak louder than words." In the following illustrations we do not assume that they really occur, yet we have heard of such things. When you find a firkin of butter with an inch or more of beautiful yellow butter at the top, and thence downward rancid, poor stuff, somebody has lied. He may not have spoken a word, but still here is a palpable lie. So with a barrel of apples, and all the big ones at the top. Sometimes a physician says, "If you had not called me at once it must have been a hopeless case," looks very serious, then administers bread pills! Sometimes a minister preaches other men's sermons without credit. Those are lies, and, like the father of them, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable." There may be a falsehood in a

step, in a wink, in a nod, or shake of the head. When a boy or girl obeys teacher or parent in their presence and breaks the rule behind their backs, that is not keeping truth.

“Whole truth”: Half-truths may be the worst kind of lies. It is best to tell it all. By that we do not mean that every one is under obligation to constantly and everywhere be telling everything he knows. Our secrets are our own, but when circumstances require us to state facts, we must be guarded against telling a part. It must all come, supplement and all. Beecher says: “If a bridge were built from the top of Trinity steeple only six inches wide, it would not be more difficult for a man to get along it than to get through this world telling the truth without evasion.” Nothing but the truth, nothing added; no “ifs,” “ands,” “buts,” no nods, winks, no head-shaking—nothing added. It is hard to stick to the plain truth. We do love to varnish and veneer our work; yet this will crack and fall off and expose the trick. “Truth crushed to earth will rise again,” etc. Murder will out. A man in the army got tired of war, and reported to the surgeon with a lame knee. Several examined it, but could not account for it—no soreness, very stiff. At last a surgeon, in his rounds, quietly passed before him, and asked him in a natural tone to stretch it out, and out at full length came the stiff member, and the trick was exposed. A man was arrested by French police, near the German lines, who, to all inquiries propounded to him in the examination, shook his head as if to say he did not understand the language. At last the chief said to him, “You can go,” and he at once started; but was quickly stopped, and the bracelets placed

upon his wrists. If we stick to the plain truth there can be no explosions, no pitfalls, no traps.

2. Inside truth: "Behold," says the Psalmist, "thou desiredst truth in the inward parts." One does not want his truth to be merely a coat put on and taken off, but it should be in the blood, and born in conscience and life and character. Conscience should lift itself in a perpendicular line, and we should walk thereby. I saw a poor man on the street striving to walk straight and make people believe he was not drunk, but his extraordinary efforts to do so only called special attention to his drunken state; so, in a spiritual sense, many are staggering and reeling away from the right line of conscience, and yet trying hard to make themselves and others feel that they are walking straight. If we will have truth within, we must find it in Christ. He hath said, "I am the way, truth and life." Having Him in the heart, we have the truth.

Boys and girls, in a world of temptation and sin, it is utterly unsafe to grow up without Christ. In some countries you will see on every house the lightning spire. These rods tell the story of the prevalence of thunderstorms; but if these spires did not tell this story, here and there a building consumed to ashes, or a new-made grave, would unfold the same fact. The man we spoke of staggering in the street tells of the storms that roll over the moral scene. He is struck by lightning. Another over there goes to the gambling table, and is struck by lightning.

As a protection, we need in our souls, as a safeguard against all these manifold and perilous temptations, Christ formed within us the hope of glory. This must be within. What would you think of attempting to light up this large

room to-night by building bonfires on the outside? We place the lights within. Christ formed within is the hope of glory and the light of the soul. He is that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and this is our condemnation, that light is come into the world, and we choose darkness rather than light.

"Sell it not": It must be purchased to use, and not to sell. Some men are laying out tracts of land into town lots, which they sell or give to those who will occupy, but will not sell for speculation. The Government gives a homestead to those who will become actual settlers. So truth is let out to settlers who acquire it for their own use.

Adam Clark, when a boy, was apprenticed to a draper (a merchant). Now, a web of linen, when first sponged, will stretch, adding several yards to its length, a fact that is taken advantage of by some dishonest merchants; so the employer of young Clark put him at the end of a web of cloth, himself at the other; but, as he pulled, Adam came right along. "Pull, you blockhead; why don't you pull?" "I cannot pull, sir." "You cannot pull? Why?" "It is wrong, sir." He was dismissed, and thus, not being for sale, God kept him for his own use, and made of him one of the greatest commentators in the sacred Scriptures the world has ever had.

A young man had fallen into some crime and served a short term in the State's prison. Upon his release, he went out determined to lead an honest life. Going to some distance, he was employed in a store; but one day the employer called him into his office and placed a letter in his hands. It was a narration, by an anonymous writer, of the facts in his former history. He had given entire satisfac-

tion to his employer, but there were these ugly facts coming to light. "Is that true, sir?" demanded the merchant. "It is all true, sir," said the young man. After a moment's reflection the merchant extended him his hand, and told him he should have permanent employment and higher wages. He wanted men who were not afraid of the truth. "Buy the truth and sell it not!"

SERMON IX.

God's Thoughts vs. Man's Thoughts.

(Isa. lv: 8.)

There is thought in everything God has made. The first plant you cull may have its leaves presented by couplets on the stalk, another by triplets, and still another without apparent order; but there is an accurate and unvarying mathematical order in all these. There is a law—hence a creative thought—in the crystal of the snowflake, in the miniature crystals of the dewdrop and falling rain. Thought in everything!

Thought is the underlying principle and power of all development. Look abroad, and there are thousands of steam engines driving the trains, propelling the great ships, keeping in motion the vast machinery of the world. A few years ago these all were but a thought, the idea of a dreamy man who sat and watched the lid of the teakettle as it palpitated with the steam, and thence he *thought—thought* of steam as a motive power.

An idea—"Men created free and equal." This is the thread upon which has been strung a hundred years of prosperity, and a million happy homes rejoicing under the ægis of civil liberty.

Christianity is builded upon thought. It has as its central idea or ideas, man's depravity, and necessary to his salvation God's interposition, and the expression of this interposition

the vicarious sacrifice of the God-man, and the agency of the Holy Spirit in man's regeneration. These are represented in the Scriptures as God's thoughts about man. So far as we can comprehend them, they are entirely consonant with human thought and reason, though there may be depths in the underlying principles which we cannot fathom. One would prefer the judgment of an architect upon the structure of a building, of an artist upon a picture; and so the thought of the infinite Spirit about spiritual things is most relevant; and, testing our own thoughts by God's thoughts, we may grow in wisdom and knowledge of these things. And God's plan is, first, by the light of the Spirit to bring man to experience and share God's thought, and thus begin the work of reform.

A man deems himself a good carpenter, a fair architect, until he falls in with one who has attained to the highest standards in these pursuits, and he is now ashamed of himself. A young artist supposes he does well until he comes to look at the works of the great masters, and that long, lingering look shivers all his self-congratulation at his feet, and he either quits the brush entirely, or begins such a course of toilsome study as he has been an entire stranger to hitherto.

A man is painting a picture and is pleased with it; he says: "I am not a bad man. I am pretty good. I do not swear, nor steal, nor break the Sabbath. I try to deal honestly." And so he looks at the picture, and is pleased. Then God throws the light of the Holy Spirit upon this canvas, and the man is amazed, and would fain disown the picture. "Why," he says, "this is but a wretched daub, ■ mere caricature of manhood. Look! What I thought was a beautiful

curved line is zigzagged and angular; where I thought the hues were elysian, the amber and gold of sunset, they were black as night; where I thought were the graces of morning, or of heaven, are the lineaments of the devil, the contortions of hell. Look! The eyes are out; it stares upon me like a death's-head; it is a grinning skeleton. There is no symmetry nor beauty in it." In other words, the man sees himself as God sees him, judges himself by God's standard, and is lost; hates himself; flies from himself; cries, "Oh, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

Tennyson, in his "Divine Tragedy," illustrates the initial stage in the reformatory process of God's plan in his delineation of Mary Magdalen. She had seen Jesus, and, from the vision of his perfection, a revulsion sets in in her nature like the rising tides of the sea; and, as the glorious revelations of spiritual beauty assume form upon the canvas before her, she sees, rising in strange contrast on the other side, the shadowy, dismal picture of a sinful life, and from which a revolt begins, as under such circumstances it begins in all natures—a revolt intended by God to end in purity, but too often ending only in a sporadic, remorseful overture. She muses:

"Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit in this lonely tower, and look upon the lake below me,
And the hills that swoon with heat,
And see, as in a vision, all my past life unroll itself before me."

It is useful for us to climb up from amid earth's shadows, and sun ourselves in God's strength. It is, indeed, ennobling to live, move and have our being in an atmosphere created by the best and purest thoughts of the noblest men, of our earthly giants, the philosophers, poets, scholars, all the lofty ones, the streams of whose thought keep the

world pure. Still, their thoughts cling to the human plane. They root themselves in earth, and struggle up through the warping atmosphere to a better altitude; but God's thoughts are poured down upon us as "lucent floods poured from the golden chalice of the sun." In him is no darkness at all, and it were our very life to open the windows and let this cheerful sunlight be poured in upon us. But, alas! we grope in the dark, we creep like worms, we burrow in the earth. If we did but get one of God's great living thoughts we would walk erect like men—men of God, above temptation, sin and worldliness.

Our vessels roll and toss upon the waves beneath the slightest breezes that play over the scene; they reel upon the wild waters like drunken men; but if we took in as ballast the great thoughts and principles of God, how it would steady these tossing barks! Our young men are shipwrecked, not because the howling tempest of temptation is in itself so irresistible, but because these vessels, newly launched on the great deep of life, are out without ballast, filled only with the levity and chaff of this world.

God's great thoughts poured down into this world are purifying agencies. When the miner goes away down into the deep mines, where the air is foul, and death-dealing gases pervade the depths, a pipe extends from the surface down through those thousands of feet to his place of labor, and from above the pure air is pumped down to him, that he may breathe it and live and work; so we are down in these depths of sin and death-dealing choke-damps of earth, and from above, from the throne, from the pure atmosphere of the skies, from above the clouds, our Heav-

only Father is pouring down upon us, out of the fullness of his infinite love, the pure air from on high, the pure thoughts from the bosom of the Infinite, and we breathe and live a new life, inhaling the air of paradise—spicy breezes from the mountains of Beulah.

This world needs more of God's thought, of God's principles. We have enough of the "world, the flesh, the devil"; too little of the divine, the spiritual, the heavenly. We need these robust truths and thoughts of God, of righteousness and purity, to sweep down through this rank foliage of the world and sin, like a northwester blighting this upas growth, disclosing its moral unfruitfulness, and bringing health and healing in its wings. But, passing from the general consideration of these thoughts of God, do God's thoughts comprehend me as an individual? Does he think of me when I go forth at dawn to the labors of the day? when accident, or sickness, or calamity overtake me? when misfortune or losses depress me—does God think of it, care about it? Will he support and help me as would a sympathizing friend? and when my friends fall in death, and the light is put out of the skies; when the sun has set, apparently to rise no more; when the grave has become a bottomless pit, swallowing up all that was dear to me on earth—will he look in cold indifference, or may I feel that he is tenderly thinking of me and seeking to help me? All these natural inquiries of the distressed soul are affirmatively and emphatically answered in the Word which reveals to us God's thoughts. "The very hairs of your head are numbered. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father; ye are of more value than many sparrows." "Like as a father pitieth his

children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." He has promised—"My grace is sufficient for you; as thy day is so shall thy strength be." In the hour of bereavement he is near; the everlasting arms are around and underneath.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the light of day
Along the mournful marbles play!
Who ne'er hath learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"
—[Whittier's "Snow-Bound,"

Then I'll endure; I'll brave the foe, meet the storm, be patient under evils, sickness, affliction, sorrow, losses, floods, fires, calamities; be fleet to run, strong to endure, courageous to fight—if God is thinking of me in these things, if his presence be with me. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

SERMON X.

Law and Its Sequences.

“Whatsoever ■ man soweth, that shall he also reap.” (Gal. vi: 7-8.)

The principle of abstract truth that we learn earliest in life is no doubt that of the relationship existing between cause and effect. We are rapidly carried from this conception to the apprehension of physical law, which is only the uniformity of nature's operations. We learn that fire consumes, that poison kills, that water seeks the lowest level; the apple, disengaged from the pendent bough, descends, not ascends; and so unvarying are these results that we term these principles of operation, laws, and upon their unerring action we base all the affairs of life. But God in revelation and in nature, so far as it is possible for us to read the lessons traced there, conveys to us the truth that the moral world is governed by a system of laws as unalterable and as invariable in their sequences as are those that characterize the natural world.

Notice: I. The manner of moral development.

(1.) By aggregation. The common principle of aggregation we find everywhere around us. “Birds of a feather flock together”; “Like seeks like.”

A single grain of wheat planted would, in the course of time, burden the granaries of the world. The rivers that flow along through the land gather into their embrace all the rills and brooks that leap from the mount-

ain glen and course along the plain. The clouds that spread themselves along the humid skies invite to their bosoms all the scattered particles of moisture that float on the winds, and, drinking up and concentrating all in one overburdened cloud, precipitate it in torrents upon the earth. The lightnings, whose fiery chariots sweep along the sky, leap into a common embrace, and yoke themselves together to shake the earth, while Heaven shakes with the electric concussion

(2.) Moral emotions repeat themselves, producing an ever-increasing aggregation. Faith, hope, charity, patience, sobriety, with all the converse qualities, are names for ever-swelling groups.

He who sows deeds of charity and benevolence finds his nature expanding to these genial elements, until, to perform these acts is his highest joy; while he who shuts his heart against these sweet influences propagates in his inmost nature nightshade and wormwood. He who in the light of hope learns to look upon the sunny side of life's scenes finds the leaven of hope gathering to itself all the light of encouragement and cheer that exists beneath the moral firmament, as the sun gathers to itself all the light existing beneath the canopy. On the other hand, we have seen men who, though ten thousand suns were streaming upon a scene, were ill content except they could find some shady side. Like vultures, they take no delight in the blooming robes of life and health, but only in the debris of death and the grave. They have sown to the shade, not to the light.

When once the heart is given up to unbelief, it carries forward its usurpation until faith is expelled. Successively

the mind is conducted through the chambers of this "doubting castle," until from doubting the existence of God and the things of the supernatural realm, man comes to doubt the evidence of his own senses, and denies the existence of the material world. Then, finally, by doubting the possibility of a doubt, the whole "refuge of lies" is undermined, and becomes a *reductio ad absurdum*—an intellectual chimera.

Moral actions repeat themselves. The power of habit is well known, yet what is habit but the tendency of a given action to be followed by one like it in character? What peculiar kinship exists between the acts of a series? None but their similarity. Each action is really independent of the other. It is naught but the common principle of accumulation. Each added step strengthens the silken cord into withes that make the giant captive. Each additional act clips the beard of resolution, until, like shorn Sampson, it is powerless to resist.

If you go away to the northern boundaries of our land you will find a little lake (Lake Itasca), from which issues a thread-like stream the wind might well-nigh lift from its bed. Yet follow it in its course, and from the little stream a man might turn whithersoever he will, we have the great "Father of Waters," the rolling Mississippi, bearing in the ponderous ships that course its bosom the tonnage and travel of a continent.

In bridging one of the mightiest rivers of America, the turbulence of whose flood forbade the usual process, a kite was first flown across, to which was attached such a twine as boys use in flying their kites—a twine so delicate that it trembled in the breeze; but adjoined to this, and

succeeding it, was a heavier cord, and this was followed by a still stronger, until the great iron cable was made to span the raging torrent, and upon this was constructed the bridge upon which the long and ponderous train passes successfully over.

In this we have types of the progress of character—how the first thread that carries the soul's flight across the forbidden flood trembles in the breeze of conscience. That first sin, first oath, first step to the house of vice, first throw in the gambler's career, convulsed the soul with the awful struggle; but the first act is followed by a stronger cord, and the hardening process goes on until the mighty iron cables are laid, forming a bridgeway over which rushes the train of sin freighted with all vice and hideousness and pollution, and lifting as it passes no echo of remorse nor recognition of conscience.

There is a time when we stand away up amid the fountain-streams of our being. Around us there is the promise of springtime, beaming upon us the light of a father's benediction and a mother's fervent prayers, above us the sunlit firmament of conscience and purity. Then we may turn these streams whithersoever we will, to the right or the left, swell them with deeds of evil or of good; but when they have been swollen to angry floods of sin, they no longer yield to our control, but carry us a fallen leaf upon the raging torrent. Now we are the master, then we shall become the slave; now we are the giant, then we shall be the powerless pigmy. He is a wretched man who, as king, throws from him the elements of power and permits himself to be dethroned, and comes to curse his folly; he is a wretched man who throws away seed-time, and pines in

harvest; but, as much more reckless and wretched as heaven is above earth, is he who fritters away the plastic element of his being that he might shape into heavenly form, and permits these lofty faculties to become petrified into shapes that crush the will and destroy the peace forever. "He that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

II. This aggregation is uniform and in straight lines.

(1.) Of the flesh—corruption of the spirit, life everlasting. All that we call vice is the sowing to the flesh, the attempt to make the flesh life's harvest-field; but it all tends to corruption. When you see the drunkard reel and stagger through the streets, you see the harvest that comes of sowing to the flesh. Look into the bleared eye and besotted countenance, and tell me why sobriety and virtue do not produce the same effects? Aye, over the battlements of the human frame sin unfurls her banner, and every wise man identifies that black flag. The blasted visage is the first fruit of the fearful harvest. "The wicked shall not live out half his time." Sin corrupts, undermines and dismantles this body; but its desolations stop not here. This terrible destroyer not only corrupts the body, but, with stealthy step, enters the chamber of the mind, and with impious hand denudes it of the glorious pictures that have glowed therein, and suspends instead the foul limnings of a corrupt imagination. Whence come the vigorous minds that enlighten and bless the world? From the rum shop and the gambler's den? No. Many of the mightiest minds of the world have been destroyed by these influences, become shorn Sampsons grinding in some prison house. It enters the inner chambers of the soul and spreads its fearful virus here. Do you expect good thoughts and

great deeds, charity, benevolence, from vicious men? Do you go to the saloon to consult with drunkards and gamblers and murderers as to the erection of hospitals and asylums, colleges and schools? What commission spread its wings of light and visited, as an evangel of mercy, the soldier sick and wounded and dying in camp and hospital and sanguinary field, and whence did it come? The Christian Commission, and Christian men and women were its bone and sinew and pulse and fiber.

Oh, sin is the deadly upas, the sombre night-shade, the loathsome vampire; its fruits, corruption, corruption, corruption! It corrupts soul, body and spirit.

(2.) But the spirit is the source of life. Purity is life; it is the mother, the brother, the sister of life, health, peace, joy and immortality. It is twin-born with life everlasting; its every attitude and grace points to progress, to life, to eternity. It cannot die; there are no seeds of decay in its nature; its consciousness is peace, hope and triumph.

The Scriptures do not give a very perfect delineation of the Christian's future state. Yet it needs it not. The pure spirit has the consciousness in death, as in life, of its kinship with all that is holy in the universe. If in the wide, wide realms of space around us, amid the sheen of the rolling stars, or in the flashing sun, there exists a pure spirit, whether the disembodied of our race or a seraph of light, it is a sister spirit; if there is a God, robed in immaculate purity, he is my father, and from the throes of dissolution my soul shall tremble into conscious communion with these. And this is heaven.

“Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;

Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace."

Here we return to the grand idea of the subject, association and aggregation. After given principles the good and the holy flow together. Sin makes its own nest, erects its own standard; here are collected all manner of sinners.

"Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." Will a course of sin conduct us to a heaven at last? Here are two railways. One is laid straight to Sacramento, the other to Los Angeles. If we get upon the former, are we to bring up at the city of the angels? Laws are iron causeways, and lead to appropriate destinies. Do we not see sinners that even in this life become demoniac, in communion seemingly with devils. What sights do they behold? Is there no reality in the horrid shapes and visages that glare upon the victim of delirium tremens? Can we question as to their future?

But faith and purity plant in the heart a camera that is forever taking the images of the eternal world and its glorified scenes; and the eyes that beam upon them, seen around the dying couch, are radiant with immortality. Amid the wreck of mortality there is the dawn of an eternal day.

"Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Hark! the whispering angels say,
 'Sister spirit, come away.'
 Bright angels are from glory come;
 They're 'round my bed and in my room;
 They wait to waft my spirit home—
 All is well."

The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is life everlasting.

SERMON XI.

“Seeing we are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race which is set before us. (Hebrews xii: 1.)

In the Christian race, as in every other, a worthy object with resolution is requisite. That every man is not what he seems to be is no more a truism than that every man is not what he determines to be. Go, gather up the waifs that lie strewn on life's tumultuous sea! Here a frail barque wrecked and destroyed forever; here one painted and tinseled is left a wreck by angry tides. See the defeated strewn along the byways of life's great course! Think not these all have pursued the steady course of their determinations to this bitter end; that these have but fulfilled their life plans. Not so; the highest aspirations once were cherished by these. Remember that in many of these bosoms there once dwelt holiest purposes, throbbed purest emotions; and, while you remember, learn to pity rather than censure. But of these many have perished not so much for want of good desire as for lack of iron will—inflexible, ceaseless, resistless perseverance.

This, then, is necessary for his success—resolution. It is necessary in the outset to enable the man of the world to tear loose from it, and decide to give unequivocal response to the summons, “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.” It is this, and only this, that keeps many from Christ. It is not want of light; they have thoughtfully studied God's calls. It is not for want of convictions of

duty; they have felt the Word of God to be quick and powerful, and have trembled while God's messenger reasoned to them of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come; but the indecision of their nature has kept them for years, perhaps, in the midst of a terrible soul conflict, the aroused state of their conscience forbidding their sinking in indifference, their hesitancy preventing their embracing the offers of peace. Such is the history of thousands—thousands whom unbelief and hardness of heart finally seizes as its prey. Lingering indecision is one of the terrible snares of the fowler. There are calms on old Ocean's bosom that the sailor dreads more than her chafing tempests. There are calms in the religious life that lull thousands to their ruin.

But decision is necessary not only in the advent into the kingdom of Christ, but all through the race. Does not the great Captain who has entered into that life within the veil, and that blessed follower who said at the end of his race, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course," and all the apostles—do not all warn us on this point? "When ye think ye stand, take heed lest ye fall"; "Be ye steadfast, unmovable"; "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" "Stand fast in the faith"; "Quit you like men, be strong!"

Now, the extremes we should shun are: trust alone in the arm of flesh, and entire trust in God without the use of the means. Human will is as impotent to conduct man through the mazes of life up to the glad heights of Christian enjoyment as the idle wind to turn the earth from its course; yet through grace man must exercise his own power of volition as a free agent. It is God that giveth to the

earth its fruitfulness, yet man must labor. If God withhold the increase, man's arm is nerveless to produce a single grain of wheat. In religion, if God withhold grace, man's efforts will only win him bitterness of soul; unless, also, he by his own action improve that grace, barrenness and darkness will wait upon his spirit.

The argument or enforcement of the exhortation—and were there no other passage setting forth this, coming from so high a source, it certainly establishes the demand that the Church consider carefully the impression she makes upon those around her. We may not hide ourselves behind the charge that the world looks on with evil eye, or declare that our course is so high above theirs that they are no proper judges of our course. The Church must be consistent. If my course is inconsistent, I am a fool to rave at the sinner to turn to God. The Lord has given to man reasoning faculties, abilities to compare, to test, to judge. Destroy these, and the thunders of Sinai and the appeals of Calvary are voiceless to arrest him. Using these as God has given him liberty, it is his right to fix the stain of inconstancy, inconsistency, upon the worldly professor of religion. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and though by this his guilt will not be lessened, seeing he has God's word, yet our condemnation will be greater.

The end. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life that is in the midst of the paradise of God." The great end promised the Christian competitor is eternal life—life as opposed to death and all that in that word is contained—darkness, terror, wrath, decay, corruption—death.

We may not describe the joys that await the blessed.

The slight description left on record of the home of the finally faithful is more of a negative character than positive—"there shall be no night there." But its highest descriptions, if taken literally, cannot suffice for the paradise of the redeemed. We call it a haven of rest, and such it is. Oh, rest is sweet to the weary frame; but to the tired soul, oh, the bliss of rest! How soothing to think of our home of rest. But heaven cannot be a rest of idleness—that would be death. It is an active rest—a rest compatible with thought, action, progress. But in all the glowing terms applied to that place, language can but faintly prefigure something that cannot be expressed in terms of time and sense.

Upon the victor in the Olympian games (from which the imagery of the passage is drawn) was bestowed the olive branch, the laurel wreath. What were these, that for days and months the agonistæ should practice and prepare that they might win them? Did these possess any merit of themselves? They were garlands that faded in a day—playthings. But how they toiled to own them! Shall not we strive for a crown of life that fadeth not away? We speak of the golden streets and pearly gates of the new Jerusalem; but, ah, what are these to the soul redeemed by the precious blood of Christ? They gloriously typify the golden ways of love and truth, along which the soul shall sweep in its onward course. "There will be no night there." How beautifully does this presage the dawn of that transcendent day, when light eternal, undying, shall be shed in the heart by the Sun of Righteousness, a day already begun in the heart of the Christian, a day when no darkness shall shroud the soul dwelling in light eternal.

We speak of music as being an occupation, a delight to the blessed; but there must be a higher, deeper soul-music than aught that mind can conceive, to bind to heaven the redeemed spirit.

“Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If Jesus should from thence remove,
Or but conceal his face!”

Yes; with the golden streets, the pearly gates, the most enchanting music, the glittering crown, the shining robes, the victorious palm, the soul without Him would be in beggary; in the midst of all would cry,

“There’s nothing here deserves my joys;
There’s nothing like my God.”

All these might be gained on earth, but could not satisfy. There is more in that land

“Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame;
Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll;
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

SERMON XII.

The State and Moral Culture.

OBJECTIONS TO RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

There are atheists and infidels who deny the validity of all ethical teaching based on religion. That there are professed atheists is true. So there are abnormal intellects that cannot master mathematical problems; yet we teach mathematics, nevertheless. These so-called atheists are abnormal moral natures, monsters, deformities. But these are said to be numerous, and becoming more so. Certainly, this is due to the position that has been taken by the State, and is the very thing complained of. Had these been trained in the public schools with due reference to the equipoise of the faculties, they would probably have been led, not into the mists of ignorance and prejudice, but to be profound believers in the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion. But shall the State take advantage of its own delinquencies to forge therefrom an argument against the teaching of these principles? It were better for the State to dissipate these shades of ignorance and prejudice than to hide behind them. Ignorant men object to paying taxes to educate our youth intellectually; but the State is right to educate as a means of self-preservation. Yet, that mere intellectual culture is inadequate to make men good citizens, the vast number of educated criminals bear witness.

Why does the State found schools? Not simply to as-

sist its citizens in educating their children. There is no more reason that it should do this than that it should plough their fields, or run their railroads. It has no right to interfere on this ground. But the perpetuity of the State is dependent upon its having good citizens; to good citizenship, certain culture and discipline are necessary. We do not grant that the rights of the State are paramount, but it has the right to use means to secure good citizens so long as the use of such means does not infringe upon the higher rights of parents and youth. It has the right to impose taxation for the support of schools because this taxation does the citizen no wrong, inasmuch as his property interests are only safe with good citizens, and therefore he receives an equivalent. It has a right to require instruction, to make education compulsory, provided that in so doing it does not invade the right of the citizen.

A knowledge of moral rules and ethical maxims might be deemed moral culture, but the motive and impulse to practice these moral rules, overriding temptation to the contrary, must result from an impulse, awakened and strengthened, that in some sense and to some degree is religious; and therefore the highest moral tuition is founded in the culture of the religious nature.

We are willing that the State shall adopt the elementary principles of morals and religion, and inculcate them, because they are right and true, without reference to any denomination or creed, Romanist, Atheist or Protestant. Some things are known to be true. The universal consciousness of mankind sustains the idea of a God. Let that be taught, notwithstanding the protest of over 10,000 who

do not accept it. The State founds and conducts schools in order to form citizens with a character fitted to perpetuate and give safety to the State. In order to do this, it must cultivate all that enters into citizenship. It cannot be assumed that the moral quality is not essential—it is the *most important of all*, the central element of character.

Against the morality of the Bible there can be no objection. There is no other morality. It is incorporated in all our laws, and is the groundwork of all our jurisprudence. Are we a Christian nation? Yes; we are and have been; but will not be if we allow this to be transmuted into an atheistic nation. That is just where the battle is now being fought.

For the government to which our children will be subjected at maturity they should be trained in the school. But our civil law is a moral law. All our laws are moral laws. "Thou shalt not steal"—commit adultery—commit murder. These are not only God's laws, but also man's. We have Sabbath laws, laws against profanity, obscenity, slander, false witness, etc. The objection is made that ours is not a Christian nation. We answer: this is a Christian nation. There is not a drop of blood in our veins nor a tissue in our national organization that is not unqualifiedly Christian. England is a Christian nation, made so by the struggles of a thousand years. In those struggles she freed herself from the superstition of heathenism, and from the superstition and domination of Romanism and every other ism and enemy that sought to hurl it from its position as a Christian nation, and stands with the mastery of the field, not only a Christian, but pre-eminently a *Protestant Christian Nation*. It is absurd to claim that a nation inherits

nothing from the ages of its history, wins nothing on its battlefields. These things become integral qualities in the character of a nation, as the thoughts, emotions and deeds of an individual enter into his character. By a strange train of providences, our nation sprang from the womb of the English nation, and our constitution, codes, drift and speech became English rather than French, and we are, by virtue of inheritance, by the blood in our veins and the battles we have fought, an *English Protestant Christian Government*. This is the pathway of destiny cast up for us by the hand of God through a thousand years. Playing this role we shall be successful; declining to play this, we shall be rung off the stage. This is our archetype, established, as is the national archetype in every instance, at the central point of its history.

The archetypal principle makes of one tree an oak, of another the gigantic redwood, by virtue of a like principle. Some crystals form with six sides, some with eight. Nations, as well as natural formations, have their archetypes. These in nations, as in nature, are cast by the master mechanic. We cannot but believe that God broods over nations in their conception. Nations may die, revolutions may overthrow them, and there is only this alternative for a nation—to die, or be true to the trend of destiny laid up for it at its birth.

But, granting that this is not a Christian nation, still the objection lacks force, for the Bible is not a Christian Bible, but a treatise. It is not solely a representation of Christian doctrine, but more comprehensively, an epitome of theism. Its deep, firm, underlying, paleozoic formation is severely, sublimely theistic, and on this bedrock are

superimposed the successive strata of Christian doctrines, faith and morals. The Bible builds the theater of its theism, and over that stage move with kingly tread the prophets and priests, the heroes and heroines, from whose lips and lives men are to be enlightened as to the methods by which they may find the personal Deity disclosed in this theistic revelation. The broad base of this whole mountain range is the one true God, who is from everlasting to everlasting. And planted on this broad, firm base a thousand mounds and mountains and tumuli of Christian doctrine are projected; and grandest and loftiest of all, Mount Calvary, lifting itself in awful sublimity above all mountain tops, above eternal snows, losing itself in ineffable light.

The theism of the Bible is for the State, for universal man; its Christian doctrines to answer the needs of hungry, thirsty man. The moral principles of the Bible strike their roots down through all these superincumbent doctrines, and find their sustenance in the theism of this profound system of truth.

We are reminded that the Catholics and Protestants do not use the same kind of Bible, or that Catholics do not wish the entire text of Scriptures placed in the hands of their people. We answer: The original manuscripts from which we have all our translations—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—are extant. If the Jew wishes to suppress any part, or the Catholic to conceal, what has the State to do with that? Let us have the truth in morals as in science, and if any system of ecclesiasticism cannot endure the light, let it wither and die.

The State should get the clearest transcript of truth and

morals, just as it gets the best text-book on Arithmetic or Astronomy, and put it just where it places these text-books; and through its schools and public avenues send the pure light blazing into the blinking eyes of every Catholic, and Spiritualist, and Ingersollist in the land, and compel a knowledge of moral principle as it compels a knowledge of the multiplication table.

It is objected, again, that there are many thousands who are neither Protestant nor Catholic, nor Christian in any sense, but opposers of Christianity. The morality of the Bible will not hurt them. Its religion is not likely, through any sanction of it by the State, to exert an overwhelming influence upon them, or be the means of their conversion. At all events, the State must look to its own perpetuity. There are many men who do not love the civil law, but the State enforces it, nevertheless.

Some things are true, some false. We cannot in our national capacity act as though there were no difference between truth and error, fact and fiction, black and white. If we do, the same recreancy to truth and justice will go shivering down to the very finger-ends of our national being.

Our conclusion is, that the State cannot stand firmly without its corner-stone of morality and religion. These are inseparable. That through consideration of its own perpetuity, it cannot make concessions to vice, to error, to irreligion. That in order to this perpetuity, it must inculcate, with all else it teaches and enforces, the moral code of the Bible, founded as it is in the theism of the Bible—the religious truth of the Bible.

SERMON XIII.

Originality in the Pulpit.

It is confidently urged by many that the matter about which we are called to write is in itself an impossibility. There is, say they, in these latter days nothing that has eluded the research of all the ages, hence, nothing is purely original—in which dogma there is simply an interchange of terms. What they really mean to express is the fact that novelty is impossible, and in attempting to say there is nothing new, they declare there is nothing original. On the contrary, we aver that so long as there is individuality in the world there may be originality. The term applies not to the nature of the product, but to its source. That a production is similar in character to others does not alter its history or change its origin. It is no argument against originality to insist that the busy brains of the past and present have studied and written so much that every theme has been exhausted, every topic developed. As fairly might it be urged that so many human beings have lived in the world that we cannot find a man that has not a striking resemblance in form and manner to others of the race; but still he is the son of his own mother, as truly and perfectly as were Cain and Abel sons of the first mother. The maple tree gives us this year's foliage as original to itself as did the first maple that ever flourished its leafy banners. Men have been gathering fruit from the orchards

and forests through all the ages, and there has ever been great resemblance; yet when we pluck to-day a ripe apple from the bough, we have no mental misgivings as to its origin. The apple may have no element of novelty about it, but we know it to be an original product of that particular tree. Originality simply implies the expression of the individuality, without respect to the character of the production or the question of resemblance or diversity; in which case a true originality gives a transcript of the internal character. Hence, a literary production can weigh no more than the character from which it springs. A small man cannot give a large product, an uncultured man a sermon replete with culture, a prosy man a poetic article, nor one devoid of genuine piety a sermon flashing with spiritual coruscations. The true expression of character is necessarily not only original, but diverse in its originality, and must always be diverse, because no two persons are alike, either in their primal endowments or in their attainments and acquisitions. In all the great world of animate and inanimate objects, we find no two things without lines and features that distinguish them; not two human faces, nor forms, nor leaves, nor spires of grass, grains of sand, nor drops of water. Diversity marks everything that God has made. The fallen leaf does not occupy the same relation to matter about it as the leaf that lay in the same place last year. Two men cannot see the same rainbow at the same time, not being able to occupy the same position. Neither is it possible for two persons, with the great variety of genius, culture and temperament, to hold the same relation to any intellectual or moral question, hence impossible for them to write or speak the same things, if true to their

own mental conceptions. We conclude, therefore, that both originality and distinctiveness will be accessible to writers and speakers until the end of time, and that every genuine literary production bears in the distinctive features of its character its own peculiar trade-mark, and whatever lacks this is probably stolen goods.

The bane of our preaching is the attempt to make sermons, instead of endeavoring to express, in a sensible, forcible manner, what we really have to say. Put a witness upon the stand, with the impression that he is expected to make a speech; place before him the models of oratory, ancient and modern, and though he might make what some would call a great speech, few, perhaps, would accurately learn what transpired in the matter that called him to the stand. So young preachers set out to make speeches, and groan because they have nothing to build sermons of. Ah! what led us into the ministry? The conviction upon our own part and that of the Church that we had something to say? Let us say it, then, and let sermons go "where the woodbine twineth," and with them, as company upon their rural pilgrimage, send all cyclopedias, and "pulpit helps," so-called, which as helps are chiefly useful in dwarfing the natural powers of young ministers. They should be adjudged contraband, and consigned to the flames wherever found. It will, of course, be urged that we should study the models; must read the sermons and literary productions of the great authors and preachers. Certainly we must. To do otherwise is to act stupidly and consign ourselves to ignorance. Read everything—sermons, essays, speeches, poetry, fiction, history and science. We never knew anyone become strong who did not read, as we never knew anyone

become vigorous without food. And this remark indicates in brief the relation of these works to our mental growth. We take them as food, not as bone. But he does not take them as food who re-preaches them bodily. The sheep eats corn and grass, but when we come to shear it we do not take corn and grass from its back, but wool, a new product, yet made from the old. So if they will, let men eat Spurgeon and Simpson and Beecher, but when shearing-time comes, let them give us, not Simpson and Spurgeon, but real wool from their own backs.

To fully reproduce others is impossible. We may repeat the words, but who can catch the emotional and spiritual influences that attended the original production by the first party? All these things—the real soul of the sermon or speech—have fled beyond recall, and the plagiarist stands and holds before the people the grinning, ghastly corpse. Even in the attempt to reproduce our own best efforts we may find ourselves miserably weak. We preach upon a certain subject, and seem to accomplish much; the manifestations of power are visible. At another time we attempt to reproduce these effects by the use of the same means, same sermon, hymns, gestures, all; and all are weak as water. Why, we are not the same self we were a week since. Mutations, if not revolutions, are taking place, and the battle-harness of a week ago may not fit the changed, new warrior of to-day. Upon that day of power you were true to the self of that day, not imitating something foregone. Be just as true to the individuality of the present hour; preach upon the same theme, but leave room for the free play of the faculties and inspiration of the present. As the lion in his native haunts disdains to feed

upon the carcass slain for him, so let the mind always grapple the living issues of to-day.

First, the young man must have a thought to express, however simple and commonplace, and then undertake to express it in his own words and manner, seeking, of course, the very best at his command. It may be broken and imperfect, but it is his own; and his own style he must cultivate, or endure a life-long failure. Then he may feel assured that it is but a question of time, and short time at that, until his thoughts will crowd to the front, clothing themselves in proper regalia as they come, for thought and expression interact. The clothing of our own natural thoughts in our own words and manners begets and cultivates a tendency of mind to produce easy, natural thought; and this will soon refuse to wear any raiment except that woven upon the looms whence come our thoughts. We believe it can easily be demonstrated that language is so far intuitive that expression becomes as consonant with mental laws as the thought itself. In other words, we think in language. It is this principle that makes such a production as Webster's reply to Hayne possible. When the soul of the great orator was stirred with mighty thoughts, there came marshaling themselves without summons the battalions of powerful words to bear them to the world, thought forming itself in words as simply as snow flakes assume their crystals. To protect this principle it is necessary to guard against the false practices by which its operation is impeded, especially the making ourselves mere actors, through whom others speak and write. Some men make of themselves only excellent storehouses of other men's lumber, literally peddlers, incompetent even to

display the goods they carry. The rag-picker gathers the waste rags from the streets, and they are converted into the beautiful vellumy paper, glossy, tinted, perfumed. Your literary rag-picker often gives us nothing in return but the same old waste rags he gathered from the gutter. The plagiarist should hoist the sign we sometimes see in out-of-way places in the city, "Second-hand clothing bought and sold here!" How like a guilty Macbeth must he behold at every turn the ghosts of his murdered Banquos stalking about at his feasts, and sitting beside him in pulpit or forum.

SERMON XIV.

Joseph, the Christian Statesman.

How evanescent seem all the elements of character. From life the fugitive thoughts, emotions and deeds glance like the rays of the sun and disappear; fall like the foliage from the trees, and are whirled from his presence as the leaves upon the breath of the wind. Yet nothing is more marvelously permanent and enduring than character. Submerged in life's troubled, teeming main, man toils and struggles and dies; yet like the coral, leaves the enduring monuments of his toil. We behold, while rendering life's anthem, no recording angel; yet each note is gifted with the power of its own registry. As the subterranean fires thrust up the mountains and hills that defy the disintegrating powers of ages, so the waxing and waning fires of human passion push out the rugged or rounded outlines that remain in monumental grandeur or misshapen ugliness forever.

What is more real than such characters as Abraham, Moses, Luther or Lincoln, Nero or Napoleon? Of all the shining characters of history, there is none enveloped in more unvarying splendor than the one that has figured in the Sunday-school lesson of the last quarter. And all this moral wealth springs from the influence of certain tangible principles by which he was actuated. Of the fruit upon the tree some specimens may be more brilliant in hue

or even richer in quality than others. Still that which is good and that which is better all derive their qualities from the same root. The sunlight as it falls upon the thousand objects around us reveals a great variety of tints, but all proceed from the refraction of the same white light; so in every good character certain well-defined principles answer for all the lights and shades that fleck the surface and characterize the whole. Let us briefly survey some of these sterling principles as they exhibit themselves in the life of Joseph.

1. We see unconditional faith in God. He had been instructed in the knowledge of the true God. His teacher was the faithful patriarch whose stony couch the Lord had transmuted into the "House of God" and the "Gate of Heaven." And the son in his early youth had anchored his faith and bonded his life to Him whose glory he read in the declaratory heavens as he watched his flocks by day and by night; and through all the vicissitudes that marked his strange career, that affiance was kept inviolate. The pledge was given in the summer-time; it was kept through winter until summer came again, and singing birds revisited the trees. Life is rarely one long unbroken summer. As winter in our temperate clime gives to summer's growth hardness and perfection, so in the growth of a soul, summer's developments are perfected by the rude touch of winter. It is not when tipped with buds, radiant with blossoms, nor crowned with fruit, but amid falling leaves, that merit is tested. Twice was he hurled from heaven to hell—once from the joys of his father's house into the hands of mercenary wayfarers; again from his place of trust into prison; still he so trusted in God that the favor

of the Lord was conspicuous to those around him, even as a light upon his pathway. How easy for him in these instances to have filed his complaint against the goodness and justice of his heavenly Father, when he beheld innocence stricken down and envy and wickedness, as embodied in his brethren and accusers, stalking triumphantly on; and, influenced by this bitterness of spirit, to turn his back upon the religion of his youth. But his heart is fixed, and turns to the God of his fathers as the needle to the pole, even though clouds intervene.

2. The improvement of character. This is clearly seen in the fruit, even if hidden in the fiber, and through this he was prepared to meet the demands under which he was successively laid. In many quarters our youth have imbibed the notion that men with all these elements of greatness are the creatures of circumstances. We are reminded that through the fortuitous circumstances brought about by civil war, Ulysses S. Grant, the tanner, became suddenly Gen. Grant, President of the United States. True; but if Grant, while tanner, trader and student, had not been preparing himself for these exigencies, the call had never come, or had quickly been followed by the verdict, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting." The critical point in the whole question is, that when the circumstances presented themselves he was adequate to them. Abraham Lincoln, when unknown, when a boatman on a Western river, or an attorney in a Western city, loitered not, idly waiting for something to "turn up"; but, by earnestly engaging in the work before him, he was preparing himself to go up higher when his country should call. Thus Joseph, trudging sadly from home, or in

prison, murmurs not; but so seeks to make himself useful that the captive is made overseer, the prisoner is made chief, and from prison he is promoted to the regency of the whole land.

3. Recognition of Divine Providence. When his brothers regretted all that they had done, he exclaims, "But God meant it for good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive." A like sense of the divine government has exhibited itself in the administration of all the greatest statesmen of the world. Lincoln constantly invoked the blessing of God, and asked the prayers of God's people in behalf of the cause consigned to his hands; recognizing by the appointment of days of fasting and of thanksgiving, the divine Ruler to whose arbitrament these questions are submitted. Franklin, in his memorable speech in the convention of 1787, forcibly reminds the convention of this truth, saying with much else that deserves to be engraven, "In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers were heard and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in this struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending providence in our behalf * * * We have been assured in the sacred writings that, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed no better than the building of Babel."

Napoleon had great faith in his star, but little trust in his God, and all his plans, though bathed in blood and underpropped with millions of lives, came to nought.

And we hear the ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, when a sudden revolution of Fortune's wheel cast him crushed and bleeding, to the earth:

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

But, with all the strength the character of Joseph derives from these grand principles, perhaps the most attractive element in his nature is his magnanimity. This kindness of spirit casts a glory over all the actions of his noble life. He antedated the writing of the new law of love thousands of years. Cain went forth feeling that vengeance should and would follow him unless God should ward off its blows. Long after Joseph's day was promulgated, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," yet he, with all the wrongs he had suffered, and with the most ample opportunities for revenge, never hurls a bolt, nor exhibits in any act of his long and varied life vindictiveness of spirit.

The principles of the New Testament are universal, belonging to true life in every age and land. God has coupled together the love of God and of man: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Together these nuggets ever lie; he who finds the first, secures the other. This benignity of his nature makes this Israelite a true gentleman; a noble Christian statesman. He dies as he has lived, mingling solicitude for his friends with the holy sadness of the parting scene.

"That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark."

Methodist
Historical Society
Southern California - Arizona
Conference

SERMON XV.

Vicarious Punishment.

[An article read before the Friends of Progress, by C. Robinson, and published by request of the Society.]

Nothing is so fatal to good order in a community as a belief that the penalty of the law will not be visited upon the transgressor. Let it once be admitted that there is a way of escape from punishment for violated law, and thenceforth it becomes a dead letter.

In the early history of California, when the courts refused to punish criminals, crime became bold and defiant, and nothing could check it till the people rose in their sovereignty and made punishment speedy and sure.

Let it be known that the law against selling intoxicating drinks will not be executed, and every man so inclined will open his saloon at once, and there might as well be no law upon the subject.

The lawyer who should advertise that he would show a sure way to escape the penalties of the law to all criminals, whatever their crime, would be justly regarded as an enemy to society.

These statements are plain, and all can see their truthfulness as applied to civil law. It is a self-evident proposition, that no argument can make plainer, that every law to be of value must be *enforced*, and the penalty for violation must be promptly paid. No man since the crea-

tion, however wise, has been able to institute a government on any other basis, and no sane person ever will attempt such an impossibility.

But I will not dwell on the principles and practice of civil government, for on this subject all agree. How is it with God's government, as applied to our physical, intellectual and moral nature?

Here we are met with a new principle of government. Nearly all professed Christian sects tell us the punishment for violated law does not necessarily fall upon the sinner's own head. He may escape it altogether. No matter how dishonest, tyrannical or vile, he can avoid absolutely the penalty for such conduct. His hands may be dripping with his brother's blood, his barns may be filled by unpaid labor, his very presence a blight upon society, and yet he may suffer no punishment in his own person.

Such is the creed and such the teaching of Christendom, with few exceptions. It is true they claim the law is vindicated, but it is by having inflicted the penalty on God himself, the law-giver, nearly 2,000 years ago. The influence of such teaching must be very great, and, if wrong, very pernicious.

What is the truth?

These teachers claim to get their plan of government through a revelation from God, as found in the book called Bible. They claim that God divided himself into three persons, Father, Son and Spirit. That the second of these took the form of man, and the first killed him, thus inflicting the penalty on himself for all the sins that ever had been or ever would be committed. All that is required to become a beneficiary of this arrangement is for the sinner

to feel sorry and believe that God has inflicted upon *himself* the penalty for his sins. To a reasoning being such a theory of government seems very absurd. A governor and law-giver issues his edicts, with penalties for disobedience, and, at the same time, announces to his subjects that he has suffered in his own person for all the sins they may commit.

I can only account for the adoption of such a creed in one way. When Christianity became the religion of the state, and kings and all in authority were professed Christians, knowing their lives were far from what Christ taught they should be, they must adopt some creed that would enable them to practice their wickedness and be at the same time consistent Christians. Also, it was flattering to their vanity to believe that they were of so much consequence that God would kill his own son sooner than punish them. The creed once adopted, bad men of every generation since, who, from various motives joined the Church, finding this creed the only one by which they could appear consistent Christians, have retained it.

On what is their supposed revelation of God's will do they base this theory of punishment? They are such as the following texts:

"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

"Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

"He shall save his people from their sins."

The story of the prodigal son, lost sheep, etc.

By a close examination it will be seen that their own authority fails to establish their creed. Taking away the

sins of the world is one thing, and taking away the penalty for a sin already committed is quite another. Saving men from their sins is very different from saving them in their sins, or from the effects of sin. If a man believe on Christ, he will follow his life and commit no sin, and, in so doing, will have everlasting life because he practices everlasting righteousness.

On the return of the prodigal son the father killed the fatted calf and made merry. The removal of the burden of grief at the course of his son, and the consciousness of having once more a dutiful child, was occasion for double joy to the father; but was the son at once relieved from the effects of his previous life? Were not the marks of dissipation and famine still visible in his person? Did he not feel the effects of living in the haunts of wickedness, where his baser nature only was developed? and did he not feel dwarfed in the presence of the older brother who had lived in the daily discharge of his duties and cultivated his nobler nature? There is no evidence that the prodigal was saved from the *effects* of his previous career, but simply that from that time he had resolved to lead a new life, which life would bring in new joys unknown before.

While there are other texts in the Bible from which authority is claimed for vicarious punishment, there are also equally plain texts directly against it in the same book. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "As ye sow so shall ye reap," etc. Also, the tenor of all the exhortations to a holy life—the precepts of Christ—all are against such a creed.

But I will not dwell longer upon the supposed revelation as found in the Bible. It is a book which was written by

different persons in different ages of the world, and about which there is great diversity of views. Some people believe it teaches one doctrine, and others equally intelligent think it teaches directly the opposite. To one reader God is *love*, and would have none to perish; to another he is a consuming fire, filled with hate toward his own creatures. To one he is the God of War, to another the Prince of Peace. To one the Bible teaches total abstinence from the wine cup; to another occasional indulgence for the stomach's sake. One believes by *faith* he is to be saved, while another thinks that he only who *doeth* the will of God shall inherit the kingdom.

There *is*, however, a revelation of God, direct, clear and reliable. It is not affected by man's manipulation and mistakes, or by clerical or typographical errors. It is older than the origin of man, yet is ever fresh as the springing grass and the pulsations of the new-born babe. It is open and accessible to all. The high and low, rich and poor, equally have access to its pages. It is, in short, the revelation of God *through his works*. To this revelation all others must yield. No matter what book man may set up as the revelation of God, wherever it conflicts with this revelation, direct as it is from God, without alteration, amendment or possibility of mistake, it must go down.

Let us, then, see what this revelation has to say about *vicarious punishment*.

The first noticeable attribute of God as revealed by his works, is his *goodness*. All things are so constructed as to work together for the good of all his creatures.

When his will is regarded, as revealed by his works, uni-

versal harmony prevails, and unalloyed happiness fills the universe.

Another and most important revelation is, that God governs and *is governed by law*. His laws apply to everything in nature, and control all things. They are not only universal, but unchangeable. They are the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Every law has its penalty for violation. The penalty is an inseparable part of the law itself. The law and penalty can no more be divorced than cause and effect.

These laws are never suspended. The love of God for his creatures never abates one iota of the penalty; neither does his anger add thereto.

Can the penalty for the violation of these laws, so universal, so unchanging, so certain, be visited upon any other than the transgressor? Can the innocent receive the punishment due the guilty?

The punishment due and inflicted for the violation of God's laws bears the same relation to the sin as *effect* to *cause*—as effect *follows* cause, so must the penalty the violation. Hence, the suffering of a person two thousand years ago cannot atone for violated law of to-day. The punishment of the drunkard can only *follow* drinking, of the liar, lying, of the swindler, swindling, etc. It is contrary to all experience and observation that the sufferings of any person in the past can atone for a law violated in the present. As well look for the effect of an earthquake one thousand years before its occurrence, as to see the effects of wrong-doing two thousand years before the work is done or thought of.

Punishment cannot be vicarious, because each case is *sui*

generis; every violation must have a punishment peculiar to itself. The drunkard has one punishment, the liar another, the cheat another, and so on through the whole list. A liar does not suffer the effects of drunkenness, neither does the drunkard of swindling.

One penalty cannot be substituted for another, neither can a penalty be *imputed* to a person who has not violated the corresponding law. You cannot make a person experience the effects of drunkenness unless he has been himself drunk, nor a person feel like a villain unless he has been vile. Such being the case, of all persons to suffer the vicarious punishment due for the sins of the people, Christ, the innocent, who knew no sin, is the most unsuitable. How could he who never lied, cheated, or was drunk, feel like a liar, cheat or drunkard? It is simply impossible, from the nature of the case. If there could be such a thing as vicarious punishment, the person suffering it must have broken every law in his own person that was ever violated by any human being. The only being who could in any sense fill this requirement is the evangelical *devil*, who is supposed to be guilty of all sin, and not the *Christ*, who is entirely guiltless.

But let us not deceive ourselves. The penalty for sin always has been and always will be visited upon the head of the sinner. He who violates, for instance, the laws of health, alone must suffer. No one can relieve him of his disease by taking it upon himself, however much he may desire it. The anxious mother would gladly suffer instead of the helpless babe in her arms, but it cannot be. True, the disease from one may be communicated to another under certain circumstances, as small pox and other conta-

gious diseases; but such communication affords no relief to the person imparting it. Each must suffer in his own person the full penalty for all violated law. Some people look to their physician as a mediator to save them from the effects of their conduct in setting at defiance the laws of health. But the physician is as powerless to suspend the laws of God as was Christ, 1,800 years ago, to suffer the penalty in his own person for laws violated to-day in the person of another. This fact no one knows better than the physician. His whole system of practice is based upon the truism that "Like causes under like circumstances produce like results." A course of life that will result in health to one person will produce the same result in all under like circumstances. Also, the same conduct that will create disease in one will do so for all. If twenty grains of arsenious acid will cause the death of one man, when taken into his stomach, so a like quantity will act upon every one of a thousand men who are in a like condition. The most a physician can do is to prevent its being taken, or, if taken, cause its removal, or by the introduction of a new agent convert the poison into another and comparatively harmless substance. His only hope and effort is to *prevent* the cause from acting upon his patient. If once the poison shall extend its full force upon the stomach, the physician is powerless. The penalty, which is death, must surely follow. So, when a physician sees a person suffering from the effects of improper food, whether in quality or quantity, from improper drinks, improper clothing, over or under work, or any other cause of sickness, his remedy, and only one, which can be of real benefit to his patient, is to stop at once the operation of the *cause*, and the disease will cure

itself in accordance with existing law. No other treatment will avail. A new disease may be created which shall serve to divert the attention of the patient temporarily from the old, or the sense may be stupefied with drugs, but no *cure* can be effected except by removing the cause. Should a temporary cure result from a temporary suspension of the cause, the disease will return with a return to the same practices which caused the original disease. The decree that "Like causes shall produce like results" is engraven, not only upon tables of stone, but upon the face of all God's works, and the sooner we recognize this fact and govern ourselves accordingly, the sooner will disease and suffering leave the world.

If there be such a thing as vicarious punishment, it can be demonstrated. If it be true that Christ has suffered for the sins of all Christians, then are all Christians exempt from suffering, or a double penalty is inflicted, one on Christ and one on the Christian. Can an instance of vicarious punishment be produced? Can a Christian be found who does not suffer for violated law as other men suffer? No such person has been seen. The only legitimate conclusion, then, is that vicarious punishment is a myth, or there are no genuine Christians in the world.

It is not sufficient to say that no Christian reaches perfection in this life. According to the creed, Christ has suffered for these same imperfections and sins, and the Christian should be exempt. No church can produce a member in whose person they are willing to test this doctrine. They know if a Christian drinks intoxicating drinks to excess, he becomes drunk like other men. Let him cheat, lie and defraud his neighbors, and he becomes morally de-

formed, and is distrusted and despised by the community the same as other men of like character. He may attend daily and hourly prayer-meetings on the corners of the streets, all his brethren may devote half hours, hours and days in praying for him, yet he suffers the full penalty for his sins. He is regarded by the world the same as any other drunkard, cheat or swindler, with this difference, that he adds the sin of hypocrisy, and shows a meaner spirit than other men by trying to put the punishment for his sins upon an innocent person rather than suffer it himself.

Will it be said that vicarious punishment and atonement are inoperative till after death, and then take effect? Of this we have no evidence. All analogy in this life is against such a theory, and it is safer to reason from what we see and know, rather than from what we cannot see and of which we know nothing. For myself, I believe there is but one way to avoid the penalty of sin, and that is, not to commit sin; and there is but one way to be happy and enjoy heaven, either here or hereafter, and that is, to do good to all men as we have opportunity.

Dr. Harford's Reply.

There is no reason why every paper read or published upon the themes of the Bible should be made the occasion of discussion; but the paper upon "Vicarious Punishment" published in last Sunday's *Tribune* combines, as some excuse for reply, that an attack is made upon the principles held by Christians, and that the author is an old citizen of

Kansas and of Lawrence, and has occupied places of distinction before the public; yet here we do not forget the saying of Christ, that while these things are "hidden from the wise and the prudent, they are revealed unto babes."

With what apparent force there is in the main argument of the writer, we are sorry that he found it necessary to descend to misrepresentation of the teachings of Scripture, in offering as the same that "God divided himself into three persons," that the first of these "killed the second," etc.—things that are not stated, neither in language nor substance, in the Bible. Now, we are not living in a time when this revelation must be deciphered from tables of stone, nor gathered from musty manuscripts, but in an age of *progress*, when the Bible is copiously published in every important language of the globe, and he who now misstates its plain declarations must do so with unfair intent, or through the most unwarrantable ignorance; and as this is at present quite a common mode of attempting to refute the Scriptures, we here take occasion to say that, while it may catch and temporarily hold the ear of the unthinking, thoughtful men know that imperfect or garbled statements of a principle are not its refutation.

That the doctrine of an atonement for sin by a vicarious sacrifice is contained in the Scriptures is certainly true, and that it is unfolded and enforced from Genesis to Revelation is equally true, and ages before the time of Christ, and Christianity became the "religion of the State"—when, as you imagine, the good professions and bad lives of these Christians gave rise to the doctrine—it was taught as plainly as language could convey it, not in one, but in many passages, one of which, in prophetic form, reads, "He was

wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed."

And the central place this principle must occupy in every reasonable theory of the government of the race in its present condition will more clearly appear from a brief examination of the principles set forth in the essay in question. When you announce the unvarying connection between law and its sequences, transgression and penalty, you lay a chief "corner-stone," a fundamental principle, of the whole Scriptural revelation, for which it seems you could find no stronger expression than, in the language of the Bible, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." This fact is proclaimed through the Scriptures and by its preachers and teachers, being fairly burned in with "line upon line and precept upon precept," and we may be permitted to suggest that in thus vividly expressing this grand truth, together with the importance you attach to fear as a moral influence in the government of the world, you betray an alarming disrespect for the interests of those under whose auspices your paper appeared. We believe with you that the penalty invariably follows the violation of a law, and that in the operation of natural laws the penalty is abiding and permanent—if upon the body, continuing as long as the body retains its identity; if upon the spiritual nature, as long as the soul endures—everlastingly; and we fail to discover anything in natural causes—in extension of time, change of place, course of penance, or any other influence—to recover the transgressor from the grip of penal affliction to which he has exposed himself by even the slightest infraction of the law.

This truth is preached and impressed upon men as the reason why they should candidly consider and promptly embrace the only scheme ever offered for the rescue of guilty men from their guilt and wretchedness, a scheme announced as having been devised by the Law-maker himself, and therefore adequate to its purpose, although, as is claimed, it would be very natural that the wisest of men, not being able to explain the process by which the edge of a leaf is serrated, or the petal of a flower variegated, should not be able to unravel all the mysteries connected with this plan.

It is frequently urged by objectors to the Bible that the Almighty is exhibitd as an infinite despot, burning with rage and hatred of his creatures. Your propositions give a favorable opportunity to show that God is that which the Scriptures name him—Love. That “his mercy is high as the heavens.” Every enlightened government, when numbers of its citizens are found in rebellion against its laws, concentrates its wisdom to discover and promulgate some condition of general amnesty whereby the guilty may be pardoned, and the honor and power of the government be maintained. The Bible represents the Creator as publishing to the world a plan whereby the guilty may be pardoned and the law vindicated.

Your conclusions represent him as looking unmoved upon the beings he has created, struggling in the toils of uncompromising fate, and yet perpetuating the race that crime may be added to crime. A comparison of the philosophic features of the plan offered for human restoration with the theory before us will still more increase its claims to favorable consideration.

According to your views, penalty deters from sin; if so, it can only be through the operation of fear—a well understood moral quality of man. The presence of the penalty appeals with more or less force to this sense. Then you must admit that if a certain moral quality has power to restrain from crime, another moral quality operating upon the life with equal or greater strength may accomplish the same results; and the gospel proposes to lay under tribute to this end an element the mightiest in human experience; for, says one writer, “The love of Christ constraineth us,” and a careful comparison of the two qualities, fear and love, will sustain the declaration of the Scripture, “For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin condemned sin in the flesh.”

I think it cannot be forcibly argued that fear is the prevailing motive through which the welfare of enlightened society is promoted; nor is fear the restraint nor constraint in the family and social circle. Strong as is the fear of penalty, and much good as it may accomplish, society around us must be much more wretched than it now is if we had no higher motives.

Fear alone can never make good men. Though it restrain from the overt act, it does not make bad men good men, thieves honest, murderers peaceable, libertines pure. The man who would steal were it not for the penalty, is a thief despite the penalty and the fear. But fear does not even restrain from the overt act. The class of men whose law is fear alone continually run the risks of detection and punishment.

Notwithstanding, therefore, your asseveration as to the

enforcement of penalty, that "no man since the creation, however wise, has been able to institute a government on any other basis, and no sane person ever will attempt such an impossibility," we think it beyond question that a government without higher elements of protection must be a miserable failure. And it is just as far from conclusive that the visitation of penalty is essentially remedial or disciplinary. The man who is not sorry for his crimes will repeat them; he who is not changed in his spirit and will, is unchanged. And we have seen that punishment does not change the spirit, hence is not disciplinary. You may plunge a rebel into the darkest dungeon in the land, but you cannot thus convert him into a loyal citizen. So no infliction of punishment will convert a willful sinner into an obedient, loving citizen of God's kingdom. But the gospel proposes, by its higher and nobler powers, to call the rebel against God from his wickedness to become an ardent co-worker with God in maintaining the order and purity of his government.

Throughout the entire article the cardinal features of atonement are scarcely touched, hence we can only pass to notice those superficial views presented. It is urged that "The suffering of a person two thousand years ago cannot atone for violated law of to-day. The punishment of the drunkard can only follow drinking—of the liar, lying." In this, as in all else to the end of the chapter, you base your argument upon the presumption that there are no higher considerations here than the effect of physical causes upon the body of man. We look in vain through the whole web of your argument for the faintest glimpse of the truth that man is higher than the brute, that reason

is an element in his government, that he has understanding and conscience. It is wholly overlooked that there is a law-giver as well as a law—that there are moral obligations. It is made merely a question of physical suffering. There is no thought of the disruption of ties and the disturbance of relationships between the Creator and the creature—a man is morally free to violate the law of God if it do not damage him too severely; the murderer is better than the drunkard; and you have no reliable evidence that the thief and the liar are bad men, because these practices do not necessarily bring any bodily pain; and the murderer washes the blood from his hands, and if the ministers of civil law do not overtake him he is not accountable anywhere. So, with this remarkable view of the nature of crime, if a thief steal your money and you can induce him to return it, he has no higher responsibility, he is not answerable to the State. Yet, strange to say, the State has reached a higher platform than this; and, upon evidence of such compounding between you and the thief, both you and he would be handed over to the tender mercies of the civil law. As you attempted to base your conclusions upon analogies from civil and natural law, would it not be well to give us a gauge as broad at least as that to which we are accustomed in law? And does it not appear here that if the philosophy of Christianity is too narrow, that these great questions are infinitely dwarfed by passing from Christianity to your theory or any of the theories of the day? Permit the moral aspects of the question to enter, admit a living soul to occupy the dead body of your argument, and all these fine points so well presented will be seen at once to be superficial and incompetent to the settlement of the question.

According to Christian theory, the atonement is offered for the adjustment of the relations between the governor and the governed. For this purpose it is a consideration of no moment whether Christ lived and died 2,000 or 10,000 years ago. These questions cannot be affected by lapse of time. This simple view of the case answers effectually your argument as to the different penalties awarded to different crimes—"The drunkard has one punishment, the liar another, the cheat another." Yes—but crime is crime. One man steals; another burns his neighbor's house; from that moment they are both regarded criminals. They are arrested by the same sheriff, thrown into a common prison, tried by the same court, convicted in the same manner, as enemies to the law, and through all this process it is a question not between the culprit and the walls of his prison, nor the manacles he wears, nor the sheriff, nor the turnkey, nor the jury; but between him and the State. Will we ever learn that the eye of the victim is turned *upward*, not *downward*, for the falling bolt? It is sheer sophistry, therefore, to argue that he who undertakes to render satisfaction for the transgressions of the race shall, in his own person, become liable for these varied forms of punishment. If, as you claim, "the only being who could in any sense fill this requirement is the devil, who is supposed to be guilty of all sin, and not Christ, who is entirely guiltless," then the party competent to aid a man in financial distress is a bankrupt; the leader for the blind, a blind man; the man who is himself drowning is the surest succor for drowning men. Surely, this is most wonderful. It is further claimed that "If it be true that Christ has suffered for the sins of all Christians, then are

all Christians exempt from suffering." All this is in the same direct line, running into that gross materialism that is blind to all moral and spiritual obligations. To the principles of the atonement these things are not vital. Let us illustrate: A rebel against the government is pardoned on some conditions; this makes him free; yet the property he lost in his rebellious career is not restored to him, but he is acquitted and placed on an equality with the true citizen as to all rights and immunities of citizenship; he is no longer under bond; he fears not the minister of justice. The atonement affects the vital features of man's condition with more or less influence upon the extraneous effects of sin. These things are not essential, and we might as well insist that any principle of atonement, to be sufficient, must clothe with sacredness the money an offender forfeited as fines, as to insist that it must reach all the chambers of the clay house in which he lives. Then you ask if this principle can be demonstrated. We answer: Yes, by millions of witnesses of the most creditable character. They are all around you, all over the land, in every city, town and hamlet, in every country place. They are men of science, of highest scholarship—sagacious business men, prominent statesmen, men and women, old and young, in every rank in society—an innumerable host of witnesses that cannot be impeached. The ground upon which their testimony could be set aside would subvert all the principles of evidence and destroy confidence in all testimony. These millions come forward and testify that, having accepted the conditions offered, and submitted themselves to the influences announced, certain changes have taken place and certain precise and definite results been experienced in

their consciousness. And this testimony is just as susceptible of belief as if a man should testify that he loved his child or hated an acquaintance, that he is affected with joy or sorrow. And the question is not whether you have experienced in your consciousness the changes referred to, but whether the witnesses are competent, and whether you will accept or reject statements of their experience—of tens of thousands of the clearest-headed and best men in the world. And when, as a last subterfuge, you declare you do not believe their statements, and deny their sincerity, then in the mind of every reasonable man you lay yourself as liable, if not much more so, to be called a hypocrite in declaring you do not believe their statements, as they do in making them.

You announce the issue by saying that “the influence of such teaching must be very great, and, if wrong, very pernicious.” “I thank thee for that word.” We accept the alternative—if wrong, pernicious. And throughout your argument you indicate, in the main, in what you suppose that perniciousness would consist—that indulgence would be proclaimed and the Church become the resort of those intent on wicked practices, and license for all vices arise from this doctrine. But the Church, compared with itself, proves the contrary. Its purity has always been in proportion to the clearness with which this doctrine has been set forth, and its periods of greatest degeneracy and corruption have occurred when it has turned aside from the doctrine of atonement by a vicarious sacrifice to the puerilities of superstition or the dogmas of rationalism. And if the system of which this is the center be compared with all other systems of doctrine and principles, as to its baleful

or salutary effects upon nations, societies and individuals, it will not suffer in the least from the verdict. What precept of morals has it always most closely allied to itself? What characters and attributes does it commend and require? What interdict?

If wrong, it would be natural to expect to witness developments in character just the reverse of those we see. Then we should see an increase of vice and wickedness upon the part of those who became its votaries. The moderate drinker would become a sot, and so through the whole catalogue. But we need not argue this. Everybody knows that in its teachings, in its moral precepts, in the standard of character it lays down, and in its practical results, it is immeasurably beyond all criticism. It never confounds the distinctions between right and wrong, nor treats with indifference even the minor points of rectitude, but bids men "avoid the least appearance of evil." We wish we could say as much for its opponents.

Finally, as to your remarks upon the Bible as a book which "some believe teaches one doctrine and others directly the opposite"—has it not occurred to you that that other revelation of God is constantly being subjected to the most diverse interpretations as to its moral lessons, and that the enemies of the Bible, who claim to derive their sentiments from this natural revelation, agree in no one thing except their antagonism to the Bible? You claim "the Bible has been the subject of many diverse interpretations." We add: Not only so, but its worst enemies often insist on expounding and explaining its principles; and, in many instances, these are the most eager and assuming to offer commentaries, misrepresenting and perverting its

teachings. This no book but the Book of God could survive. No tree thus contorted by the storm and scorched by the breath of its enemies could endure unless it strikes its roots into the fountains of everlasting truth. But *the Book lives*. It is chaining new trophies to its chariot wheels, and writing fresh inscriptions upon its banners every day.

But, as we must conclude, let us only remind the reader that we have not sought to present in this an embodiment of the great doctrines of atonement, but to answer the objections of the author.

ORATION ON THE FOURTH.

The emblems of the American Government have come to be looked upon as the emblems of power, of freedom, and of right. You, then, are her proper representatives.* By your youth and vigor is her power fitly represented. A nation is invincible alike to internal and foreign foes, not because of its antiquity or historic renown, but because of inherent vitality in a progressive youth, that never grows old nor feels the touch of imbecility. While the aged oak in its hoary stiffness is shattered by the storm, the young and lithe one at its side, though swayed and tossed and bowing, yet lifts itself to mock the tempest's power.

Your bloom appropriately types to-day the sheen of our nation's fame. A nation's glory is discovered not in her wealth or equipage, or any externals whatever, but in the inner life of ardent ideas that flash through the eye and mount in fadeless hues to cheek and lip, displaying political health.

It is recorded of a queen of England that she was accustomed to use the blood of the victims of her cruelty as a cosmetic to enhance the softness and beauty of her complexion; you, as the emblems of the loyal States of America, have been compelled to employ the blood of the fallen as your cosmetic. Singly or together you have dipped

*At Pardee, on the 4th, a cavalcade of young ladies represented secession and return of the seceding States to the companionship of those which remained loyal. The address was first to the loyal, and then to the returning ones.

your hands in the crimson of Wilson's Creek and Prairie Grove, of Fort Donelson, Corinth, Gettysburg, Chicamauga, Richmond, and a hundred other springs of gore; and with the carmine of this terrible penciling you stand before the world to-day, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, aye, and terrible as an army with banners."

In your purity and innocence are reflected our country's honor.

Like the vestal virgins of antiquity, presiding in uncorrupted chastity over the sacred fires, you have stood at your country's altars through all the night and storm and darkness that have elapsed. When the skies were black and the atmosphere surcharged with treason, and at home and abroad the air was rife with distrust, your hands were seen ministering to the holy, patriot fires until the angel of destiny descended to crown your faith with the seal of immortality, and now may you sacredly preserve the memories of the fallen, as you have protected the banner of the right. But a new and arduous duty awaits you. You have proven your bravery. It is said the brave are always generous; to show your clemency to the repentant now summons your attention. In this be then as radical as you have been in war. In the same measure that your wrath and indignation were poured out upon the rebellion, let your love and forgiveness be conveyed to the submissive.

Here let me advert a moment to this feature of the subject, as we are told frequently that we are too radical. Look back at the days when the sugar-pill, paper-wad war was carried on under that motto, "Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was"; when our marches were counter-marches, and our "brilliant descents mostly upon

Washington''—when a new dispensation was opened under the idea of unconditional strife, an era carrying its results to rebels and rebel property; carrying in its one hand the sword, in the other the Emancipation Proclamation. Then the boys in blue, as those present will tell you, began to have elbow room, and their swords that had seemed wooden leaped from their scabbards with the ring of Damascus blades. Then, as Grant, with his bony, iron hand, clutched the monster by the throat; as the resistless squadrons of the gallant Phil. Sheridan swept down the trembling valleys of Rebellion like a thunder-bolt of the gods, their fiery hoofs spurning the treason-reeking soil, the light of hope danced along the sky. Sheridan spread retribution far and wide in his avenging career; from his sulphurous guns issued "such argument against secession as had not been heard in that quarter since Alexander Stephens hung his harp on the willow, and refused to sing the songs of the Union in a strange land."

Having thus shown how radicals can fight and conquer, it remains for you to show how you can make peace. And, while your indignation against rebels shall burn in the future as the past, widely open your arms to receive your deluded but returning sisters. Arrayed in war, we have put them to death with shot and sword. REPENTANT, we will LOVE THEM TO DEATH. To you who represent the returning States, no laurels belong. It is mercy you seek, not justice; forgetfulness, not applause. And remember what Cicero so forcibly declared, that "the best evidence of penitence is reformation." Let it be understood that your escapade from your seductive leaders is not the result of a lover's quarrel, that you are ready to adjust at any moment; but that while you have loved

“Not wisely, but too well,
Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned.”

Passing over the last brilliant encounter of your chivalrous leader, who so nobly imitated Cleopatra in her great battle on the Mediterranean, both in *habiliments* and *flight*, we will not deny your bravery; this would but mitigate the glory of the conquest. Yet the reward of the brave you must forego. There remains to you but a holier strife—to outstrip your competitors in virtue and loyal devotion.

“The violet still grows in the depths of thy valleys,
Though withered, thy tears shall revive it again.”

United, then, may you conspire to make the past of American history as the starlight that precedes the effulgent day. While we invoke blessings on you all, for our own young and loyal State we pray, that her sons may ever rival the present in prowess and patriotism, and that her daughters (which is asking much) shall ever be as intelligent and as fair as these who to-day represent our National Sisterhood.

SERMON XVI.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v: 7.

Unhasting, unresting, is the sublime song chanted by nature's forces. The horticulturist cannot obtain fruit in a day from the germ, but through summers and winters he must wait and work, while the tree grows and its developments are accomplished. He may wait and chafe and starve, but nature has no springs of pity that will quicken her blossoms or hasten her fruitage. And there are other difficulties that build their barriers between man and his cherished hopes—difficulties that no genius can stay nor prayers remove. Then, if nature will not haste nor obstacles remove, there arises a necessity for a principle that will bridge the hiatus, the interval between seed and harvest, and overleap impediments. That principle is announced in Scripture as walking by faith, and in the Eastern maxim, "If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

There is prevailing the general sentiment that we walk by sight upon every road except the one that leads to a heavenly goal; but a careful survey will convince any one that there is walking by faith upon many a path besides the one that leads to the "pearly gates."

The farmer lives by faith. If he enter his fields in April, he will find the ground is cold and the sun is not yet ripe with its fervent heat. But it will be unwise for him to insist upon waiting until the ground is warm enough to

quickly germinate the grain, or the season sufficiently advanced to ripen the grain before he sow. The result of that course would be that when others were thrusting in the "sharpened sickle" and gathering the abundant harvest, he would find vacancy and failure written all over his neglected fields; and in winter, while his neighbor, who sowed by faith and reaped as a reward, rejoiced in the fatness of the land, his hungry herds clamor around his empty barn and his children cry for bread.

Nor does the merchant less walk by faith than even the farmer. Suppose he determine to walk by sight, and conclude not to purchase goods until he has absolute certainty that they will be wanted. This assurance he will gain in their being called for; but it is too late then for him to buy, and his more sensible competitor wins all the custom. But, instead of acting thus, he sets out when he has not the least absolute evidence that any person will ever enter his establishment or purchase a dollar's worth of goods, and buys thousands of dollars' worth, and fills his shelves to overflowing; and, lo! true to his faith, the multitude throng his store, and his faith yields its fruition.

Nor does the principle forego its operation when we advance from the outer world to the more intimate elements of our experience. However we may be warned of the approaching famine, we cannot forestall the coming exigency by eating enough to last us a month or a year, but can only eat enough to answer present demands, and meet the advancing future with faith. Nor can we breathe for days to come, even if we should be alarmed lest the air become poisoned.

But we could not walk by sight. If to-day

were lifted the veil that hides futurity, and the things that are to transpire in the coming twenty years were unfolded to the vision of men, millions of hearts would break in the instant. There are millions that could not withstand the shock of a vision of twenty years to come, with its coffins and shrouds, its blasted hopes, blighted prospects, disappointed expectations, and dissolving illusions. Before the march of this panorama of light and shade the world would stand petrified; life's activities would cease. The sweet melodies of the world's homes would be hushed forever; the mother would look in silent agony through the brightest smiles of her child and see nothing but the winged bolt of death; the intensest love would have the keenest pangs. The anvil would cease its cheerful ring, the plow would stop in the half-turned furrow, and stagnation's pall would be everywhere; the hammer and plane would fall into silence, ships sailorless would lie rotting on the shore, and noiseless would become the ten thousand whirring wheels that fly in the water and throb in the steam. The world would die, and the rolling globe be but a pale, shivering funeral procession. But the all-wise Creator drops at our feet the veil that hides futurity, and we proceed very comfortably to unravel the thread of destiny.

Yet, when the claims of religion are enforced, we hear many say that, if they only had abiding evidence that these developments of character were divine verities, and not "cunning-devised fables," they would at once embrace its blessings; or, if they might be sure of their own ability to continue the race to the end—but they fear they may make of shipwreck faith, and bring reproach upon themselves

and the cause. But this is only another attempt at the same old feat (walking by sight), another effort to climb into the seat of omniscience.

When Columbus was making his voyage of discovery across the wide Atlantic, after almost every other form of discouraging impediment had occurred to him, each adding fuel to the mutinous spirit of his crew, who had threatened again and again to pitch the brave old enthusiast overboard, last of all, the compass was seen to vary its indication—the compass, that had always pointed with unerring accuracy to the polar star, and faithfully guided the mariner upon his way of danger, so veered from its steadfastness that the sailors cried, “Behold, he has not only torn us from our friends and country, but, in his mad persistence, carries us into a region where even the known laws of the physical world are abrogated, and the the magnetic tie is broken.” But just then, when hopeless despair is about to spread its pall over all, looking upward, a bevy of bright-winged birds are seen, and steering their ship’s course by their westward flight, ere long, “Land Ahead,” is shouted from the ship’s lookout, and the green-fringed coasts of the new world burst upon the enraptured vision. Thus often, as o’er life’s storm-beaten sea the weather-worn mariner finds himself drawn into those exigencies where even the compass of reason fails to point the sick heart to the day-star of hope, then a spirit within cries, “Look up,” and lifting these, his eyes of faith, he descries in the upper deep those bright messengers of faith and hope, and guiding his bark by their onward, homeward flight, ere long the steady lights and fringed margin of the evergreen shore burst upon his ecstatic gaze, and

the long-tossed ship makes triumphantly the port of heaven.

SERMON XVII.

The Work and Plans of the Holy Spirit
in the Salvation of Men.

(John xxi: 8.)

The Holy Spirit is a person, not an influence nor a quality, but an intelligent actor and creator—the third person in the trinity.

I. The grounds and measure of its occupation of the spiritual areas of this world are:

(1.) God's free gift. In a general way, it comes like the rain, upon the just and the unjust; like the sunlight, upon the good and the evil.

(2.) For special and particular ends it comes in answer to prayer. "Ask, and ye shall receive"; "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

There are certain conditions upon which these petitions are answered. Our purpose in asking must be in unison with the divine purpose in giving. The Spirit is given to convince of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. We are authorized to ask the gift of the Spirit for ourselves, that we may be more perfectly enlightened, have deeper convictions, a more exalted experience, the clearer witness of adoption. We have authority for asking it for others, that they may be "convinced of sin and of righteousness and of judg-

ment to come." In asking for ourselves, no doubt an important condition lies in our willingness to submit ourselves to its influence; in asking for others, that we consecrate ourselves, in co-operation, as co-workers with God in securing the grand ends in view.

In the spiritual realm, through the operations of the Holy Spirit, we are promised seed-time and harvest. But as men are the harvesters, why ask the whitening harvest if the harvesters are not ready to enter the fields, if gleaners are idle.

It is marvelous that those who have an interest at the throne of grace may, by earnest, faithful prayer, secure the attendance of the Holy Spirit upon any given individual, or its copious outpouring upon the entire community; and in this fact, and in so doing, a great responsibility is laid upon the shoulders of those who thus invoke its presence and power. Example: At camp-meeting at Guerneville, prayer for the lumbermen was quickly and directly answered.

II. Being thus sent, its office and operation is: (1.) To convince of sin. A man may know himself a sinner in the sense that he is conscious that in many things he offends against God's law; that he transgresses the revealed law of God; he knows he sins in act. But to cause a man to feel the sinfulness of sin in the life, sin *in esse* as a condition of alienation from God, and of warfare against him, is within the power, not of human words and reason, nor of our thought and meditation, but of the Holy Spirit alone. It is the teacher of hearts; its office so stimulates and vitalizes our spiritual faculties and susceptibilities that we see and feel this fact of our nature.

It does not convict the honest man of being a thief, does

not convince a man that he is a murderer, or a Sabbath-breaker, or an adulterer, if he is guilty of none of these things. "Of sin," says Jesus—not because he murders or steals—but, "Of sin because he believes not on me." Why? Because Jesus is the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." If, therefore, our natures were not, through some depraved condition, at warfare with God, we should believe on Jesus; hence, he becomes not only a Saviour, but a touchstone, a test, a key to our condition. If we by nature were in a condition to love God, and loved him, natures so conditioned would blend into the character and person of Jesus as two drops of water blend because of their essential unity.

(2.) It also, in this same connection, brings the soul of man into that condition where it is possible for him to yield to the admonitions of the Spirit, and to submit himself to its renovating, transforming influences. There is in human nature, by virtue of separation from God and the blessed influences of his presence, rebellion, hardness, obstinacy; and the Spirit alone can produce in his nature that tenderness and pliancy that makes it possible for him to yield. We have seen men who did unreasonable things, not because they seemed reasonable or desirable in any way, who perversely pursued the wrong when the right way was in every respect more desirable—inflicted wrongs on their fellow-man when every blow recoiled with fearful weight upon their own heads—yet were driven on in their evil course by the sheer wickedness, obstinacy and perversity of their evil natures. So is man driven on, thrust forward, by the momentum of his own unregenerate nature in a course of disobedience to God. When his conscience, touched

by the Spirit, admonishes him against the life he lives; when his eyes are open—now only the Spirit can arrest this resistless movement, subdue the will, break down his obstinacy, and help him to yield and return to the Lord.

(3.) It is the work of the Spirit to regenerate, to take away the old and introduce a new life in the soul, to purify, and refine, and cleanse, give strength and power.

We read that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin and unrighteousness. The blood atones for all our sin.

“Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.”

But it is the Spirit that purifies. Spirit only can act upon spirit. Spirit alone has power and efficiency.

“Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.”

(4.) By the operation of the Spirit the love of God is so revealed to us that our love flows out to him in return. We love him because he first loved us. His love is made manifest to us by the Spirit.

(5.) All these effects are produced by an intelligent first cause, not by mere influences or qualities. The Holy Spirit is a person—the third person in the Trinity—an intelligent being. The sinner by self-surrender places himself as clay in the hands of this divine Potter, who works out his grand designs; as marble in the hands of this Sculptor, that he may be wrought into the glory and beauty of a new life.

The Spirit has plan and purpose for man; has all power and infinite love. There can, then, only be one reason for our not having this similitude, except our refusal to surrender ourselves into his hands. We have tried to find Christ,

to seek the Lord—have failed. We, perhaps, have partially submitted; then our own will has arisen like a rock above the waves, and changed or arrested the currents of transforming influence. We are not as passive as marble, as plastic as clay.

(6.) To bear witness. When the work is wrought, it comes to us as would the mechanic or artist we have employed to do certain work comes, knocks at the door, and announces that the work is done. So comes the Holy Spirit to proclaim in the ears of conscience that God's work is wrought in the soul, and the work accepted for Jesus' sake.

In all its revelations to the heart and conscience, it simply discloses the truth, states the facts. When it comes to the heart and finds sin, incongruity with God's law, it announces the fact. It cannot tell of purity where there is no purity, of heaven where are the elements of hell. This it will not be able to do. In the life to come, the shining, blazing light of the Holy Spirit will disclose to the consciences of men their true status. If there is sin, it will show it; and if the sinner had stolen his way into heaven, every ray of light would become a scorpion to whip him into the outer darkness. Then, when the mighty work is wrought within, it tells man of purity, of God's approval, and brings with that sense of approval, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

III. Responsibility. To these voicings of the Spirit we are bound by every consideration of interest and duty to give heed. The preacher may advance theories that you controvert, but the truth within us cannot be controverted. Every man is bound to be true to the truth that is recorded in the high places of his own nature—to his intellectual tastes, experiences and capabilities—move to those eternal

principles inwritten at creation, confirmed and revealed by the Holy Spirit. Who refuses this or neglects this will be speechless at God's bar in the last day.

SERMON XVIII.

The Word of Our God Shall Stand Forever.

The world is like the kaleidoscope—a scene of ever-changing views; a world of lights and shades. He who sketches this scene must be an adept in catching instantaneous views. “Revolutions sweep o’er earth like troubled visions o’er the breast of dreaming sorrow;” cities rise and fall like bubbles on the water; “Fiery isles spring blazing from the ocean, and go back to their mysterious caverns”—and amid all these evanescent phases, it is truly refreshing to find something that endures. “The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever.” Its enduring quality is clearly illustrated in its unchanging property. Other things change, and thus pass away; this changes not. Marked changes occur in every department of science. A few generations since, it was held by the wisest men that the earth was stationary, and that the sun made a daily journey around it, dispensing light and heat. At such a proposition now, the merest tyro, the school-boy, laughs and wonders. Like mutations have overtaken the science of medicine. In a given disease the physician of fifty years since would have made a certain prescription of which the practitioner of to-day would affirm, “Give that to the patient and he must die”; “Give it not,” says the former, “and he

must die." So between two schools or pathies the patient stands a slim chance of life.

It is equally true of law and statesmanship, and every science and department of human thought and action. But in the science of religion there has been no change. The same principles that were announced eighteen hundred years ago are offered to-day for the accomplishment of human salvation and exaltion. Constitutions and systems of human law usually contain some amendatory clause whereby a prescribed majority may amend or change or annul its provisions; but the Bible, so far from conferring power to amend, pronounces its anathema upon him who shall undertake to modify it. "If any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this Book."

Here, however, we are met with the proposition that the Bible ought to change in order to keep pace with human progress. Light has fallen upon every department of human thought; changes have taken place all along the line; inventions have multiplied upon inventions. We live in an age of great improvements. Now we have the steam and the lightning obeying the behests of man; the arcana of nature have been explored, and the obscure and the hidden have been brought to light; and during all this progress the Bible has undergone no change; it has not kept abreast the tide of human progress; it is covered all over with the moss and the cobwebs of antiquity. But things do not become obsolete by virtue of age. The multiplication table is old, but eternity will never supersede it or make it

untrue; the square of five will as certainly be twenty-five in all the ages of eternity as it is now; the theorems of Euclid are old, but none the less true. A thing does not become obsolete by virtue of its age, but on account of its falsity. The old system of astronomy was not replaced by another because it was old, but because it was false. The false must go down; the true never grows old, nor wears a diadem of cobwebs.

The Bible is a transcript of Divine mind and character. It is equally a reprint of human nature, for man is made in the image of God. We may be told yet that hunger is an imaginary want; but men will still sit down at well-filled tables and satisfy that want. We may be told that thirst is an illusion; yet men will seek to slake that thirst in the crystal flood. We shall hear that music is a wild vagary of the heated brain; yet men will pour out their songs of triumph on the heights of victory, and wail their dirges amid the shadows. So will we be told that prayer is a myth, its answer a dream; yet still will men chant their praise to God on the sun-bathed summits, and lift up the voice of earnest prayer amid the billows and beneath the angry storms of life. Who taught the eagle to build its aerie on the inaccessible cliff? Who hath schooled the migratory bird, when the ice crystals gather in the northern skies, to spread its broad wings and soar away to southern climes? What shepherd leads the untended herds and flocks on mountain tops and in the upper deep? And will not this universal Shepherd lead by still waters and green pastures those who cry unto him daily?

Amid these fleeting phantasms, these dissolving views, something is permanent. There is that which endures.

It is refreshing to know that amid these withered leaves of the world there is a leaf perennially green. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God will stand forever." As Shakespeare,

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded here,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The condition of man is much the same to-day that it was six thousand years ago. His spiritual needs are the same from age to age.

"Its response to the aspirations of the heart—
Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things
Falling from us, vanishing;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

"Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day;
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal Silence."

"The word of our Lord will stand forever." It has been slain in lofty, pompous style, and sacrificed upon a thousand fiery altars, yet it will not die. Said Voltaire: "I have plucked these tall trees up by the root; they will never grow again." Behold, they grow! This modern knight, this new Don Quixote (Ingersoll), has made his splendid attack upon the windmills, and come off victorious. The Bible still lives! They have had many pompous funeral proces-

sions to bury the old, dead Book; but, in their vain attempts to bury, as in the courtship of Miles Standish by his proxy, John Alden, a strange substitution takes place, and the wrong corpse gets into the grave. As the solemn procession wends its way homeward, it is found the undertakers and grave-diggers are left at the bottom of the grave, and the Bible walks home in the procession, clad in the royal, kingly regalia of a conqueror, and from these manifold funerals goes forth to new battle-fields and more illustrious victories.

Grandly has the Word withstood opposition. "No fragment of any army ever withstood such forces or survived so many battles as the Bible"; no citadel ever endured so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many hurricanes and so swept by storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and fall of Daniel's four kingdoms. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon which they conquered, have been weighed in the balance and long ago found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame—" 'tis living Greece no more"; and iron Rome of the Cæsars has long since ceased to boast. And yet, the Book that foretells all this still survives. While nations, kings, philosophers, systems, institutions, have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read and sifted and debated, more devoutly loved and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated and freely given to the world, more honored and more abused, than any other Book the world ever saw. It

survives all changes, itself unchanged; it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulfed in the stream of time, yet it is borne along till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever that there shall be time no longer. We are even constrained to exclaim with Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and all godliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of God shall stand forever."

SERMON XIX.

Doubts.

“Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.”—1 Thes. v: 21.

A man living in the tropics, when told that water was sometimes a solid that bridged rivers and lakes, making passable highways, declined to believe it, and hotly disputed it—it was contrary to experience. That is naturally our attitude toward everything which lies in advance of our present attainments in knowledge and experience.

Christianity proposes that which is beyond and even contrary to present experience; but a man is not therefore to shake his head in doubt, but await discovery and confirmation. As one enters upon the confines of an unexplored region, he is told there are lofty mountains, broad plains, delectable tablelands. These mountains may seem to him marvelous, but they are not therefore absurd and incredible. Let him wait and see if there are such mountains and streams and inexhaustible mines of wealth. So is Christianity an unexplored region to every unconverted man. But men stop here at the very threshold, and announce their doubts. That it may seem incredible to him from his standpoint, is natural enough. The presence of these doubts is not discouraging; it is a sign of life. Living men have doubts; dead men never have. When the sun arises, oftentimes its very light and heat cause the evaporations from which come the fogs and

clouds that cover temporarily its own face; but at last it dissipates these and distributes its floods of light. So the rising of the sun in the human soul causes the mists to rise to the surface and obscure for a time the presence of the light, so that a man feels the darkness growing more dense about him; yet it is a sign of life, a token of coming victory.

A member of the graduating class in a college was asked by a freshman if he had much trouble with the Greek language? "The Greek?" said he; "is that the language with those little crooked letters?" "Yes." "Oh, no," said he, "I never had any trouble with that!" Evidently not. So there are those who have no trouble with these spiritual questions. They have no doubts, for they have no inquiries.

Negatives weigh nothing in this scale. If ten reliable men testify to having seen a crime committed by a given man, it has no weight to the contrary to place upon the witness stand one hundred men who say they did not see it, and know nothing about it. So, as there are thousands of reputable witnesses who testify to having through Jesus Christ attained to a new and glorious spiritual experience, it thus proves nothing to cite thousands who declare they have not experienced those changes, and scoff at their possibility. Do we find those who have put these matters to a final test, a last analysis, and find them delusions and fables? The inquirer goes into this investigation with his eyes and ears and heart open, not having decided; the skeptic closes eyes and ears and heart, and insists he sees nothing, hears nothing, experiences nothing, and therefore there is nothing to see, to hear, to know. It takes small stock in trade to set up as a first-class skeptic—close the eyes, the ears, the senses—cry "There is nothing!"

The boasting skeptic of to-day is usually one whose positiveness is exactly proportioned to his ignorance, like the two journals in the case of the President's thanksgiving proclamation: "Plagiarism," one said, concerning the passages from the Bible, "he had seen it somewhere, but did not remember where." Said the other: "The words have never appeared in print before. It was purely original with the President."

II. The powers of man are adapted to secure knowledge most accurate and satisfactory from every subject of investigation. Great obscurity envelopes all the principles of nature; yet the thoroughly disciplined faculties of the human mind are able to reveal their hidden mysteries, and require nature to reveal her secrets. Look at the crude theories of past centuries concerning the solar system. But for this power of mind to overcome the difficulties, those would yet be our theories. But mind has mastered; hidden things have come to the light; steam, electricity, light, heat—all are accurately known. So the Almighty has so adapted the subjects and evidences of spiritual life to our intellectual and spiritual powers that we may gain as absolute mastery, as accurate and satisfactory knowledge.

Difficulties there are, of course. Men did not with a careless, passing glance learn the pent-up power of steam, learn the laws of electricity, light, etc. There were difficulties in these pathways. These were overcome by the persistent application of trained and cultivated powers of attention and reason. Though it may be said that Newton was directed to the laws of gravitation by the falling apple, Watt to that of steam by the palpitating lid of the kettle, yet these were men devoted to study and thought, to patient

research. There was power in these industrious, earnest minds to overcome all difficulties, and scatter all darkness. In the study of spiritual problems, these doubts, so-called, correspond to the difficulties that lie in the pathway of discoverer and inventor, and are to be overcome by like earnestness and like patient endeavor.

We must seek light by the right methods. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness"; "Repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." In the study of mathematics, we find rules, following which we solve the problems. Have we in spiritual things followed the rules, or sought light by wrong methods? Have we followed repentance, or only syllogisms? We are not told that syllogisms will bring peace, but faith in Jesus Christ. We know one, a lady, who long sought the Lord, but was always trying merely to reason it out; always had some new biblical difficulty to be solved. At last, we urged that she seek pardon and the witness of the Spirit, and securing these, settle Bible contradictions afterwards. She promised—did so, and never had any more difficulties to be solved. We indeed are looking at truth through distorted mediums, and see all things double. The trouble is in our eye, and not in the truth. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

There must also be persistent quest. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." The gold is down at the bed-rock. Some have digged a little way, grown discouraged and ceased their efforts; others dig down to the bed-rock, and find the pure gold. A prospector in Colorado abandoned a mine (Silver Plume) when he was within eight hours' work of a silver deposit that has produced millions. Doubt, like

everything else, grows if cultivated; dies if resisted.
"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

SERMON XX.

Christian Manhood,

1 Cor. xvi: 13.

Man is nature's great high-priest. When God created him, he placed in his hands the keys of power, saying, "Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the signet of his rank in creation; for him shine all the lights of the upper deep; for him roll all earth's crystal floods; wave all her harvests, and her forests bend. His sensuous, intelligent being is the altar upon which the world is offered up as incense to the Creator of all. The Psalmist summons all animate and inanimate things to join in praise to the Lord: "Paise ye him sun and moon; praise him all ye stars of light." But these, it is evident, cannot consciously offer praise to the great All-father, only as they are carried as treasures into the storehouse of the human heart, and inspire and awaken there devotion's lofty song.

Man's nature is the Æolian harp upon which play every breeze and force, and the exultant song is various and comprehensive.

An essential unity pervades all character. As the fruit, the bud and the blossom hold a close relationship to the tree, and by some mysterious process evoked their sweetness and bloom and distilled their fragrance from its

fibers, so the deeds of a man, with whatever variety of coloring and odors, draw their qualities from the fountains of character.

The entire kingdom is under the sway of one scepter; the surveillance, consciously or unconsciously, of one eye. No alien flag can float upon any part of this field; no band of conspirators enter any portion. Its laws are made and may be enforced. Nor can the soul be bereft of its children, or divide between the tree and its fruits. A man commits a murder, or is guilty of any crime; he may then traverse lands and seas, and place himself upon the other side of the globe—the deed is still his own. The weapon with which he accomplished it may be consumed; a hundred succeeding seasons may work their regeneration of the earth upon which the foul deed was committed; the victim may be buried from sight; all accessories may be gone; the man himself may be utterly changed; each succeeding seven years has carried hence the elements of his body, and given him a new one; he may have been ignorant at the time the deed was committed, but he has by hard study swept these cobwebs of ignorance away, and all the lurking clouds and shadows, and the sun of intelligence shines undimmed; he may have been changed in all his purposes and tastes—still, the deed is his, absolutely, inalienably. It is the fruit of his character, a part of his history, and must remain so irrevocably. Indicted for that deed, whatever change he may have undergone, the detective will have him arrested when found. The author and the deed are one, and inseparable.

This unity creates an indestructible kinship. A shrewd detective looks at a piece of burglary in the city of Chicago.

"Ah," he says, "Wilson did this—Wilson, of New York. I did not know he was here, but this is his handicraft. There is an individuality about a man and his deeds—his good deeds and his bad deeds."

A king once lost his silver cup, and it was discovered that it had fallen into a solution of nitric acid; but search failed to bring it forth; it had been dissolved by the acid. As it was not only valuable for its real worth, but was a memento, there was serious lamentation, until a chemist of the realm learned of it, and announced his ability to restore it. This he did by use of a chemical precipitate which separated the silver from the solution; and again the cup was fashioned from the restored particles. So character may be plunged into any dissolving bath, may undergo the dissolutions of life—that most wonderful final dissolution called death—yet, though hidden from sight, fate will convoke these scattered elements, and character will be reformed, and meet its destiny in the fullest consummation of this glorious unity.

Nothing is lost in nature. A tree is hewn down and burned to ashes, but is not destroyed, but merely changes its form, and the succeeding summer the same elements are seen in the bloom and beauty of the rose. Long ere M. Daguerre discovered the principle of light pictures, which, in honor of the discoverer, were at once called daguerreotypes, the sun was painting these pictures with the air as a screen, thus reproducing hills and streams and trees and plants and rocks and all the phenomena of the natural world. M. Daguerre's invention was to catch these pictures. This reproductive principle may also affect the higher department of this great cosmos. What if the deeds of men are

thus caught up in some moral camera and preserved? What if the midnight deed, though unseen by man, sits for its photograph, and makes thus its permanent record? What if these oaths that blacken the pure air go swearing on? True it is, at least, that memory will be intensified amid the verities of the future, will grasp a magic scepter before which shall open every darkened chamber of the universe, and let the prisoners go free to encircle their architects. Around a man in that day shall be evoked a marvelous picture gallery, his wicked deeds, his unholy thoughts filling their appropriate niches; or his brave and noble deeds, his impulses of love, his acts of benevolence, his righteous works, his patient toil for the right, his triumphs over temptation, his victories over unholy appetites, shall come like laughing, happy children to that gallery in that eventful day to claim his paternity. No metamorphosis can separate a man's deeds from him or change his identity.

SERMON XXI.

Miracles.

Miracles, involving, as they do, the supernatural in revelation, have always been the battle-field upon which have been fought the conspicuous intellectual battles of Christianity. Every adequate definition of miracles must include the natural and the supernatural. Science, so called, compasses only natural law, the established order of things in the material realm, and therefore antagonizes any scheme which involves (implies) the supernatural.

The untiring industry of scientific men during the present century; the unparalleled researches in every department of physical science; the inventions, discoveries and improvements; the vast stores of facts and inductions, as well as brilliant and far-reaching theories, magnificent hypotheses awaiting confirmation, and most enchanting dreams and vagaries—have placed before the student of physical science a scene of materialistic opulence never dreamed of by earlier explorers in these interesting fields. And this opulence of matter; his improved comprehension of it; his ability to weigh and measure effects, and trace them accurately to their causes, forces upon him the assurance that within the potencies of matter he shall find not only effect and efficient causes, but first cause and origin of all things, and makes him very jealous and intolerant of any proposition that causes the supernatural to impinge upon this brilliant

order of things. And this arrogance upon the part of scientists has doubtless been the influence that has lately led our theologians to recast the definitions and claims of theological science. There has been a marked restlessness under the old definitions. "The bed has been too short that a man may stretch himself in it."

Yet, we here declare that we do not believe harmony is to come through concessions and shrinkage of the supernatural claims of revelation, but through the enlarged ideas that are the genuine birthright of science, and into which heritage it is destined yet to come.

Watson's definition of a miracle is as follows: "A miracle is an effect or event contrary to the established course of things, or a sensible suspension or controlment of, or deviation from, the known laws of nature, wrought either by the immediate act or by the concurrence or by the permission of God for the proof or evidence of some particular doctrine, or in attestation of the authority of some particular person." There has been a strong disposition to set this definition aside, or, at least, to mend it materially. Yet we believe a careful re-examination of the whole subject will leave this definition just what it was at first—a careful summing up of the sense of the ages as to a miracle.

The word "suspension" has been the objective point in these criticisms of this definition, because it has been most in the way of the assumption of scientists that the order of nature is never reversed, suspended or disturbed. Yet, any liability to these objections residing in this term must be fully shared by any words or phrases or definitions that embody a true miracle. Suppose we improvise a definition suggested from the very heart of nature's work-shop, and

say that a miracle is an effect produced within the system of nature by the *first cause* of all things without the ordinary use or intervention of efficient or secondary causes, for the attestation or vindication of a principle or truth. Whatever definition we give to law—"an order of sequence—a rule of action—mode of administration"—it, in every instance when applied to the system of nature, implies the relationship existing between effects or events and causes.

All the standard miracles of the Old and New Testaments are described by the above definition. The covering of the land with frogs and lice is not in itself miraculous, if accomplished through the ordinary laws of generation; but the miraculous features characterize it when these effects are superinduced without the presence of the natural causes. An examination of the miracles of Christ will reveal the same conditions. To make wine is in itself not necessarily miraculous. The chemist might be able to combine the constituents and manufacture wine; though it may not have proven practical, still we may rationally conceive such an abstract possibility. But pure water is devoid of all the essential elements of wine. Therefore, to turn water into wine by any power whatsoever, is to produce a natural effect without the intervention of a natural cause. The eyes of the blind may be opened by surgical operations or by medical application; there may be power in chemical substances to dissolve a film or to stimulate and vitalize the optic nerve when dormant. But it is well known that there is no such property in clay, nor such power in the ordinary touch of man.

The same features—absence of causes and principles of natural law—characterize the feeding of the multitude, heal-

ing the sick, raising the dead, etc. To say that these things are the result of, or are in harmony with, some higher law, is merely begging the question, and is absurd, besides. We might very philosophically claim that these miraculous events are entirely in harmony with the higher principles of God's government. But when we speak of law we mean a principle, something operative, and which produces its results with uniformity. But, if there are such laws, they are in no sense higher laws, but become a part of the natural order. But no one candidly believes that there are laws, higher or lower, by whose movements are brought about the incarnation, the resurrection of Christ, the raising of the dead, or even the conversion of water into wine, or opening the eyes of the blind. We may assume that the same conditions recurring, God would work the same miracles and in the same manner.

Bushnell, speaking upon this subject, says: "A miracle is no suspension or violation of the laws of nature. The laws of nature are subordinated to miracles, but they are not suspended or discontinued by them. If I raise my arm I subordinate the law of gravity, but the law or the force is not discontinued. On the contrary, it is acting still at every moment as uniformly as if it held the arm to its place. All the vital agencies maintain a chemistry of their own that subordinates the laws of inorganic chemistry. Nothing is more familiar to us than the fact of a subordination of natural laws. It is the great game of life, also, to conquer nature and make it what, of itself, by its own laws of cause and effect, it is not."

This author, in characterizing these changes as subordination, seems to overlook the fact that, in the instance he

gives us, the one law is subordinated by another clearly established law, both belonging to and operating within the natural order, with all their principles present and active—the decision of the will, the nervous energy, the muscular action—these established causes overcoming the action of gravitation and lifting the arm. And when he speaks of this great game of life he should remember that it is a game played with all the chessmen on the board. The opening of the eyes of the blind is a game played with important chessmen absent—a multiple secured in the absence of chief factors.

When a miracle is termed a “suspension,” it is not assumed that the law at large is suspended, but its operation at the given point is suspended, or subordinated, if you please, by other than natural causes. We should carefully discriminate, in the positions we take, between miracles and answers to prayer. All that Mr. Bushnell says of miracles is entirely appropriate to the subject of prayer. In the answers to prayer there is not of necessity a suspension of law. No doubt there is a co-ordinate law by which the desired results are secured. In case of a prayer for protection: The traveler is in danger of being buried alive beneath an avalanche; there is an incoming of the divine afflatus to his mind, stimulating and refreshing the memory, say, with some important duty or act to be performed at another place, causing him to move in another direction, and his life is saved. This is all accomplished through the subordination of natural agencies.

Miracles are of a different nature. Prayer is answered for the direct results, and not merely in attestation of anything. Miracles are wrought not merely that the blind

may see, or the dead live, but that truth may be attested. The power of the attestation lies in the missing link—God's power being seen at that point.

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SERMON XXII.

Prayer.

It is much less difficult to reach the conclusion that, by a process of reasoning, we are dependent for all things, than to lead ourselves continually and fully to feel it. Against this latter the surface of things presents itself. The husbandman plows and sows, and sees as the immediate result of his toil broad acres of waving grain. The miner digs in the bosom of the earth, and brings forth the hidden treasure, gleaming and yellow, from its storehouse, and feels under obligation only to his brawny muscle for the golden harvest, forgetting that not only for the existence and presence of the treasure itself is he indebted, but also for the preserving care that gives health to the body and strength to the arm. The citizens of the State unite together their energy, skill and enterprise, until civilization spreads its glowing banners far and wide, until their commerce whitens a hundred seas, and then cry out, "See what our hands have wrought!" But reason leads us to the conclusion that for every breath, and all our blessings, we are dependent upon the God that hath made us.

Underlying all true prayer must be the one alone consideration—the glory of God. Nothing else can be in the fullest sense gospel prayer. Instance: There is in the community an outbreking sinner, a nuisance to society. A person or number of persons, feeling that property and even

life is unsafe, unite to pray for his conversion, that this danger may be removed. Such a case would not be their prayer in any sense, but the prayer that because Jesus Christ hath died for him, he may know the joys of pardoning love, and by this the glory of God be enhanced. And in all such cases the spirit of the prayer is answered.

But now other considerations arise. The prayer and the expectation must be in accordance with God's plans; and first, God's glory will be secured either in the salvation or the damnation of the sinner. We do not resort hither to escape the difficulty in the case; but it must be remembered that God has appointed certain principles of dealing with his intelligent creatures; and first, he never has taken from mankind as a race their free agency. Individual cases there may have been, but general, it never has been. Now, God has promised to send his Spirit to convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. The fact that God has established this method is evidence that it is the plan he proposes for the highest blessing of the race, and through this his own glory.

In accordance with this, then, the object of prayer as to salvation is simply the gift of God's Spirit; and this must result from righteous prayer. God has promised his Spirit in answer to prayer; and in answer to prayer, springing from such a spirit, it must be given. But now, even though deeply convicted, the sinner's (let it be the one above named, for instance) free agency cannot be taken from him. He is still free to yield to the impressions of the Spirit and his clear convictions, or disregard all. The prayer is answered. God is glorified in his thus receiving the Spirit; will be

in his acceptance of salvation, also in his rejection—his mercy, his justice, will be vindicated.

And as in this, so in all other examples of prayer—its spirit receives answer. And every example found all along the knotted web of man's experience may be answered as in the preceding illustration. There may come extreme cases whose surfaces seem to refute the arguments above; but each may be solved thus. Objection case: A poor, woe-stricken slave has been in sincerity for years—for scores of years—offering prayers, amid the loneliness of a desert life, in all the earnestness that simplicity and extreme woe can command, until now. As you say "Pray on," he turns to you and says: "There is no God; prayer is bitter mockery." Why, it is asked, is this prayer not answered? We reply: That just inasmuch as it is based upon the consideration given—the glory of God—it is answered.

(1.) The prayer of such a slave, if it be properly grounded thus, is a prayer for the race; it cannot be selfish. But if man who thus oppresses be obstinate, it cannot be accomplished immediately, but it must be in accordance with his plans of dealing with man. How was it with his own chosen people when in bondage to the Egyptians? God did not upon Pharaoh's first refusal to liberate his people send the death-bolt on its swift errand, but he sent his messengers to reason with him, to threaten to introduce plagues increasing in severity, until, all these proving unavailing, and the monarch stretching forth again to seize those whom, moved by God's judgments, he had released, the long-stayed bolt descended. This is God's method always of dealing with men; hence is to his glory. So the prayer referred to must be in harmony with this, else the very de-

mand of the prayer would have cut off Pharoah without warning; would have sunk the antediluvian world without its one hundred and twenty years of probation; the fiery clouds would have embraced the cities of the plain, and the red torrents have overwhelmed them without a word of warning; then had it not rung in the ears of those people, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed," but sudden destruction overtaken them; then had never fallen from a Saviour's lips, "O Jerusalem, how often," etc. Indeed, the straight edge of such a demand would deprive the suppliant himself of time for his prayer, and with the first sin he had perished. It would eliminate from the world the idea of a Redeemer itself. But mercy is *God's attribute*.

But now, what is the result viewed in a national light? No prayer can be lost; no true word of prayer ever fell in vain. Let it be remembered that for the abolition of slavery, for instance, there has been ascending for years, not one lonely strain of prayer, but the united voice of thousands; and to-day there are prayers and tears and groans unutterable enough treasured up against this nation to damn it forever. And now, as in every case, there is but one alternative—to yield, and thus escape the wrath-bolt impending, or persist, and sink to rise no more.

Objection: But one will say that God has determined all that comes to pass, and that our prayers may not unlock the chain of destiny—God knows what is best. Suffice it that examples are given to the contrary; viz.: Hesekiah, Nineveh, etc.

Another difficulty that projects itself into the mind: Query—"Why may not the same miraculous effects be pro-

duced as the result of prayer now as in early ages?" And this is proposed with the argument that these things would be more impressive and effect greater good. But this comes of presumption. We may not dictate; we may ask God for blessings; but if that prayer be properly offered, it will leave the manner to him who answers prayer. We cannot determine the best means to any given end. We are finite, and to dictate is to assume that we are wiser than God. But we further say that it is clear that the means above spoken would not, as a common case, be most successful as means of conversion; for while these miraculous works would necessarily convince, God by his Spirit can directly seize that soul, and produce conviction as powerful and full.

A life of dependence argues a life of prayer—continually dependent to be continually prayerful, is the only consistency. Are we encouraged thus to exercise the spirit of prayer and trust? The analogy of nature would answer, Yes. All the appointments of God harmonize—his dispensations in every age, all the circumstances, the aspirations and gratifications, the sight to the eye, sound to the ear, etc. So when God places his creatures in a dependent state where prayer is natural, it is evidence very conclusive that God will hear that prayer and answer it. But the Word, which is his revelation, encourages us to continual prayer in many such injunctions as that embraced in the text: "Pray without ceasing," etc.

X X I I I .

Money.*

The occasion of preaching on Money is in the fact that the acquisition and use of our money largely affects the morals of communities and individuals. Some would regard money as a thing apart from all moral considerations. But here is a thing we strive for in our daily toil, ten or twelve hours a day, plan for it many more hours, dream of it on our beds at night, and it is therefore absurd to assume that the moral quality of our lives is unaffected by this influence. The acquisition and use of money is the very touchstone of our lives. Many a man, who prays earnestly, and uses the Christian oars with might and main, and yet makes no headway in the Christian life, will not allow himself to admit that his financial course can in any way influence his religious enjoyment and destiny. "Religion is one thing; money is another." And yet, the vessel is sinking, weighted down with false theories and unchristian practices on money matters. A howling storm piles mountain billows around his vessel, and will engulf it unless he hurl his Jonah overboard.

Let the pastor preach about swearing, drinking, Sabbath-breaking—preach about the evil of worldly amusements—preach on infidelity, etc.; but let him not invade

*The following is a fragment of a lecture, of which most of the manuscript is missing.

the domain of finance—he has no business there. Paul declared that “The love of money is the root of all evil.” So, if a man lay his ax to the monster root from which springs the giant tree of all evil, burdened with its bitter fruit, he is not, surely, very remote from his duty.

1. How to get money. In conformity with the present industrial system of the civilized world, the industries of society are divided and classified. Primarily in theory, if not universally in fact, every man is an omnibus worker. After hunting, tilling the ground is the first regular occupation of men, but at first he becomes *jack of all trades* in order to succeed in this one. If he desires a plow he must make it himself; if harness, he must make that, too, also wagons, or other vehicles. But, after a time, one man will make the harness for fifty farmers, and the fifty farmers will contribute, as compensation, some of their products, wheat or potatoes, toward his support; so one man ceases to farm and makes harness; the others cease to make harness, and devote themselves more fully to the cultivation of soil. The result is a better harness-maker and better harness on the one hand, and more successful agriculture on the other. Thus the division for convenience goes on, until we have the harness-maker, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the wagon-maker, the “butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.” The result of this division is the perfection of skill in all the mechanical arts. But the exchange of commodities is as important as their production. You have on your table salmon from the Columbia river or codfish from the Atlantic coast, oranges from Los Angeles and figs from Smyrna; but you could not well gather and bring these things together yourself. Others

make a business of these things—one brings the fruits from Los Angeles, another the fish from Columbia, another the spices from Arabia. All, all are placed within your reach. In the clothing worn in this room to-day may be silks from France, linen made amid the flying shuttles and whirling shillalahs of green Ould Ireland, and fabrics from the vale of Cashmere; but you could not conveniently transport these yourself. Others engage in this traffic and place these within our reach, and thus, by necessity of this transportation and exchange, arises the merchant class. The merchant, therefore, in legitimate business, holds as vital a relation to the world's industrial interests as does the producer—so-called the farmer—and the mechanic. By their intervention the food and raiment of the world are distributed, and the supply adapted to the demand. "Trade (legitimate) is an equal exchange of advantages." But we do not include in these the class which buys and sells and in no way furthers commercial ends, and which by combining capital makes "corners," creates monopolies, manipulates the markets, only to fill more amply their capacious pockets. These add about as much to the commercial prosperity of the world as a good-sized cancer does to the human system. They are mere excrescences, parasites, fungi—sapping the industrial vitality of the world. Of course, you may say some of them are very rich. So I have seen a knot growing on an oak tree as large in diameter as the tree itself, still it was a knot, and added nothing, but depleted growth. The sooner such men die, the better; but, as others would come in their stead, it is of no avail to pray for their decease. And, as there is no law for their decapitation, they must simply be endured as any other incurable disease.

X X I V .

The "W" Family.

A large and interesting family circle; an inquisitive family—genuine Yankees. You never saw a member of this family, East or West, that he was not asking a question. They follow each other in everything; where one leads the others follow. They go in approved Indian style, "single file." Notice—*Who? What? Why? Wherefore? Whence? Whither? Which?* etc.

The quality of using these constitutes the progressive quality in men. Everywhere around us are the occasions of their use. Why does the fire burn? What is fire? Why does the smoke ascend? What is the light? the heat? Whence come all these phenomena? Whither go these marching events of life's processes?

The boy or girl who proceeds through life with this interesting family as his traveling companions will not be ignorant. I should feel more hopeful of the youth who always asks what, and why, and whence, and whither, without a day's study in the schools, than of a university graduate who, having a diploma, imagines his education finished, and has no questions to ask. Some people will not ask questions lest it might appear they did not already know everything. Let your children ask questions. Sometimes they will be wise, sometimes foolish; but better that than none. Answer them patiently; and if unable to answer

them, try to find out for them where they may receive answers. A man I knew, a worker in wood, when he was in the forest, would be hacking and chipping with his knife or axe the trees and logs to ascertain whatkind of stuff they were; or if he had an auger, he would bore into them, and thus ask, "What is it?" So must we go through the world, asking, hacking, chipping, even boring people with questions—with these axes and augers, Why? What? Whence? etc.

Hugh Miller, from being a stone-cutter, became interested in the lessons of the rocks, and afterwards was often seen amid the hills and quarries sounding the rocks with his hammer to learn whatkind of rocks they were; and thus allying the "W" family to himself. With his stone hammer he became the great geologist.

A man reclining in an orchard, as an apple fell from the bough, started up, inquiring: "Why is this? Why does this apple and everything come to the ground?" The result of that "why" was the discovery of the law of gravitation. Apples had been thus falling through the ages, observed by men; but it is the "W" family that unties these Gordian knots.

A man (Galileo), watched the oscillations of a pendulum, and said to himself, "Why?" and the answer came: "The earth moves." A man watched the lid of the tea-kettle palpitate as the water boiled, and said, "Why?" and the answer offered is the perfected steam-engine. Franklin saw the lightnings plow their zigzag furrows across the storm-cloud, and said, "What is that?" "Whence?" and "Whither?" and then adjusted his kite, and brought it down and examined it; and the fruits of these investigations have ac-

crued in the telegraph and the various uses of electricity, astronomy, geology, inventions, discoveries, etc.

Important question! "What am I?" Begin at home; "Know thyself." Am I a mere development from the lower animals, or a being created in the image of God? Whence came I? Whither bound? Why am I here? Why my surroundings? Establishing what I am, and whence, and whither, and why I am—What, then, are my duties? Whom must I serve? To whom am I answerable?

These inquiries carry us to life's farthest goal. A man announced his intentions to a friend, in reference to his business. "What, then, will you do?" inquired his friend. "Oh, make a fortune, of course." "What then?" "Then return and enjoy it." "And then?" "Oh, build a beautiful home on the Hudson." "And then?" "Lay out beautiful grounds." "And then?" "Then? why enjoy them, of course!" "What then?" persisted his friend. Here a gulf yawned before him—*then Death*, and he had made no preparation for death. Here his friend exhorted him not to forget death and the life beyond.

The Scriptures propound many deeply interesting questions, and thus make the "W" family exceedingly useful.

Why—"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" (Isaiah lv.)

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, serve him; but if Baal, then serve him."

"Thou fool! Whose then will these things be?"

"Why will ye die, O house of Israel!"

"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye?"

“But what went ye out for to see?”

“Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.” (Psalm cxix: B.)

“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?”

X X V .

Immortality.

An unending existence is a principle firmly anchored in the heart of man. He expects to live on; believes that the stream of his being may be greatly diverted and widely affected by the dissolution of body and soul in death, yet does not conceive that there is power in this remarkable phenomenon to quench the flame, the vital spark, of life. The future is the world's palladium. Over the outline of hope's grand forecast there are no broken shields, nor slain warriors, nor disastrous defeats. Her predictions are of victory and honor and power. Out of the figments of prosperity men weave webs of prospect. The successful voyage across the bays and inlets are tokens of a triumphant voyage and exultant entering of the happy haven beyond the storms that sweep the wide sea itself; and if the low summits of temporal prosperity form the vantage ground from which are descried the lofty, sun-steeped summits of permanent exaltation, no less out of the very valleys of despair does man project his faith to lofty expectations. The common faith cries, "Though the present is dark indeed, there is light ahead; though defeated and crushed to the earth now, we shall yet flaunt the banners of victory; though now the bitter cup is pressed to our lips, we shall yet quaff the nectar." Thus the very "blackness of darkness" lifts itself up into the

light. The future is the intuitive panacea for all the "ills that flesh is heir to." Thus, through these rapt intuitions, all men have dreamed of a paradise when "life's fitful fever is o'er." The Indian expects to be transferred by the journey of death to the happy hunting grounds on the other shore, the weary expect to find rest, the poor to become rich, the hungry expect bread, the naked clothing; and thus the future is to be rich with the things in poverty of which this life suffers.

Vox populi, vox Dei—"The voice of the people is the voice of God"—has a greater significance than is generally accorded. Where the intuitions of the race unite in teaching a lesson, that lesson must be true, or man is mocked and a mockery. Mockery? Do you ask what I mean by that? Does not the eye open to the light? Do not the streams flow toward the sea? Do not the birds, guided by instinct, direct their flight to summer skies ere winter marshals his congealing squadrons on northern fields and lakes? Is not the curious contrivance of the ear adapted to the reception, distinction and melody of sounds? Carnivorous animals are armed with tusks, while beasts that feed upon vegetation are differently furnished. And through all the widespread scene every faculty, organ and impulse points to its appropriate object and result. And, while that is true, can we conceive that these sublime testimonies, uplifted from the human spirit all over the wide world, in all conditions of the race, mean nothing—are false, are not to be received as intimations of the Creator's purpose with the race?

"If, then, all souls, both good and bad, do teach
 With general voice that souls can never die,
 'Tis not man's flattering gloss, but nature's speech,
 Which, like God's Oracle, can never lie."

“The word proclaimed by the concordant voice of mankind fails not, for in man speaks God. If a man deny the truths of internal feeling, he is self-contradictory. If he deny the truths of common sense, he is not self-contradictory—he is only mad.” (Sir Wm. Hamilton.)

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.” (Addison.)

Man strikes not his colors upon the awful shores of death, but lifts his banner still in triumph there. The care of the moldering dust of the departed attests man's conviction of another life. Go to Greenwood or Laurel Hill and see. When death crumbles down the tenements of clay, man plants immortelles above the slumbering dust, lifts up the marble shaft to pierce the clouds, and makes the resting place of the dead to rival the beautiful homes of the living; and this care attests that he sees

“Round his mournful marbles play
The light of an eternal day.”

The outline of our experience, our fears, hopes and anticipations meander for a brief way over the hills and vales and along the shores of earth, and then sweep out into the invisible, embracing in their range, two worlds.

Columbus, when he trod, with weary feet and aching heart, up and down the shores of the old world, had never gazed upon the glories of the new; yet, as he looked out over the ocean mists, he felt and claimed that in order to the balance, or equilibrium, of the world, another continent was indispensable. Thus, over the spray and through the mists of the intervening sea, go out the longings and faith-

intuitions of the human heart, seeking the balance on the other side. Like Napoleon in exile, we are sepulchered alive in this close world, and want more room.

XXVI.

The Children in Church.

How shall we secure the attendance of the children upon the preaching of God's word? is a question more or less pertinent at the present time. The frequency and interest with which this inquiry is propounded is evidence that the conscience of the Church is still alive upon this important subject, and also that there are real or apparent difficulties in the case.

Various solutions of this problem have been offered, among others—that we simplify the services; that sermon and song be brought more perfectly within the range of childhood's faculties and experience; get a preacher who will draw with his funny little stories, dear little anecdotes, and put away the hymn-book and sing sweet, melting, little songs, with a good deal of *hi-diddle-diddle* in them; and with this mimic whirlwind of moral sensationalism carry children right into the bosom of the Church. Children love sweetmeats; therefore, liberal supplies of gospel sweetmeats, and, of course, there will be a profuse tripping of childish feet into the sanctuary of the Lord. Yet, wherever these laudable plans have been fully executed, it must be admitted that the results do not justify the claims set up for them, and we must take up the lamentation, that, "though there be confectioneries, they shall fail."

Now, all these plans, schemes and efforts are predicated

upon the assumption that the claims of religion are addressed to the voluntary principle, and that the child is entirely adequate to meet, in the exercise of his own judgment and choice, these obligations—an assumption that is perfectly *groundless*, and that we do not set up in regard to any other important interest of our children.

When considering the intellectual culture of his children, the average father does not inquire how he can induce them to attend school, nor does he wait for the teacher to magnetize arithmetic and grammar, or to deal out bon-bons; nor does the father advise his children to attend school, but in a most arbitrary and peremptory manner, he sends them to the school; and no substantial reason can be assigned why they should be differently treated in relation to the culture of the religious nature. On this ground the whole question is easy of solution.

Let the parents attend the public worship, the prayer-meeting, class-meeting and Sunday-school, and *take the children with them*.

Several reasons conspiring have no doubt led to the too general acquiescence of parents in the absence of their families from the best services of God's house.

Prominent among these is the theory, inadvertently promoted by the increased stress recently laid upon the Sunday-school cause, that the Sunday-school is the children's church, and the preaching is for adults. Such an assumption is not only erroneous, but vastly pernicious. The men who preach the gospel are called and set apart to that work by the Holy Spirit, and have the promise of the peculiar accompaniment of their messages by the Spirit, and the blessings thereof are designed alike for childhood and man-

hood; and no other service can be substituted for this, nor have we a right by any plans of ours to deprive any one of the benefits of this means of grace. This we claim is not merely a co-ordinate, but is the highest ordained agency for Christian culture.

Nor is the other member of the proposition more nearly correct—the Sunday-school designed exclusively for the children and their teachers; but it is the Bible school of the Church for all ages and classes, and we shall have attained to a right standard when we have a general attendance of the children upon the preaching of the Word, and a like attendance of our adults at the Sunday-school. Surely if children can attend school from three to six hours daily, they can spend three hours in the restful and varied services of God's house upon the the Sabbath day, and an hour or two in the weekly prayer-meeting; and if the plea be set up that their studies prevent attendance upon the Wednesday or Thursday evening prayer-meeting, then you had better pitch their books into the sea than to admit for one moment that anything can take the precedence of God's service. When the father and mother steal off to prayer-meeting and leave their family at home, is it because they deem their receptive powers so great that they can receive blessings for all, or are all alike entitled to share these blessings?

Then, if so, these rights can only be secured through the exercise upon the part of parents of the legitimate authority God has conferred upon them, and for which they are certainly held responsible. It is their place to require the attendance of their children upon these means of grace.

There are hundreds of boys and girls who would never

take very earnestly to arithmetic and geography, but the study of these being enforced, in course of time their tastes for these things are developed, or, at least, they come to appreciate their benefits, and pursue the studies with more or less avidity.

So there are many boys and girls who will not of their own accord attend the house of God; but being required to do so, habits are formed, susceptibilities are improved, or still better, they are converted, and thereafter freely attend.

Will parents therefore put away what the Discipline calls "softness," and, in behalf of their children, exercise their judgment and authority, and let our congregations be filled up not only with the "bearded grain," but the "flowers that grow between."

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XXVII.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John xii: 32.

Strange announcement—for men are already drawn and held, as with hooks of steel, by the pleasures and pursuits of this world. Yet, with these or against them, Jesus declares his expectation that he would draw them unto himself. As on the earth bodies are attracted to each other and particles cohere, yet a supreme attraction, that of gravitation, holds the earth and draws it, with all its varied forms and objects of attraction, cohesive, adhesive, capillary—all; so the cross is to be among men the supreme attraction, holding and drawing men with, or from, all the objects that now attract; overcoming the ties that hold men to the sins and vices that destroy them.

The teaching of the text is, that there is an influence in Christ—in Christ lifted up upon the cross—to draw men unto him. This does not involve the question of the relation of the cross to the divine administration, but considers only the power of the cross to reach man amid the ruins of his fallen nature, and lift him from his degradation. When God says that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, he expresses the relationship of the cross to the throne of God. Our text expresses its relation to lost sinners. It is as important to the end in view that the scheme of redemption shall possess not only the elements that make it as a scheme adequate to the demands of justice and equity; but that, also, it shall be possessed

of those potencies that enable it to reach down to man in his lost condition, and thus the cross, with all its principles, appeals. It is spiritually food to his starving soul, water to his perishing, light to his darkened nature.

“He speaks, and listening to his voice
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.”

As the germ planted in the soil at the surface, as it grows, sends down its roots until they underdig the great rocks and loosen them from their beds, so these principles may first gain footing in the emotions, but are meant to push down the tap-root of righteousness in characters, until the very foundations are moved in their places. Christ lifted up signifies: first, the presence and influence of the Spirit. “If I go not away [be lifted up] the Comforter will not come.”

As these summer fields of waving wheat are preceded by the rude cleavage of the ploughshare, so are summer fruits of the soul preceded by the ploughshare of the Spirit. We do not apprehend that it is meant that Christ is attractive to unawakened souls. He is to such, as anciently “to the Greeks, foolishness, to the Jews, a stumbling-block; but to those who believe [who are awakened] Christ, the power of God and wisdom of God.” The lesson of the text is, the cross has power to draw men. The question is not here involved. Has it adequacy to reach God and satisfy justice? but that conceded, has it, on the other hand, power to reach and influence for good? It is so announced. This power to influence men resides in the cross. Not “If I speak as never man spake, I will draw men”; not “If my character be spotless”; not “If my miracu-

lous power be fully displayed"—but, "If I be lifted up." It is not Jesus, marvellous in speech, wearing stainless robes of ineffable purity; not Jesus opening the eyes of the blind, cleansing the lepers, opening the grave and summoning the dead to life—it is Jesus on the cross that saves men. It is natural to inquire wherein lies this power? It has been assumed that it is our sympathy for the suffering Christ that gives him power over our life. Not so. The cross must hold relation to man's condition as a fallen being. All the principles represented in the cross have their correspondence in the unfallen nature of man; all the particular phases of the cross, through which those principles assert themselves, find their response in the nature of man as fallen. To his unfallen state appertain righteousness, purity, love, immortality; to his fallen, as initiatory to these, repentance, contrition, restitution, moral restoration. Upon the latter of these, the sacrificial mediation of Christ has its influence upon the susceptibilities it finds in him, and so moves upon him as to lift him from his lost condition, and lead him—by whatever steps of contrition, repentance and reformation—to a condition of loyal obedience. And it must take him as he is. When, therefore, it is announced by Jesus, the Christ, that if he be lifted up he will draw all men unto him, it is a proposition equally important with the declaration affecting his relationship to the divine administration, that "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." So that the all-important question is not simply, Will the justifying hand of the cross, reached out toward heaven, penetrate the thick clouds of this awful moral night, and grasp the throne of justice? but, also, Will its

hand of love penetrate the thick darkness that envelopes man's lost nature, and touch the central springs of his being, and cause the dormant heart again to palpitate with love to God? It implies, also, that this power of Christ and the gospel scheme is inherent in the cross; that it is some mysterious, it may be, yet intrinsic, quality of the cross of the death of Christ. "*If I be lifted up* I will draw all men unto me." This he said signifying what death he should die; hence, it is not the wisdom of Christ, nor the purity of Christ, nor the power of his holy example; but, however associated with all these, and however essential these may be, yet it is the blood of Christ, his death, that reaches unto man, as well as reaches unto God. It is not Christ with Christly wisdom; it is not Christ speaking as never man spake; it is not Christ with garments of spotless purity—it is Christ on the cross that reaches and saves man. By virtue of what principle does the cross draw men? It has been assumed that, by the power of sympathy, we are drawn to Christ; because of his suffering, his untold agony. Yet suffering is not new nor strange in the world's history. Behold the long retinue of martyrs that through the ages have passed unfalteringly to the rack, the wheel and the block; yet to none of these have men builded shrines or bowed down to worship.

But it is claimed our interest and sympathy in Christ flow from his being an innocent sufferer. So was Socrates, and many and many a noble martyr; yet we bow to no shrine dedicated to the worship of Socrates. Religion is not mere sentiment. It does not consist simply of sympathy for the sufferings even of the good. There must be something in the cross which appeals directly to the fallen

condition of man—a magnetism in the cross whose response is in the qualities and conditions of fallen man. Water has attractions for the thirsty man because of his thirst, light has attractions for man because of the eye, medicine for the sick man because of the relation of the medical properties to his disease, and not from any mere mental attitude he holds toward it.

The magnetism of the cross lies not in man's sympathy for Christ on the cross, nor in any mental conception of the character of Christ; but in the moral conditions of his nature, to which this transformation is of the nature of an exhalation. You see on the bosom of earth the muddy pool or troubled lake, casting up mire and dirt; yet the sun sends its ardent beams upon these murky waters, and drinks them up into the clouds; but not its filth, not its sediment; it distills the water, and takes up to its bosom only the crystal particles with the sheen of diamonds; and thus, by this magical distillation, is the murky pool transferred and transmuted into those supernal clouds—crimson and amber and gold—that, at sunset, flush the west with flames of glory. So have we seen the sun's rays lifting from the salt sea, in hours of evaporation, the crystalline columns of pure, fresh water to fill the clouds and enrich the earth. The noble tendencies of man's nature are thus diffused through that which is earthly, sensual, and devilish. Such an interfusion exists as constitutes him strangest of all God's creatures; as Young hath it:

“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man.
How passing wonder He who made him such;
Who centered in his make such strange extremes
From different natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds,

Distinguished link in being's endless chain
Midway from nothing to the Deity;
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt;
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine;
Dim miniature of greatness absolute;
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust;
A worm, a god.
Oh, what a miracle to man is man!"

Over this awful chaos the Sun of righteousness arises, sending its ardent beams through all his being, touching and transmuting every disordered power of his fallen nature; lifting to itself every particle that can be purified and glorified until the antithesis of character is complete. The purified manhood caught in divine communion up to the bosom of his God; the sediment, the sin, the sensual cast off, placed in enmity, to be beaten down and cast out. If you should judge of that pool by the sediment gathered from its depths, you would not have a high opinion of its purity; if you should judge it from the sunset-cloud distilled from it, you would have a glowing sense of its character. When David inquires, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" he uses the lowest of all the scores of Hebrew words expressive of man, "Esh," the earthly man; he is looking at him from beneath, through the sedimentary residuum, sin, sensuality. However strongly this side is dwelt upon, God evidently looks on man, under the gospel of Jesus Christ, from the other side—the glory side. The Lord himself says of his beloved, the redeemed, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels"; "And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever." It is the prerogative of the cross of Christ to thus distill and glorify humanity;

converting its very charcoal, crude carbon, into diamonds, until he shall shine as a jewel of God, reflecting the divine image. With the cross he can pluck man from his environment of sin and impurity, and by the transmuting power of the principles of light that stream from the cross, make of him a jewel that shall blaze forever in the coronet of Deity. A beautiful illustration of this antithesis, as created in character, is given by Longfellow in his "Divine Tragedy," in his delineation of the transformation of Mary Magdalene, until, leaving her sins and follies and luxuries, she comes, in true penitence, to break the box of precious ointment upon the head of the Saviour. She says:

"Oh, I must find him,
And follow him, and be with him forever!
Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls
The souls of flowers lie pent—the precious balm,
The spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits
Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
Nursed by the sun and dew—not all unworthy
To bathe his consecrated feet, whose step
Makes every threshold holy that he crosses;
Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
Thou and I only! Let us search for him
Until we find him, and pour out our souls
Before him, till all that's left of us
Be but the broken caskets that once held us!"

So have men of all ranks and conditions in life been laying at his consecrated feet their broken bodies and sacrificed lives. Men who have scorned to own any man as master have been proud to call Jesus, Lord. Men who would have stood in the van at Thermopylæ, freely with their dead bodies barricading that pass against the invader; men who would have rushed with Arnold Winkelreid upon the gleaming bayonets, welcoming death to "make a way for liberty"; men who would have been the first to throw the tea into Boston harbor, and thus hurl defiance in the teeth

of the tyrant; heroes who, as to a banqueting house, would have ridden with the six hundred on that fearful charge as on lightning's wings "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell"; men in whose every drop of blood slept unforged thunderbolts, in whose every nerve-center throbbed sheathed lightnings; men exceedingly fierce, like him who wandered in the tombs, that no man could tame him—have been subdued by this inimitable Conqueror, and have sat at his blessed feet clothed and in their right minds.

And by this divine magnetism men have been drawn where they might not be driven, obedient to the impulse of love, to spread abroad these glad tidings of salvation. Its devotees have braved every fate, and endured every form of suffering; triumphantly, even joyfully, have they endured the wheel, the rack, the flame; and prisons have palaces proved while Jesus did dwell with them there.

In the promulgation of this love of Jesus to dying men, they have been undaunted in the presence of any foe; all difficulties have been conquered, all obstacles surmounted. No sea has been too wide or too stormy to be crossed; no deserts too arid to be traversed; no wilderness too dense to be penetrated; no climate too rigorous; no mountains too high for them to climb, and on its battling cliffs and snowy summits to plant the standard of the cross.

There must be adaptation to our wants. As God hath adapted every principle in life—light to the eye, hearing to the ear, food to the hungry, water to the thirsty, love to the hungry souls; and, in this adaptation lies the answer to the how and why: because God hath made them reciprocal—there must be in the cross, or what is embodied in it, that

which appeals to and finds response in human nature. It is not in our pity for Christ Jesus, but in his expressions of pity and use of power for us. The great sacrifice of Christ must appeal to man in a two-fold attitude. Man is fallen; has experiences and susceptibilities as a fallen man to which he is a stranger while pure. Any adequate scheme of human exaltation must embrace this fact, and provide for it. The blind eye needs not only the light, but a surgeon; the sick man needs not strong food and plenty of work, but first, medicine; the sinful man needs not first moral law and moral opportunities, but medicine to cure the sin-sick soul. The primary, the one, the all, is love. It is much more to say that love is God, than that God is love. As down from rude hill-tops pour the glad streams, the flashing brooks and foaming cataracts to mingle in the mighty sea, so from these rude heights pour down through rocks of repentance and channels of obedience the movements of the soul to the infinite ocean of love. God's infinite love lies beyond. The soul cannot express itself through dead organs, or without organs, as through eye and lip and beaming countenance the love of the soul is expressed; so the cross, the lifting up, Gethsemane, and the shed blood, become eye and lip through which God's love is expressed to man. The cross is not simply the magnet; but, through the bleeding rents in Jesus' body, and the more than physical wounds of Gethsemane, is love revealed, and, as the everlasting magnet, draws the hearts of men to itself. "Beyond the Alps lieth thy Italy"; beyond the cross, the incarnation, the sacrifice, the repentance, the regeneration, lieth the Italy of God's infinite love—the summer-land of song. Away up in the Rocky mountains

is a point called the water-shed—the dividing of the waters; some to flow eastward, others westward; those to empty themselves into the Gulf of Mexico, these into the Pacific ocean, never again to meet and mingle, but forever separated. The cross of Christ is our moral water-shed—that way lies hell; this way peace, purity, love.

Through the influence of the cross are cultivated all the highest and noblest principles of human nature, while, at the same time, the principles of Christianity illustrate and designate the worthy qualities to us. The manly virtues, the womanly graces, are all brought into play only when the magic wand of the cross becomes the scepter controlling the life. What other sources of light or knowledge teach so potently the blessed doctrines of sacrifice, humility, life through death, of faith and love, of a cleanness of life, penetrating to the inmost tissue of the soul?

The cross is the universal moral solvent, separating between a man and all his sins. There are men who have cleaved to their sins as to their life, and nothing else could break the grasp; but the cross has touched the man, and his shackles fell. It breaks up the great deep of the human heart, releases the soul from its pride and selfishness and sordid passions, and into a new moral *cosmos* concentrates the love, faith, purity and power of the nature.

It is objected that it is not just to have the innocent suffer to avert the penalty hanging over the guilty. This objection, as it is usually presented, is fallacious, because it does not convey the object for which the Saviour died. He did not die simply to save men from suffering. There are some things in this world worse than suffering. The noble men who have been thrust in dungeons, or died at the

stake, have esteemed this a slighter suffering than to deny the truth, or forsake God. There are men who could this day accept the proffered bribe, and barter away their integrity, and by so doing enrich themselves for life, and they need the money. There are women yonder who could sell their virtue, and buy bread and raiment, and drive poverty from their door; but they say, "I can starve; I can suffer from cold; I can be sick and homeless; aye, I can die. I can see my children unsheltered and starving, too. 'Tis hard, but I can do it all. But I cannot barter away the rectitude and purity with which God has endowed me." And then we lay our hands on their shoulder and cry, "Bravo!"—in which both they and we say there are many things worse than death. All sin is worse than suffering. So God has everywhere pronounced. God may allow a man to suffer bodily; but never leaves him willingly to be a sinner, if he will be helped at all. A pure man might bear sublimely the torments of the damned; but to carry the curse of the damned, the festering pollution of sin through the eternal ages, is the unendurable burden, to avert which God has erected in this world the cross, the pathway to whose foundations is stained every step with blood. And the grand object of the cross, therefore, is to heal sin, not to save from suffering.

The cross is the crown of Christ's mission; this is the hour of his victory, though of his agony.

"For this purpose came I into the world."

"But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled?"

"Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name!"

“Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it and will glorify it.”

“Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the Prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.”

X X V I I I .

Work and Play.

A LECTURE.

One philosopher has called man the animal which builds; another has styled him the animal that laughs. Both are appropriate—he builds and laughs, works and plays. Since the day when man by disobedience invoked the Divine condemnation upon himself, he has been a toiler—a toiler on the land, a toiler on the sea. “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” said the Lord; and six thousand years of human history in every part of the habitable globe, amid tropical bowers, and beneath inclement skies, wonderfully attest this strange edict. And with all the accumulations of ages, with all that has been gathered from mines and marts and cultivated fields, by the untiring labor of the race, the present hour still reveals him panting and sweating in the struggle to which he was consigned at Eden’s gate.

The habitation that God has given to man is itself suggestive of sturdy effort. Here man is placed upon the defensive, and the imminent perils that confront him summon him, like a bugle blast, to arm for the fray.

“Man is born on a battle-field. Round him, to rend
Or resist, the dread Powers he displaces attend,
By the cradle which Nature, amidst the stern shocks
That have shattered creation, and shapen it, rocks.
He leaps with a wail into being; and lo!

His own mother, fierce Nature herself, is his foe.
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head;
'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes; her solitudes spread
To daunt him; her forces dispute his command;
Her snows fall to freeze him; her suns burn to brand;
Her seas yawn to engulf him; her rocks rise to crush;
And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
On the startled invader."

His aggressive movements equally involve the necessity of vigilance and unremitting effort, combined with patience, perseverance, powers of endurance, and all those elements that cluster around the banner of the victorious warrior. Every step in his pathway of progress is bristling with difficulties unconquerable, and obstacles insurmountable, except to one inured to toil. With his own hand, unaided by any miraculous interposition, he must make the home to shelter himself from the rigor of the elements and vicissitudes of the changing seasons, cleaving out for himself a tabernacle amid the rocks, or felling the trees and building his home; and every stage in this process is educatory, until the rude hut of the savage expands into the stately palace of civilized life. His food, ample in quantity, excellent in quality, is stored away in the capacious storehouses of the earth, yet so stored away that it can be secured only by the hand of labor. By diligent and patient, thoughtful effort, he converts the wild grain into the golden wheat and maize; the acrid fruits of the forest into the luscious specimens that now crown the orchards of the world. The gold and silver and precious ores await him in unlimited supply, yet deposited beneath the rocks, or in the chambers of almost inaccessible mountains, whence it can only be dislodged by natures whose grain and grit rival that of the granite in which these metals are found. Her diamonds are locked up in the heart of adamant; her pearls slumber

beneath deep seas. How rich is this world to the worker; to the idler, how poor. In the perfection of her beauty, also, the earth is susceptible to the improving touch of man. The world is a jewel in the rough, awaiting the lapidary, man, to bestow the final touches that cause it to sparkle as a brilliant. Nowhere does nature cluster together such a combination of charms and graces as the labor and genius of man have brought together in such places as Central Park, Shaw's Gardens, Greenwood Cemetery, etc. All these developments have been secured by dint of persevering effort.

Additions to all this knowledge of the laws and principles of the physical world whereby its forces are made subservient to his happiness are gained by years and ages of patient, laborious research. Men have indeed seemed to fall upon some of the grandest discoveries of the past, yet this gift of power, this insight into the arcana of nature, has ever been bequeathed to the industrious explorer, not to the idler. Though the law had been producing its effects in the world through all the ages, it was only such an industrious, earnest thinker as Newton could see the law of gravitation in the apple spinning to the earth, or such an assiduous investigator as Franklin could win the fleet lightnings from the corruscant cloud. By the same severe processes the whole world is being made to divulge its secret for the uses of man—the lightning, the stream, the light.

The influence of work upon man himself is no less marked and salutary than its effect upon the world he inhabits. The house and its occupant rise together. Though he is gifted with powers most unlimited and facile, they are,

without culture, crude indeed, until placed in the great university whose portals God has opened to him in the avenues of exertion. Mental discipline is attained through severe intellectual effort. Man has deft fingers and powerful muscles, yet through patient attention and the labor of years he learns to excel in that skill that shapes the materials of nature into the cunning devices for the convenience and pleasures of the race. The rude hut of the savage is good enough for the rude savage that occupies it; better adapted to his habits than the gilded palace. The cultivation that qualifies man to surround himself with these improvements in house and home, in art and science, simultaneously fits him to enjoy them and reap their full benefit.

PLAY.

Action and reaction are the principles affecting us at every point. As far as the pendulum swings in one direction, so far must it oscillate in the opposite. The long strung bow must be relaxed. As sleep to the tired, so is play to the weary worker. That is philosophic recreation that does not diminish but increases the working power. We play not for the sake of play, but that we may work the more.

Labor and recreation hold this real relationship to each other. There can be, then, no true recreation where there is not labor. It is just as impossible as to have an echo without sound, to have reaction without action, rebound without bound. There can be no play in any philosophical sense without work.

Occupation then, is the first desideratum. It is easy to supply with means of rest a tired man, to feed the hungry, and give water to the thirsty; but who can help a man to

rest who has not a tired limb? How will you feed him who is already sated? So it is easy to provide play for the man who is overworked. But how can he who is sated with amusement be amused? How can one play who never works? Parents anxiously inquire how they can find recreation for their children, when they are recreated to death already. Napoleon allowed himself but four hours to sleep; Lord Brougham the same. Gibbon was in his study every morning at six o'clock. Leibnitz was rarely out of his study. Sir Matthew Hale, while at Lincoln's Inn, studied sixteen hours in the day; and Heyne, of Gottingen, allowed himself but two consecutive nights' sleep for six months at a time. "Before nine o'clock in the morning," says Bowditch, "I learned all my mathematics." "To secure our right to amusement and recreation," says Lord Brougham, "we must pay an honest price, which is a good day's work." "Rest is not what I want," says a busy physician, "but strength." Carlyle says: "Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work and do it, and work at it like a Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man." For forty-six years Dr. Scott, the commentator, studied with close application on an average ten hours daily. The motto of John Wesley's life was, "Never be unemployed."

"Get leave to work

In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
 For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
 Than man in benediction. God says, 'Sweat
 For foreheads'; men say, 'Crowns'; and so we are crowned,
 Aye, gnashed by some tormenting circle of steel
 Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work; get work.
 Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

THE DANCE.

Now, let us subject some of the organized and established forms of amusement to the above principles. Among them is the dance—we say “the dance,” not dancing. Popular as is this institution in certain quarters, it certainly lacks the element of naturalness. That it is not natural to dance is clearly proven in the fact that children do not dance. To run and leap and play is a spontaneous exercise. Girls may be found skipping the rope or trundling hoop; boys play ball or leap-frog or hide-and seek, but never do we see a company of boys dancing. Neither do men and women dance. We find men playing base-ball, croquet, running races (themselves or with horses), pitching quoits, or even in the saloon, laughing, singing, talking, all in wildest glee; but we never knew a company of men to engage in dancing. The same may be said of women. Whoever heard of a company of women dancing, unless it was merely in rehearsal for the ballroom?

We are sometimes asked if there is any harm in dancing? We answer, No. And further, there is no dancing done. We have the ballroom dance—dancing, we have none. Do we reveal any secret, or propose anything new, when we say that ball-goers do not find any relish in dancing with husband and wife, brother and sister; but in the promiscuous dancing of the ballroom they do. Is not this the secret of the whole matter, and is it not a fact that, fairly considered, should make any cultivated woman who is a devotee of the ballroom blush? Let her remember that it is the license of the ballroom that constitutes its chief charm. Comparative strangers are there permitted liberties they would not dare seek elsewhere. When ladies learn that

what is immodest in their own parlors is equally so under the gaslight, and in the glare and excitement of the dance, then will the pleasures of the ballroom be less sought after. When a gentleman once asked me if I deemed dancing a sin, a Rocky mountain miner stood by, and interposed the following remark upon the subject. Said he: "I am not a Christian, and make no pretensions to religion; hence, can give no opinion as to the sinfulness of it. I like to go to dances, enjoy the pleasures of it; but I never want to see my sister in one."

Then, we must have a dancing-master to instruct us in this recreative art. Why, if dancing is so natural and so indispensable to the pleasure and health of the race, must we be tutored into it? Why not have a laughing-master, a crying-teacher, etc.. A teacher of science, or of the fine arts of music and painting, a teacher of morals—any or all of these combined—can so instruct a youth as to enable him, by the cultivation of mind and heart, to be a real gentleman or lady, unabashed before kings. The dancing-master can make of an uncultured youth an ape, able simply to imitate the motions and gestures that are supposed by some to belong to cultivated society. Imagine Charles Sumner taking lessons of some dancing charlatan. Imagine any of the men of real fiber, upon whose shoulders have rested the ministries of State or Church in those grand exigencies of the world that have settled the destinies of men and peoples, sitting at the feet of these teachers of monkeyisms.

In fine, who get up and keep up these things? The busy men of the world? Is it the tired men who need rest, the overworked multitude who require recreation, the toil-

ing thousands wearing out beneath their burdens? No; it is the idle, the burdenless, purposeless and useless. As to the renovating and invigorating effects of this delightful pastime, please visit Miss Arabella on the morning after the scene of the ballroom; and, if she can be found at all, see how refreshed she is; see with what elasticity the impulses spring to the duties of the day; note the rosy cheek, and the light of the eye; and, if aught remains to convince one, this visit will settle the question forever. A certain John Chinaman, of that race to whom America is sending missionaries to enlighten and convert them, soon after his arrival in this country, and before he had become properly enlightened as to the glorious opportunities of this evangelizing country, was permitted to look in upon a modern American ball; and, after viewing for some time the enthusiastic victims rushing, whirling, panting, perspiring through the mazes of the dance, remarked that he should think these wealthy Americans would *hire* their dancing done.

Let us notice further the demoralizing tendencies of the ballroom. Many a young man is caught in the voluptuous arms of these fascinating pleasures just when the tendrils of his ardent nature should fasten themselves upon the fibrous realities and duties of life. The glare and splendor, the excitement and dizzy whirl, cause the activities of real life to pale, and look cold and forbidding. He loses his zest in these; surrenders to pleasure; adds the wine cup, the gaming table, and thus he who might have shone conspicuous in business, in Church or State, is engulfed in the whirlpool of folly, and lost. No student devoting himself to these giddy pleasures could succeed, or would ever make

a brilliant record; no young physician or lawyer could succeed while engaged night after night in these rounds of amusement. It would deprive the student of his laurels, the artist of his prize, the statesman of his honors and influence, the professional man of his rich harvests. The idler alone can afford to give himself up to it, and he only that the world may the sooner be rid of his presence.

THE THEATER.

The sensibilities were bestowed for a purpose—to secure our development in knowledge, and our success in the pursuits of life. They were not bestowed for amusement, nor for pleasure; and any use of these qualities except for these purposes is a prostitution, especially where such use tends to debase or destroy these properties. The excitements of the theater do not tend to cultivate the character, and secure the ends in view. There is a legitimate method for the cultivation of all our powers, namely, exercise in natural ways. Let the benevolent emotions be exercised in lifting and extending helping hands, and by the reflex influence these benevolent feelings are strengthened; so all the emotional tides—charity, kindness, all virtues. But theatric exhibitions are not natural exercises of these emotions. They are not expected to lift up helping hands, but simply to afford an hour's pastime. It is emotional prostitution, and tends to beggary.

Much, very much, has been claimed for the theater. Its champions have sought to make for it a conspicuous place in the trio, Pulpit, Press and Theater. To the objection that it has ministered in unholy things, it is replied that the same objection lies at the door of the Pulpit and the Press; and it is urged that, if redeemed from the ill fame

that clusters about it, the theater might become a champion of righteousness. But, does it not when purified lose, to a large extent, its power of attraction, and thereby its influence? The distinguished tragedian, Mr. Booth, has for years endeavored to establish in the heart of New York city a theater whose stage should be exclusively devoted to the histrionic art; a place of entertainment across whose stage should stalk no heroes from the slums, but where only should move, amid the most magnificent scenery, and conjured there by the first talent of the world, the grand heroes evoked by the unparalleled genius of Shakespeare. He saw clearly that Christian men and women could have no place in the ordinary theater, for it was so certainly demoralizing that the question was not even debatable. And yet, this enterprise, with an end so noble, has come to grief, leaving Mr. Booth a bankrupt; while the vile places throughout that city have prospered, and had the greater success the more immoral they were. The obscene jests in the body of a work otherwise superior to anything ever written, prove the character of the stage, as no one believes that Shakespeare, had he not been writing for the stage, would have marred his glorious works by these blurs and blots. We are sorry that it is this ministry in impure and unholy things that makes the stage attractive. Macready was a great actor. He stood up in the higher walks of his profession, and hated the immoral drama with all his heart; yet he says this: "An actor's fame, and his dependent income, is so precarious that we start at every shadow of an actor. It is an unhappy life. If I had a sufficient property to leave each of my children a moderate allowance on their start in life, and to give them educa-

tions, I would certainly never act again, nor ever concern myself about a theater; certainly never enter one, at least for myself." Nor is he alone among dramatic actors in bearing testimony against the play-house. Fanny Kemble, among the most eminent in rank and profession, and belonging to a family of actors for which the same claim may be made, makes the following statement in her "Reminiscences of the Stage": "Though I have never lost one iota of my intense delight in the act of rendering Shakespeare's creations, yet neither have I ever presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance; withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibitions odious." "A *business* which in incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman."

The mere representation of the emotions of the human heart, merely for the purpose of entertainment, can have no tendency to bring men into keen sympathy with actual suffering. The fountains of grief exhausted through weeping over imaginary woes supply no tears for the real sufferer. So hundreds who weep in the theater go away to rudely jostle suffering humanity on adjacent streets; indeed, familiarity even with real suffering tends to abate, rather than increase, that natural sorrow and sympathy we feel in the presence of pain. During a protracted war, the many thousand painful deaths and lingering wounds beget an easy indifference in the hearts of the great mass of people. The emotions are not a safe vehicle of truth even in religious matters. We have judgment, emotions, will. The

natural route to the will is by the way, first of the judgment, then of the emotions. When the will thus acts intelligently, character is perfectly formed. The attempt to carry the will by merely inflaming the passions, can only end in results the most spasmodic and unnatural. But wherein can the theater influence the judgment, the rational nature? Indeed, its whole tenor is to beguile the judgment, and make that seem to exist which has no existence; and when the smoke of the illusion clears away, it cannot fail to react unfavorably upon the moral nature. There is nothing taught; it is a mill-dam without a mill; a steam engine without wheels or pulleys. Emotions aroused, except to influence the will, and that in the right direction, is "An ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather or to drown a fly."

NOVEL READING.

The press is to-day the potent agency that is crystallizing the moral influences of the world. It is no uncommon thing to hear comparisons of the tongue and the pen; but their work is identical, and no one can draw the line that divides between the influence and results of one and the other. We have more speakers now than ever before in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the platform, and nothing tends more to the healthful stimulation of thought than the influence of these streams of speech; and the grand prerogative of the press is, to catch these flashes of human thought that radiate from pulpit and platform, and formulate and preserve, as well as enforce the same upon the public mind. The great advantage of the press over speech is, that it is available, not only in the stated assembly, but in private as well as public; at home and abroad it inter-

poses its lessons, wedging itself into all the crevices of business and of life's experience. This great expanse of literature of modern times is begotten of the natural thirst of the race for reading, for information, for intercourse with the great world of which each individual is a part. And yet, the thirst is not simply for information, but for a vehicle that affords ■ convenient and satisfactory pastime; for here comes out in *alto rilievo* the principle everywhere set forth in this treatise, that man must either work or play. Idle he cannot be; unoccupied he is miserable. Not more indispensable is water to a fish, or air to birds, than occupation to the mental and moral nature of man. This ever-clamorous want of his nature is fully met in the reading matter that falls from the press of the nineteenth century like the leaves of autumn—not that this is intrinsically indispensable, but simply takes the place which would most assuredly be taken by some other diversion or amusement were this not present. This is a reading age, and we are a reading people. We read at home, abroad, in the parlor, in the kitchen, in hotels, on the cars, in stores and shops. Everywhere the world is intently engaged in perusing the printed lines as if our whole business in life was to read. History, philosophy, poetry, fiction, travels, biography, science—all find their class of readers. While the mistress bends in breathless interest over the popular serial in the parlor, Betty displays equal interest over her captivating, highly illustrated, cheap novel in the kitchen. But for what end is all this eager reading? Is it for purposes of thought, or to prevent thought? As a means of study, or to beguile the flying hours of study? Certainly we have evidence that very much is for the latter purpose.

We cannot bear to think, we cannot endure to have ourselves upon our hands, and hence hurry to hand ourselves over to the first chaperone whose pen shall guide us along any easy path to absolute forgetfulness. And to none of these do the multitude more willingly commit themselves than to the writer of fiction, so that novel reading is general. How general it may become and not be detrimental, let us endeavor to discover. That fiction has an assured place in the development of human thought and knowledge, a niche carved for it by creative mould, no reflective mind can for a moment deny. And the true philosophy of its treatment is simply its legislation to, and confinement within, its proper bounds. The ear has its legitimate function, but cannot do the work of the eye nor hand. And we say, that while we do not deny to fiction its legitimate function, it cannot usurp the department assigned to other agencies without damage to the mind, heart and life.

From the earliest expressions of human thought by speech or writing, men have brought to its enforcement figures, images and metaphors. These have been naturally amplified into allegory and fable and parables. Then came spontaneously the story, with its many passages, its complication of principles, its extension through years, its joy and sorrow, hope and fear, its love and hate, its calms and storms, its marriages and deaths, and all the passionate tides that constitute the romance. To the use of the parable our Saviour was much given in his teachings, using it so much as the vehicle to convey the all-important truths he would inculcate, that it is said that without a parable spake he not unto the people.

The reading of novels cannot in any sense be construed as belonging to the laborious, useful interests of life; hence, must come under the general rule upon which we insist, of being used no further than is conducive to an appetite for hard study, or solid reading, or to the industries of life. True, it has a marked relation to the inculcation of truth. If you notice the white gossamers that float from the cotton-wood tree, they seem quite useless indeed; but a close examination will reveal to you a tiny seed enfolded in these gossamer wings, and you discover that these delicate wings are intended for the transportation of the seed abroad over the land, that the species to which it belongs may be supplied with facility for its propagation. This, we apprehend, is the relation of fiction to truth; hence, Jesus wrapped the seed-thoughts that fell from his lips while on earth in the facile gossamer of parable and allegory; and they have thus been transported to the ends of the earth to gain a lodgment in fertile soil all over the world. John Bunyan enveloped the simple truths of the heavenly way in the gossamer of that charming allegory, and upon these wings it has been carried to every soil occupied by the English language, and has germinated in thousands of hearts in which the unaided truth could not have gained entrance. But in these cases there was real seed to be carried by these wings of fiction. In most cases the modern novel is simply a fluff of gossamer without any seed. In the modern novel we encounter heroes and heroines whose prototypes are not found in heaven, nor earth, nor hell. Strange, weird beings, who, by some unaccountable inversion, have gotten into the wrong world, they impress us as belonging, if anywhere, to some wandering, eccentric

comet. Now, no novel can be either instructive or in the highest sense entertaining, except as it clings to the principles of nature, as it exhibits truth. The grotesque figures that fancy creates may interest for a moment, on account of their fantastic elements, as the fantastic picture of a tree with leaves of the oak, the walnut and the beech might interest for a moment, but to a cultivated taste could not fail in the end to be distasteful on account of its incongruity. Nature produces no such patch-work, and in being untrue to nature and existing facts, it is untrue to our tastes. Yet much of modern fiction is of this order. Characters are associated in a common scene that could not naturally have come together. Character is archetypal, and its subordinate features are inseparably associated with its fundamental elements. If the skilled anatomist can take a single bone, and from the unvarying principles upon which nature builds, give the construction and habits of an animal, have we not reason to infer that nature is thus true to its archetypes in the formation of moral as well as physical character; and the novelist as well as the physicist and philosopher must have consideration for these principles of congruity if his work shall convey a moral; otherwise his productions, in however beautiful language they may be couched, are a mere compilation of nature's phenomena without reference to the true principles of association—it is the leaves of the oak upon the poplar, and cannot with sustained force please, elevate, or instruct. There are certain generic qualities that belong to the race of man, and that, under certain conditions and in certain associations, invariably bloom out upon the tree of human life, as generic to that tree as the pearly blossoms to the apple tree.

Through sunlight and shadow in all time—in breeze or storm or gale, in poverty and wealth, peace and in war, primitive conditions or covered with the embellishments of modern progress—men have been intrinsically the same; and the real mission of the fictitious writer is neither to be affected nor misled by the glamour of superficial conditions and circumstances, but to penetrate the lights and shades that fleck the surface, and with whatever captivating touches he may, give us the play of human passion under prevailing habits, modes and customs, as surface waters sway beneath the winds or shimmer in the sunlight—still to render the revealings of real character the same in the ever onward movements of its deep undercurrents. Beautifully true to this principle are the fictitious delineations contained in the parables and allegories of Scripture. Take the one of the Prodigal Son, and every line and feature is drawn most true to nature—not to our fanciful conjectures of what nature might be, but what we see it to be every day. Even if we have not certain intuitive conceptions of the workings of human motives under the varied conditions that affect us in life, we do have, from study of history and the revelations of character that are constantly made to our observation and experience, certain well-defined principles of character that are absolutely unbending, and that demand that descriptions of character shall conform to these. Yet, many novelists draw so strongly upon their fancies as to place them on a level with him who brings together under one canvass the woolly horse, the long-armed ape, the dwarfs and giants, and other exceptions to nature's rules. There may have been a time when, on account of the crude superstitions of the

race, the novel was aided by the weird machinery of mermaids, elves, witches, fairies, and other such beings of fancy's realm; but he who clings to these now, as wings to his poetry or ballast to his novels, is pressing twilight forward into midday, winter into summer. It is impossible for them to convey moral lessons. As well attempt to discover veins of gold and silver in the clay or loam bed deposited by last week's freshet, as to find wholesome moral lessons in the incongruous strata of these unnatural modern deposits.

Mention might be made of Scott's works, and the information they contain. In what way did he gain the knowledge thus imparted by him? By reading novels? He read history, art and science, and if you do as much in this direction as he, you would not have time to read sufficient novels to do you any harm. Those wishing to cultivate themselves, and gratify the desire before alluded to, may do so without detriment, by reading Macaulay's "History of England." Here they will find information with good style and moral tone. Here they will read of real kings and real thrones, and a pure, fascinating stream of rich thought. Another objection that may, with force, be urged against a very large class of novels, is that the principles set forth and illustrated therein are not in accord with the principles of the Bible and those held at present by the civilized world. Even if they do not directly controvert these views of the religious world, still, by being absolutely negative upon many important questions, they often attach no importance to principles otherwise held paramount. Indeed, one might read hundreds of the novels of the day, and never once be led even to dream that the

crowning doctrine of a future life had its root in the intuitions of universal mankind, and its fuller revelation in that Book that has civilized the world and refined human society.

Excessive novel reading defeats itself; being first read for amusement or pastime, soon becomes a habit of most pernicious character, and lies in the way of progress and improvement. It is like the tea which the good sister prepared for her pastor. She said she had no sugar in the house, but had molasses. As she was turning into his cup a liberal supply, he exclaimed, in dismay, "There's a plenty, sister, that's a plenty!" "Oh," she replied, "it wouldn't be any too good for *you*, if it was *all molasses!*"

Human thought as expressed in the art and literature of the world is not suggestive of reform. All the great writers of fiction have cast unchangeable characters, or so drawn them as to be susceptible of development only along given lines. Shakespeare's Richard III. is a masterly character, drawn in darkest lines from beginning to end; he is the same Richard III. when he describes himself at the beginning as when overpowered on Bosworth field. And his Iago is drawn without the slightest suggestion of change or reform. We might refer to the characters of Lord and Lady Macbeth, and also to Shakespeare's nobler characters, like Hamlet and others, who are as devoid of suggestion or possibility of change as the darker pictures. So, when we pass from poetry to fiction, Dickens' Quilp, ugly without and ugly within, is unchanged in his ugliness until the last; while Little Nell, in her snowy purity, admits of no suspicion of frailty or imperfection; she is born an angel and dies an angel. The works of art coming

from the hands of the old masters, as well as those of modern times, are drawn in the shadow or in the light, with no thought of transmutation. The physiognomist looks into a man's face and says, "This is a bad man," and denies to him the possibility of any outcoming goodness. The phrenologist feels his cranial developments and credits him with virtues or consigns him to paths of evil from these indices. In the laws of the land, thoughts of restraint and punishment are more prominent than the ideas of reform. Different from all these, and alone in the grandeur of its thought, the Gospel of Jesus Christ tells the story of reform. It paints no pictures all in hues of the night, nor in immaculate whiteness. Its characters are mixed characters. David, the best of men, did the wickedest things. Peter, brave and true, denies his Lord. Judas, the traitor, showed signs of remorse as he hurled the thirty pieces back at the men who had led him into his guilt. It depicts men as having all possibilities for good interfused with principles of evil. It summons men to conquer the evil and develop the good, and proffers Divine aid in the struggle, and thereby opens the way to the reform of even the basest characters, and that even criminals, who are guilty of breaking the law of God and man, for them there is hope—hope not simply in the help that society will furnish, but in God's help; and having God's help, men may withstand the depressing influences that surround them in society upon their return to society, until, having fully returned to the bosom of God, they are taken to the bosom of men.

X X I X.

“For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”—Rom. i: 16.

The word Gospel means glad tidings, good news, something cheering, consoling in its nature. Thus, the heraldry of a Saviour's coming, “Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.” “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” At present, it is applied, in general, to the record of the life and times, birth, mission and death of Christ, as furnished by the four evangelists; but in a more unlimited acceptation it implies, in connection with these, the various letters of the early apostles, called forth by the varied features of the rise and progress of Christianity in the Gentile world. But we do not think that the apostle here speaking referred merely to the record of the Christian dispensation, but, doubtless, he meant all the blessed fruits thereof. He did not mean only the written record or casual report of a Saviour's birth, life and mission; but he signified that advent, life and mission, with all their glorious concomitants. He did not refer merely to the written story of the death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth; but to that death—the bursting tomb, a risen Saviour, a conquering Lord. He meant the scheme of human salvation; a soul-saving, world-revolutionizing principle, standing forth as the foreshadowing prelude to a world's redemption. As such, notice:

1. Its enlightening and elevating powers are manifested in the theories of that class which professedly discard a written revelation, for it is a fact patent to the most ordinary observers, that the philosophic systems of those who deny inspiration in lands to which the gospel's genial influence has extended possess lights and reach an elevation to which the reason of the wisest heathen philosophers never led them. This distinction is apparent in the elevated views these possess in ordinary matters of religion. First, in reference to a God, to him "whose pencil glows in every flower." While "*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork,*" the most learned heathens had confused views and conflicting notions, dividing the work of creation, preservation and providence among a multitude of superior and subordinate beings, to whom they attached the name gods, one having control of this department of creation or providence, another a different; these, in imagination, endowed with human passions, and represented as in frequent contentions, their rank in power subject to mutation; and thus, in theory, the world given up to the caprice, the changeful power, that in practice is much more awful than a *Godless world*. Whilst such is a slight exhibition of the theories of the wisest heathens in reference to creation and creator, their opinions in regard to mind and similar subjects are not less crude, nor more rational. The soul's individuality and immortality appeared unto them with but a glimmering light. Whilst some, in the theory of transmigration, hurried the soul through the successive bodies of men and beasts, others at death returned it to the great soul of the universe, as discription returning to entity, as a

drop returning to the ocean. And thus, while we find them on all these important subjects following their crude conjectures, groping in darkness, gathering here and there a ray from the great fountain source of light, we find the more sober theists of the present day in Christian lands holding views and theories on these all-important matters which, to say nothing of their bearing the gospel test, do most fully meet the concurrence of gospel-enlightened reason; and the very relevant query here arises, Whence this difference, if not attributable to the influence of revelation? The reply that it is the higher progress of reason, the greater cultivation of faculties, is not adequate; for we find that the reasoning powers were as fully developed and exercised in the palmy days of Greece and Rome as in any other age whatever. In superior elegance their literature, their prose and poetic productions are held up as models of the present day. They plunged deep into nature's hidden mysteries, harvested her rich treasures, pursued the flights of poesy, "plied the powers of logic," and attained to such a height as to inscribe an altar, "To the unknown God." But,

2. It is displayed in the general elevation of sentiment in regard to the great truths aforesaid, among all ranks and ages, so that in gospel lands the child of the Sabbath-school speaks more wisely upon these engaging topics than the heathen sages. Virtue is instilled into the heart of childhood, and developed in the matured principles of manhood. This refining tendency is seen, not only in those who are its active and lively subjects, but its direct and reflex influence is seen in the conduct and character of thousands who are not professing Christians. By the gos-

pel, man is no longer considered a mote, a despot's subject, a slave, whose acme of glory is the triumph of the battle-field, whose worth is measured by his martial skill; but lifted upon the broad platform of revelation, seen in its comprehensive light, he becomes the child of the skies, the heir of immortality, a son of the "Most High." He who moulded the universe is heard to declare, "I am thy Father, thy God"; "The very hairs of thy head are numbered." And, viewed in this light, the laws and institutions with which he surrounds himself are vastly more disciplinary, far-reaching and elevated. The influence of the gospel is felt in legislative halls and the "cabinet of kings"; it flashes upon the statute book of nations, until in Christian lands systems flourish leaving the institutions of Solon and Lycurgus immeasurably in the distance.

3. The direct result of this refined sentiment and loftier instruction is visible in laws, regulations and institutions of society. Morality, exhibited as a point of duty and a means of happiness, is moulded into all the surroundings of the race, is engrafted into all the forms of society, not to mention the thousands who receive it as the rule of faith and practice. Its widely disseminated precepts become the precepts of nations; it is crystalizing in'o shape the crude elements of social and national faith and practice; it is the moral crucible that refines, purifies and eliminates from its evils the elements of humanity; it is the power that gathers up the dreams, the figtues, the vagaries of the heathen impersonations of virtue, and portrays them concentrated in one living character. This is the touchstone that turns darkness into light, midnight to noonday, and transforms the citadel of vice into the home of virtue. It

is reforming the individual, moulding the nations, and saving the world.

Christianity, like a messenger of light, is brooding o'er earth's iniquitous deeps, over her wide-stretching continents and isle-strewn seas, and forth beneath her fostering wings are springing systems of light that are pledges of heavenly origination—systems burning with conquest and big with promise. It lays its hand upon colossal mountains of evil, and they sink like snow beneath the footman's tread; darts its rays into the depths of heathen gloom, and darkness disappears; it lifts its magic wand over a nation bound in sin and superstition, and the fetters break, the shackles fall; the fires of the funeral pile, upon which were consumed together the dead husband and living wife, are dying out; along the streams whose waters once flowed tinged with the blood of human sacrifice are heard the echoes of Canaan's songs; by it the nations are stirred; in our own land, within two years, nearly half a million have yielded to its power; in unhappy Ireland, in the same space of time, not less than fifty thousand sons and daughters have been born into Zion.

"The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears."

But its saving power is farther and more directly seen in its influence over individual souls, arresting the passions, controlling the tendencies, and changing the nature, insomuch that the result of its operations is in Scripture termed a 'new birth.' "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked"; its passions are sinful, its nature depraved, its tendencies to destruction, and

naught save the power that created it can recreate it; naught but He who clothed with light yon "starry sisterhood" on high can place the Sun of Righteousness in our moral firmament, and pour the genial light of heaven into the soul's midnight of error, and turn it from the power of satan unto God.

Whilst we thus glance at the inability and helplessness of fallen man, see that nothing aside from the power that spake man from naught can enable him to live the life of righteousness, provide the means of his justification, regeneration and godliness in life, mind and manners. How very significant are the words of the apostle describing the gospel as the "power of *God* unto salvation"; and as such it exhibits itself if we take the word merely in its limited sense, for, in reference to this, we are told that "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;" that "the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword." And yet, farther, that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, indicating its necessary instrumentality in this Word of Life. It is declared to man in his blindness, what he is, and whither he goeth, his origination, his situation, his ultimate destiny. This depicts mankind as sinners, describes their corruptions, portrays their depravity, and to each says, "Thou art the man."

But man may be aware of his duty and his danger, and yet neither perform the one nor fly the other; therefore, it is necessary that the gospel in its more unlimited sense, the Word with all these aids and influences promised unto it, be applied and yielded to ere it be realized as the "Power of God." The Giver of the gospel promised during his in-

carnation the Comforter, the Spirit, to attend the Word; and, when taken in this light, when the word is taken up and applied and impressed upon the human heart by the Holy Spirit, then does it indeed become a power unto salvation; then does it become "quick and powerful, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." When these united are yielded to, the soul is saved, the nature changed. Its manner of influence may be various, its operations dissimilar; but the results are the same. It may come as the breath of spring, shedding fruits and flowers, or as the tempest power, sweeping all before it; may come with the still small voice or with the thunders of Sinai. In all cases the results are the same—the conversion of the soul, the changing of the nature, the turning from darkness unto light. Its result: the working in the soul that godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto salvation—a repentance not to be repented of—the breaking up of the great deep of the human heart. And this repentance, itself the incipient stage of a radical change, begets within the soul a loathing of sin, because of its exceeding sinfulness. It is brought to cry for mercy, to plead for pardon: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

But the voice that calmed the roarings of Galilee's tumultuous waves can quell the tempests of the human heart, and make it placid as heaven's waters. Light breaks in, joy succeeds repentance, and the peace of God possesses the soul. And though it is not granted to words to describe the pathway of the Spirit and its operations upon the heart of man ("The wind bloweth where it listeth"), yet a manifest and thorough change is wrought. The things it loved it loathes; that which it fondly pursued, it turns from;

tramples that which it formerly embraced; is enabled to testify that Jesus Christ hath power on earth to forgive sins; and while the Spirit's light flows in the soul, gazing back over its past night of sin and error, wonders that it should so long wander from God, and linger in the shades of sin and rebellion; and now, rejoicing in the "peace of God which passeth understanding," exclaims:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind, but now I see!"

Exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee!" Oh, what are all earth's glittering joys to the transports of that hour in which the human soul with all its affections through Christ returns to God its Maker, its Redeemer!

But these blessings are produced in the soul only through faith "to every one that believeth." Not to notice here the distinction of theologians between dead and living faith, we are led from surroundings to the opinion that whilst the faith of apostolic days was a living faith, it was characterized by a height of earnestness perhaps not general in the present day. In that day it was not fashionable nor honorable to be a follower of the despised Nazarene, and the converts, impelled by a resistless faith that beheld in this the last and only means of their salvation and eternal hope, embraced it as the shipwrecked mariner clutches the last plank as it floats before him. The disciples in that early day had no time-honored church forms and rituals; but, following the inspiration of that earnest faith that possessed them, when the storm hung low and dark, the clouds of adversity hurtled ominously above them, and per-

secution's thunderbolt was launched at them, and they were ready to sink in the raging vortex, feeling that the promises of the gospel were their own glorious heritage, methinks they bowed them down and presented their petitions and those promises at a throne of grace attended by that earnest, overwhelming faith that meets no denial; and *deliverance* came, the borders of the Church were extended, and, in answer to such prayer, thousands fell before the power of the Lord. Oh, did the Church at the present time exhibit such a faith, how would she become more mighty to the "pulling down of the strongholds of sin!"

Such a faith, to every one who possesses it, makes the gospel the power of God unto a *full salvation* "in the wilderness void, or city full." It takes the Ethiopian from Africa's jungles, lifts him from his dull conceits and silent musings, and makes of him an earnest Christian, with soul as white as angel's garb; the inhabitant of tropic climes from his enervating sensualities, and fits him for the purity of angel's intercourse; visits the Esquimaux and Greenlanders in his ice-walled home, gazing out over eternal wastes of snow, and, with this faith in his soul and a Redeemer's name upon his lips, he looks out through the cold, metallic skies of his polar home and views the soft skies and elysian fields of a heavenly home "where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame." And thus the anthems of millions beat in unison with the symphonies of heaven, and unnumbered thousands earth-born beings are united to God and to paradise as by a brooch of more than mortal destiny.

Such a faith underlies, pervades, purifies and builds up the whole moral structure of our nature. Such a faith

mounts the utmost throne of the soul, and lays all enemies at its feet. In the front of opposition it makes the nerves steel, the face flint. It enabled Whitefield to brave the fury of the British mob; made of Wesley a Methodist; impelled by it Luther "shook the world"; and Paul went forth to meet the rigid frown, the bitter mockery, the fiery persecution—went forth to revolutionize time-honored systems of evil, to overthrow, in the name of the gospel and Elijah's God, hoary systems of idolatry and superstition, to cast down high imaginations, spoil principalities and powers, and "turn the world upside down." Such, no doubt, was the faith of the apostolic age. Such should be the characteristic faith of the Church in all ages.

Learn, first, if such be the elevating, refining and purifying tendency of the gospel upon all classes, our obligation is to accelerate its progress, to widen its channel and extend its influence. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." That nation or people that reveres, honors and obeys its teachings, and engrfts its precepts into all its national and social surroundings, shall possess peace and prosperity throughout her borders, and throws around herself a surer safeguard against invasion and overthrow than though she had "the navies of the world thundering along her shores."

But the moralist will say that though not an actual subject, his actions and influence are favorable to its extension. Not so. He is dead. The workman may construct the artificial flower that in color may vie with nature's finest productions, yet it gives no fragrance. The sculptor may chisel from the marble the form and features more than human,

yet it breathes not, the eye sheds no tear, the bosom heaves not with emotion.

(2.) How should the Church of Christ seek to exercise that faith that lives and produces fruits, and, realizing from soul-saving experience its inestimable worth, how earnestly desire to behold it move as the power of God in the salvation of thousands! When Cæsar was slain in the Senate chamber of the Roman capitol, Marc Antony seized the bloody mantle, and, pouring forth his burning eloquence, he strove to excite them to deeds of vengeance. And shall not the reeking cross of Christ, the purchase-price of this great gospel, with the blood of ten thousand martyrs—the cost of its perpetuation—the clanking chains and the fires of martyrdom, incite the Christian to deeds of lofty valor in the cause of God? Let him take the seashell as his lesson. Take it up from its own pebbly seashore, and its voice chimes in unison with its native ocean; bear it far away to some interior point beyond the note of the “far resounding sea,” and still it sings the one same song—the song of the sea. ’Tis thus should be the Christian. Whether found among the green hills where first he saw the light of day, or far away where “the sound of the church-going bell” greets not his ear, we would have him ever sing the one same song—the song of redeeming love; and in that note there is a power to touch the vile and melt the obdurate, to lead sinners back to God.

(3.) Then, if the gospel be indeed “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,” how should every one seek an application of its influences to his own nature! How should every one take it as “the man of his counsel”! for “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

"If the gospel be true, it is tremendously true." It comes to us fraught with interests and issues that naught else can possess. If it be not true, man is wandering in mazes of darkness, without a single ray of hope to guide him. Life is a problem, its wastes uncharted; death is unrelieved by a glimmer of light; the future an unknown void, its conceptions resting upon "the baseless fabric of a vision." But with this in the soul, the present is garri-soned by hope; death, a gateway from the sorrows of life; the future, an immortality of bliss. Its truthful declarations fix an accountability upon the soul that no revolutions of time, place or scene, no mutations of life nor reverses of death can wipe away.

The gospel is the power of God. It is extending, as the arm of omnipotence, over a slumbering world; and, in response to its appeals, the nations shall awake. Its lofty doctrines shall yet be proclaimed to the farthest verge of the babbling world, and nations yet unborn shall bless its *holy light*. It shall unite in bonds of faith and hopes of heaven the dweller amid Siberia's eternal snows and the inhabitant of the South Sea islands. It shall lay its hand on India's mane, and superstition's shackles falling and light succeeding darkness, the lion shall be transformed into the lamb. It shall touch the crumbling crown of paganism everywhere, and its power shall wither. Its ringing voice shall penetrate to the heart of the papacy, already tottering in its imbecility, and summon its deluded millions to a knowledge of the truth; and, out above the crash of Satan's falling throne, shall ascend the song of Moses: "Sing ye to the Lord, for gloriously hath he triumphed." And then when "the kingdoms of this world have become the king-

doms of our Lord and his Christ," Satan with his emissaries shall be driven back to the home of the "devil and his angels;" earth's myriads shall utter their voicings of praise to him that liveth forever, and the angel predicted as "flying through heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach," shall return like Noah's dove from earth's wide wastes, bearing with it the olive branch, and reiterating the song of Bethlehem that ushered in the gospel day: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

X X X.

“For I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, etc.”—2 Tim. iv: 6-7.

Intelligent action and existence is the highest of all considerations—the most lofty theme subject to human contemplation. Material things possess interest—the earth, its features, rock and hill, tree and flower, mountain and stream—but they possess the highest interest only when the mind ascends through nature to nature’s God. Otherwise, ’tis but as beautiful statuary. It is the lovely face without the soul-speaking eye. Instance—the “Cosmos” of Humboldt, in which is no reference to the great Creator.

(1.) Judgment must be pronounced upon a moral career as upon everything else—from its fulfilling its design; and upon this must be based the correctness or incorrectness of the apostle’s seeming self-congratulation. Indeed, this rule breaks out in everything. Whatever beauty of structure a piece of machinery may possess, it is accepted or rejected by the workman only upon the fact of its meeting or failing to meet the end for which it was designed—upon its filling its place. The watch, though its wheels were made of the most costly metals, though abounding with brilliants and bestudded with gems, would be considered an abortion unless it were a time-keeper. The army might be decked in splendor, their armor might gleam and glitter in the sunlight; aye, there might be also all the evolutions of warfare, and yet, if unprepared to deal death to the en-

emy, to win conquest, it would avail not. The long-drawn hordes of the Persians came out to battle in their silvery uniform. They seemed like a shining silver cloud; but their wooden pikes were shivered to atoms against the heavy arms of the Greeks. The Persians were prepared for the glitter of warfare; the Grecians, to fulfill the very design of it. In a moral warfare there may be all the glitter, the show; but unless fulfilling the end designed, it must be a failure.

(2.) This brings us to the declaration of the apostle in which he confidently asserts himself to have "fought a good fight." It might seem natural to notice the different parts of this affirmation in order, but they really have Scripturally an inseparable connection. "Kept the faith" lies at the center. This, in accordance with the foregoing, is the design; the warfare, the course, the outgrowth. Now, all human action is the result of principle—that is, design, thought, faith; and by the word faith in this connection we do not conceive alone is meant the simple saving faith of the believer, although this, of course, lies still most central of all—this is the faith of faith, this is the heart of the heart—but the meaning does not seem strained that we make faith here to be the grand embodiment of principles that invests the Christian course, and upon which Christian character is built.

Now, as has already been declared, human action is the result of thought. When we see trees felled, prairies moulded, structures reared, we do not really see the matter itself; but this is only the outbirth of some great thought. When we see the mountain hewn down and the track laid, these are not the ends for which so much has been ex-

pended; but there is a great thought that the business of distant lands may be united. Another example: We see worlds above and around us sweeping on from age to age; but at the center lies the great law of gravitation that controls all. Now, he who would build up a Christian character (for St. Paul's words amount to this) must begin at the center—at the heart. The principle, the design, the faith, must be right. The law must be educed, and then, in accordance therewith, the splendid orbs must be made and brought within its range—not the worlds made and then the law. The principle of virtue must be laid in the heart, and then in beautiful harmony the structure of character must arise.

But he who would build up a Christian character must use the materials he finds at hand. He who enters upon the construction of a design from nature's material, if wise, will not long quarrel with the said material because of the peculiarities of its nature, but will adapt his operations to it, spending not his time lamenting the perversity of matter; but, instead of trying to constrain these to his preconceived mode, will suit the mode to the subject. So, here the subject is sinful man, with depraved heart, an alien from God; and in accordance with the facts must his faith be. His rule of faith or principles of action can not be the same as though he were not a sinner; but his character must ever be the character of the redeemed sinner, and the faith upon which that character is built must be laid low down in the mysteries of redemption, with the consciousness of sin, beginning with faith in the Lord Jesus as the central principle of faith in faith's great system, and in harmony with this must his character arise, begirt all

about with redeeming love. Says the same apostle, "For the love of Christ constraineth us." Here is the principle that runs through all, like a mighty leaven, purifying, sanctifying the man. But repentance, or faith in Christ, or any simple steps in this career, are not to be looked upon as ends, but means. The great end in view is "holiness to the Lord"; the fulfillment of our mission—a perfect man, and all things but accessory, or as parts of an entity. Let not the sinner fix his eye upon these in discouragement; these are but the chisel, the hammer, through which an image of Christ is sculptured. The sculptor is engaged in his labors by day and by night, not that he loves to wield the hammer and chisel, but, having his eye fixed upon his great designs, he recks not the worn hand and the weary arm, but one great thought absorbs all. Oh, that we might yield our hearts to the "hammer" and fire of God's power, until faith absorbs all, all dross consumed, every evil chiseled away, and the stubbornness of the heart broken down.

This central faith and symmetrical character makes every man complete, in that he fills this station. The same law that holds the earth in its place governs the formation and destiny of the dewdrop; so Christianity is perfectly adapted to all, the king and the Ethiopian; it makes each alike to work out his mission; and also, it makes man complete at every step in his life—though he ceases not to increase, yet is he complete ever while thus constrained. The law of gravitation is as complete in its results when but few worlds are its subjects as when thousands have been gathered around it. So the Christian, when one year's laurels are gathered along his pathway as

after a score of years have added their trophies; ever growing, yet always complete; if the Master calls, he can say, "I am now ready to be offered up." When God in his providence calls away one in the midst of years, the prime of life, who, by the cultivation of mind, the reception of graces, seems the one who should remain, be not surprised. That he might be useful to others is a secondary object in making up a character. The first object is, the intrinsic beauty and glory of that character itself. This he attained to, and being ready, is transferred to his reward. The reward: Though the highest virtue cannot consist in laboring for reward, yet the reward spoken of by the Apostle is the thing itself—*righteousness*; nothing higher. It is only the triumphant expectation that this character shall be forever fixed. The artist takes from the camera the picture correct in its lineaments, accurate in expression, yet carefully must he protect it from the chemical action of light, until by his chemicals he has set the colors, then may he send it forth. Death is the stroke which the hero of our text seems in solicitude to be awaiting which shall, beyond the possibility of mutation, set forever those colors of righteousness. For here even he does not seem to feel himself infallible, but speaks of the possibility that he should become a castaway; and even the word "kept" implies the converse possibility. But now, so far, he has kept the faith, and in waiting attitude stands an offered martyr until the hand of death, from which has been extracted the sting, and the grave having yielded the victor's wreath, shall transfer him beyond the dangers of probation to the full fruition of heaven—"to all them also that love his appearing." As each, by this power, may be made to fill his

station, so to each is there a crown, and the crown is dependent upon this central faith, "Love of Christ." "You may not [we may imagine him to say] have fought a battle so dreadful in its severity, so numerous in conflicts; may not have faced death so often; may not have been called to preach through persecution and peril to the Gentile world; yet the crown hangs not upon this, but upon the principles that mould your life in whatever sphere you did move; on the faith, the love, 'To all them that love him at his appearing.' 'The love of Christ constraineth us.'"

XXXI.

The Pulpit and the Pew.

The materials out of which the workers in moral metals are to mould their results are variable, evanescent, unstable. The carpenter cuts from the solid wood the airy bracket and scroll and frieze and cornice, whose lithe and graceful forms rival the delicate tracery of the lily and the vine. The workman in metals moulds and fashions and polishes them into forms of beauty. The sculptor carves from the marble the prototype of that design whose lineaments are written only upon the tablets of his mind, and it remains to monument his genius. But he that works in the mines and mints of passion and feeling, of thought and sensibility, has to do with a most variable element indeed. He is as him that goes down in ships to do business in great waters; and the element upon which he embarks finds a fitting type in the troubled sea that cannot rest—now placid as the light of a summer evening, again tossed in the arms of the angry tempest. Yet, with all this apparent evanescence, there is a fixedness about moral results. Witness the unshaken faith of Abraham, Daniel, Paul, Peter and the martyrs; and everywhere men have exhibited those abiding characteristics, incomparable with the monuments of marble and brass, that lift themselves like rocks above the waves, and that will remain when

“Time’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

And, doubtless, could we comprehend the case, there are laws as fixed and immutable as that of gravitation governing all these moral impulses and effects; laws by which agencies, silent and small, have their everlasting effect—a word, a sigh, a tear, a prayer, a snatch of song, setting in motion a train of influences never to be arrested; laws by which these items of experience and floating elements sink down into the interstices of the rocks, and by the action of hidden fires become fused into the strata of pure gold. To raise monuments here, and to mould and shape these elements into character, the great Head of the Church instituted a living ministry.

We say instituted of God, for we claim this as the fundamental principle of the ministry, that they are called of God; evidenced in the setting apart of Aaron and his sons, the call of the apostles, the cry, “Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.” Jonah, when he sought to flee the voice of God and the call of duty, when the vessel reeled in the storm and the mariners felt that they were about to be engulfed, Jonah knew then, from his own consciousness, why the deep was troubled. There was a storm within and without. It was “deep calling unto deep,” and he told the mariners that if they would put him overboard there would be security. There is many a man fleeing thus from duty, is almost praying men to pitch him into the boiling sea. On the other hand, there are doubtless those in the ministry who have mistaken their calling. The Lord called some one else, and they answered. I know a man in this State who was in the ministry a while, but afterwards abandoned it. He sometimes says that at first he thought the Lord called him, but afterward found out that it was his mother that

called him. Many a good class-leader is spoiled by making a minister of him. Not every good class-leader or Superintendent or ready talker will make a useful minister.

The minister is called, not of men, nor of the Church, nor Quarterly Conference, nor vestry, but his commission bears the seal of the court of heaven. Being thus authorized, he must be absolutely free in his utterances, independent as was Nathan when he said to David, "Thou art the man." This was the hard thing with Jonah. To have told the Ninevites what a fine city, what enterprising people they were, what a glorious prospect was before them, would have been a pleasant duty; but to notify them that their sins cried aloud to God, and that the thunderbolts were already forged to smite them with destruction, was very different. "We ought to obey God rather than men." And we believe that this free blood, coursing the veins of the prophetic office, is the germ from which has sprung the noble tree under which all civilized nations are coming to sit this day, and whose golden fruit is free speech and a free press. The man who attempts to blow both hot and cold soon finds himself fit to be described as a certain preacher—"entirely neutral in politics and religion."

Yet while untrammelled, the preacher must be a learner. He is not so wise but that he may learn lessons from everybody, high and low, rich and poor, small and great. There is in the congregation of every minister some Gamaliel, occupying perhaps a humble place in life, at whose feet he may sit and learn lessons of grace and truth. He must be a patient man, taking broad, magnanimous views of men and affairs; too generous to stoop to organize the interests of the Church merely upon the basis of likes and dislikes. He

is the shepherd, and if any are weak or lame, he must give them the more attention, not cast them off. The Lacedermians throttled their infirm children. The Church cannot do this. Our civil service is a blot upon American politics. In this men are favored or rejected simply upon the question of like or dislike of the appointing power, or at least of the party.

"They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks."

Yet with all this catholicity in matter of policy, he must be to some degree self-regulating. As he can only adopt one course in the midst of conflicting counsels, he must decide. He is as the will among the sensibilities, and, as such, must lift himself as rock amid the waves. Instance: Some members coming from one part of the country favor voluntary exercises in social religious services; others are vehement in praise of the *called* service. Now, the pastor concludes to mix the dose. Some he calls upon to pray; some he leaves to their voluntary offerings. Result: Before he leaves the room, while one man is declaring in one ear that there is only one successful way to conduct a prayer-meeting, another is proclaiming in the other that the same way can never succeed. He is about in the situation of those who used to sit by the old-fashioned fireplace, roasting on one side and freezing on the other.

THE PEW.

The pulpit and the pew constitute a joint stock company; their interests are in common—a marriage compact. There should be mutual concession, and they should adopt that course in which each one will have to make the least sacrifice, yet tend to the greatest good of the greatest num-

ber. The pew consists not only of the members of the church, but of those who are found in the congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath. They are like flowers growing outside the garden wall; their roots are inside, and in some way they should be brought in; either move out the fence, or transplant them. It is the duty of the pew to take the prescription. A certain society called a new pastor. The first Sabbath he preached they were much pleased. The second Sabbath, however, to their great surprise, he chose the same text, and preached the same sermon. This they imputed to his absent-mindedness; but lo! upon the third Sabbath, the same theme and sermon were produced. This was too much. A committee waited upon him, saying that doubtless he was so occupied with the abstruse questions of theology as not to have noticed that he preached each time from the same text. "Oh, yes," was the response, "I am aware of it; but you have not yet practiced what I have preached." A physician would grow indignant if he were called upon to make a second visit when the prescription was not taken. If an examination were made, many a prescription from the moral dispensary would be found lying undisposed of—by those, too, very particular as to the nature of the next prescription.

The pew should furnish the pulpit with rich specimens of gospel work. The vender of patent medicines has his catalogue of wonderful cures, his long list of testimonials; how A, B and C were cured of deadly disease, etc; so the pulpit should have opportunity to find out its noble examples. It cheers the heart of the minister to know that his efforts have not been in vain. Some will feed upon the Word and grow thereby, while others refer the truths

preached to some one else. There is a difference between a limb and a knot. The same juices go through both; upon both alike fall the sunlight and the rain; yet, while the one shows a vigorous growth, and more and more hangs out its airy banners, the other is still nothing but a big knot.

A growing evil in the church is a tendency to side-shows. I used to wonder in my boyish musings, to see that when the great menagerie came to town there came also side-shows containing, according to the bill-posters, the "long-armed ape," the "two-headed man," and other such monsters. There is great danger of the growth of side-shows in the moral realm—theatrical exhibitions, gotten up for the purpose of filling the treasury, without considering whether they are for the glory of God.

We should have confidence, after doing the best that we can and all that we can, in the power of God to correct wrong tendencies and neutralize evil. Perfection is not a prevailing feature of human institutions. There was a Judas among the first disciples. Yet, before the kiss of betrayal was hardly cold, the tongues of fire had fallen, and the Spirit came as a rushing, mighty wind. A brother out West preached a sermon that he deemed a failure, and mourned over it as such, as did many who heard it. A week after, however, he met a new convert who attributed his conviction to that sermon. A pious old man in our church had some very wild and profligate sons, over whom his godly example and counsels seemed to have no effect, and solicitous friends looked with some anxiety for the results of his death, hoping that he might by a triumphantly happy death at last overcome their wickedness; but when

the last hour came, quietly and gently he breathed his last, as fades a summer cloud away, as sinks the gale when storms are o'er. Those who had hoped for a different death-bed scene were much disappointed; they now supposed the boys must certainly be lost; but the young men reasoned thus, "If one whose life was so humble and godly has so little triumph in his death, what will ours be who are so wicked?" And they at once began to seek the Lord. In the overrulings of providence, the "stone which the builders rejected became the head of the corner."

When the Conference met at M——, a lady whose husband was not a member of the Church was very solicitous that the minister whom she should entertain should be of such a kind as to make the most favorable impression upon her husband. By some mistake or oversight, a rough-looking man was sent, who was almost blind with sore eyes. When he was introduced, her heart sank within her, and she felt that all was lost; but, strangely enough, her husband fell into sympathy with the man because of his patience and cheerfulness in affliction, and was thus led to give more attention to a religion which could so sustain. The Church does herself an injury when she seeks to gain this man or that one to her ranks because he is rich or influential. God will take care of those who care for those for whom Jesus died, whether rich or poor, black or white. Such a church has never failed to succeed. You cannot harness it down, or fetter its growth. Such a church may be the little, almost unknown band upon the outskirts of the town; but it grows, the current gathers about it, and it is carried to the heart of the community; becomes "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

The Church is the saving element of the world, the salt of the earth. Knowledge will not save—it is not the crying want of the times; but the gracious influence from on high. Consecrated human lives are the channels through which these streams flow, and through which the Almighty is seeking to reach all men and fill the world with his gracious power and blessings. As this influence is increased will the world be elevated. The true position of the Church is that of a benefactress to the people. She is in danger when, instead of giving her own blood for the vitalization of the people, she comes like a leech to suck blood from everybody, making herself a mere depository for the strength from without. Deriving her fires from eternal altars, she should give, give, give. It occupies its true position when it maintains this attitude. As the disciples stood at the miraculous feeding of the multitude, and received the bread from the hands of the Master and gave to the hungry thousand, so should the Church stand in the presence of the everlasting miracle of heavenly gifts, receiving and breaking to the perishing. Doubtless, the disciples wondered as they broke this bread to see how far it would go. As they broke each piece in twain, lo! each new piece was as large as the first. When the Church assumes this position, does she wonder to see the kingdom of heaven strike its roots into every little simple thing, every bush enwraps itself in flame, pillars of cloud and of fire hang on the outskirts of the camp, manna descends from the balmy skies, from the rocks gush out springs and “streams in the desert?” At her trumpet-blast the walls of Jericho fall down. The Church being but the instrument of God, feels itself to be directed by an unseen hand.

The work of the Church is to say "Come," not to preach, to build churches, but through these to say "Come." Wesley went out, not to organize a church, but to preach Jesus to lost men. God built a Church around him, whose cohorts traverse the globe, and whose drum-beat is heard round the world. The laity and pastorate are as artillery protected by the infantry. The pulpit rests upon the shoulders of the laity. Left to itself the pulpit cannot protect itself; it would be captured in thirty years. Laymen need not preach, but tell the old, old story. All men can communicate that which burns for communication, even the deaf mute and the beasts of the field; how much more the sons of God. This is a favored time for such lay work. The fields have been prepared, by preaching sound doctrine, by Sunday-school work. The fields are prepared for the harvest-time; gather in the sheaves. The Church is but a place of armament whence we go forth to do effective battle. During the woman's temperance crusade in Ohio, all went to the Church and invoked God's blessing and power. Then, as these Christian women went forth to make their appeal to the liquor-sellers, the men remained on their knees in the Church, while the bell overhead was constantly tolled to remind them of those prayers going up as incense to God; and a great whirlwind of power swept through those streets, crashing in hundreds of barrels of the intoxicating beverage. Thus, when his people unite in prayer and work, God honors their efforts. These are conditions that prepare the way of the gospel. May God hasten the time

"When all
Earth's shrines and thrones before His banner fall,
When the glad slave shall at his feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,

The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall like a whirlwind scatter in its breeze
The whole dark pile of human mockeries;
Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
And, starting fresh as from a second birth,
Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing."

XXXII.

Sin and Suicide.

The whole world is a court of record. The slightest events that transpire on the globe are often recorded with the most perfect impression of all the minutia. The globe itself is, to-day, to the thoughtful explorer in science, a complete transcript of the momentous changes that have occurred in the ages past. You split open a rock that underlies strata whose formation required ages, and find there the fossil remains of a fern, with every line and vein beautifully engraven upon the rock. Adjacent may be exhumed the bones of animals. A careful study of the superimposing strata will show that thousands of years ago these animals and plants lived upon the earth. Geology thus goes with hammer and pick to reveal the history of the earth, and tell of the mighty changes that have occurred in the past. Records of early man are found also in the peat beds of central Europe. In the abstract, we cannot trace the stream of evil to its fountain head. Whether above the happy bowers of Eden, even on the plains of heaven, all intelligence is clothed with susceptibility, we know not, only so far as we know of Satan falling from his rectitude and his high estate. We know that it soon visited earth, infecting our first parents, wrecking their frail bark ere it was fairly launched upon the waters, and now its source and cause lie in the weakened

and unbalanced moral condition in which the race is found. Light and darkness, youth and age, prosperity and adversity, good and evil, and like contrasts, fill our language and our thoughts. The world is a grand assize where everything is being tried, and momentary verdicts are issued on all things; on sunshine and rain, on storms and tides, on the deeds of men, on thoughts and emotions, right, wrong, are written everywhere; and above the verdicts of our judgments and our passions, the moral sense, swinging like a bell-tongue, ever back and forward, striking—Good, Evil. Is that which we call evil the fruit of a distinct set of faculties? No; but the abuse of faculties given for good purposes and to promote our happiness. A man is indignant as he sees the strong abusing the weak. That is virtuous indignation; but if it leads him to seek the destruction of the strong man, his virtuous indignation then ripens into murder. God has implanted in man a spirit of industry and acquisition. This, when it impels to activity in gaining the means of livelihood, is praiseworthy; a step further, and he becomes covetous, eaten up with greed of gain—a miser. Love is noble; when it becomes lust, it is devilish. Bossuet declares, "Every error is truth abused."

Conscience is the detective placed by God in man's nature to arrest, convict and bring him to justice. One says of it: "I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing; it makes man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles." In the case of the murder of Joseph White, of Salem, Massachusetts, after delineating the scenes in the bed-room of

the murdered man, Daniel Webster said: "It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats. Passes out through the window as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him; no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe. Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe; not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon." Such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men; it is generally true that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery; especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the

evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

Crime of all kinds seems much more prevalent than formerly, yet while it has, no doubt, much increased, there is an apparent increase accounted for in the promptness and completeness with which the daily occurrences are brought together by the telegraph and rapid transit, and spread before us in the daily papers; then, also, there are more people in the world, and unless it be much improved, crime will be correspondingly increased. Some of the causes that may be assigned for the prevalence of suicide are: First, through scenes of war men become familiarized with violence and bloodshed; through this familiarity and indifference to the sacredness of life men come, upon slight provocation, to shed the blood of their fellow-men. Second, it is a time of general depression in business. Thousands of homes are overshadowed with dark clouds where once the pervading sunshine of prosperity was enjoyed every day in the year; and men, because of these burdens, are tempted to sever their ties with this world. Our modern skepticism so empties the life of those great thoughts and principles

that the structure lacks the bracing God meant for it; and the disappointment at the loss of paltry things leaves the soul nothing more to live for. The man who lives for God and the truth, finds these things brace and sustain him amid the shocks of life; and moreover, regards the best interests of this life as merely secondary, and is not a bankrupt when his buildings burn, or his cattle die, or even when he buries his children. There is a beyond; his hopes are placed above the high-water mark of earth's destroying tides. Causes well understood may assist in the cure of this disease. If blight shall fall upon the crops, or plague upon our herds, or pestilence waste at noonday, efforts would be made by medical societies and economists to understand the cause and devise remedies. If, then, the burdens that fall to the lot of man superinduce these manifold suicides, humanity should be braced at these points; there should be a thickening of these walls, and an elevation of the levee. Christianity is meant to impart strength, not to remove the ordinary burdens of life. The Bible teaches us the manly truth that burdens should be borne, losses suffered, afflictions endured, rather than that men should play the craven, and seek an asylum in the grave from the stern vicissitudes of life. We hear an apostle saying, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear." When he sees that to die is gain, he yet patiently endures. We hear of one who chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; of others who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made

strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings—yea, more, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawed asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and in caves of the earth. Here we shall, perhaps, first discover the evils of robbing the youth of the common schools of the Bible and its fibrous teachings. I am not insisting that the Bible shall be used in the public schools as a method of inculcating religion, but as a tonic, as a strengthening plaster to the weakening fibre of our civilization. I love to think of our youth gazing upon such characters as Abraham, displayed on God's canvas ascending those sacrificial heights; of Moses, sublimely serene amid the wonderful revolutions in which he played so conspicuous a part; of Daniel defying kings for truth's sake; of Shadrac, Meshac and Abednego walking unhurt in the flames of persecution; of Job—why, the book of Job ought to be carried as a pocket catechism in these days of the degeneracy of heroism. The Bible teaches man the true methods and ideas of life; to plant right foundations. Men now incline to live in one-story houses; no basement, no upper story—just the one story of this world, of worldliness, of dollars and cents and earthly pleasure; and when the floods and fires come and sweep these away, he has nothing before him but to die, to take his own life or sink into moral ruin.

The Bible builds three-story houses, digging down through the debris and slush, the error and folly of this world, and laying the foundations in eternal truth and lifting the upper story clear above the clouds and darkness into the serene sunlight; and when the bank breaks or misfortune comes, and worldly losses ensue, all is not lost; 'tis but a tithe of his stores; his real life is in heaven, hid with Christ in God, beyond the sweep of earthly currents, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal."

X X X I I I .

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."
—Psalm lxxxiv: 10.

God works by means. In the natural world it is not difficult to trace the connection between causes and effects. To human thought and feeling heaven is a long way off, and few of earth's philosophers have been able to map out the way to invisible goals. The Church is organized hope, organic promise. Had Adam gone from Eden with that blight of a broken law upon him, he might have dreamed of better days to come, or reasoned that though there were clouds above and thorns beneath, though the gates of paradise were closed, yet God would not cast him off forever; he would yet hear his Father's voice sounding in his ears, recalling him to hope and joy; but these vague imaginings could not have saved. The demons of despair would have haunted him, as wolves upon the track, to the death. But the Lord here drops a hint of promise, sends a ray of hope that all is not lost. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head"—though but a spar, enough to save a drowning man who clutches it.

This prophetic hint afterward gradually took form and organism. In this first promise it was announced that a star of hope was shining somewhere in the broad expanse; but in due time he erects the prophetic telescope, throws into form the hints of prophesy. Here is Judah, a visible lineage, a living people. "The scepter shall not depart

from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet till Shiloh come."

It is an object of devout veneration and love, because of that which it reveals to man. The vessels of the old sanctuary were sanctified; so the altars and institutions and ceremonies of our beloved Zion are sanctified vessels. "What the Lord hath cleansed, that call not thou common nor unclean." As we look through the beaming eyes of those we love, and view the more beaming spirit within, so does God's loving spirit flow out rapturously to us through the bright avenues of the Church.

It deserves our love and reverence for the mighty doctrines it carries, upon which to pillow our heads when storms come, to give us victory in death, and unfading crowns where there is no death. How blessed, when the tempest rages around us and the deep sea is broken where all was smooth sailing yesterday, to find a rock pushing itself squarely up amid the ocean's foam, upon which a man may stand and bid defiance to the fury of the elements. Of such a character are these grand doctrines of the cross, coming with wondrous revealings of strength and blessing.

The Lord has manifold preachers in the world—"sermons in the running brooks." The flowers are winged messengers of themselves; but, touched with Christian light, they reflect to our minds the light of that scene where song never dies, the running stream which flows by the oracles of God. A thousand things may point towards heaven, may be living indices of the coming glory; but this holy revelation stands on the very mountain-top, lifts high its hand, cleaves the clouds and opens the pearly gates revealing immortal visions.

The Lord has always made the instrumentalities for the revelation of truth and his presence worthy of admiration and affection; even in those first rites that disclosed the awful nature of disobedience, God placed a "flaming sword" to keep the tree of life, and this, in the hands of an angel of light. And, away there in the olden time, when the kingly patriarchs trod the New World, when, as yet, "the groves were God's first temples," ere man learned to hew the shaft and lay the architecture, Jacob, as he journeyed from Beer-sheba to Hiram, at nightfall, like a tired wanderer on our Western prairies, sought a camping-place on the green earth, beneath the bright stars, and made him a couch there whose under-proppings were of stone, and before morning God built a church about him, and holy incense burnt upon its altars, and behold! a ladder set upon the earth and the angels of God ascended and descended on it. And the Lord stood above it and said: "I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father," etc.; and that voice full of promise, as God's voice in God's temple has always been to his creatures. And Jacob said: "Surely the Lord is in this place!" "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" "It is good for us to be here!" And Jacob built there a monument. Though he could not pile up there a structure whose beams were of Lebanon's cedars, inlaid with the gold of Ophir, still he could take the best he had—the stones that had supported his head—and make his pillows into pillars to memorialize this place, evermore sacred in his memory. And so those who were with the Saviour when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light"; "And they said, it is good for us to be here;

let us make here three tabernacles; let us have a memorial."

The wife of Gen. Jackson was a devoted Christian. When he was elected President, said she: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in that palace in Washington."

"I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise."

XXXIV.

“Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”—Heb. xi: 1.

Faith is everywhere in scripture set forth, not as the phenomena of the assemblage of natural faculties, but as the operation of an individual faculty or quality. There must be adaptation of that without to that within. The eye and the light are the workmanship of the same cunning hand; conforming to the strange mechanism of the ear are the equally strange air wavelets that carry thither the vibrations of sound. So the hope and its fulfillment. Queries naturally arise as to the nature, operation and results of faith. Definition is impossible; simple terms do not admit of simplification by definition. If we define liberty by the word freedom, we have gained nothing—made no advancement in knowledge or clearness of apprehension. So faith, being as life, liberty, earth, air, water, a simple term for a simple element, admits of no solution by mere interchange of words. We may call it trust, confidence, etc., yet gain nothing. Nor can we unveil the mystery of organism by analogy, similes, metaphors, figures, comparisons. May lift the margin of the veil and discover the well relieved headlands of truth, but do not reveal the riches of the great mountains themselves. The example of the trust of the little child in its mother or father, whatever may in imagination be its semblance to faith, gives no adequate conception of its true character. The trust of the child is largely unconscious; that of the

Christian intensely conscious, never being exercised until the soul is thoroughly aroused to its condition; then it comes to Jesus, flying to his bosom for refuge. But this does not mitigate the office of faith. We find the same thing to be true of all primal elements. Should you attempt to give to one who had never seen a piece of gold its nature, you have no word that will do this. Call it aurum, gold, precious metal, or any appellation whatever, you have not aided his comprehension. He tells you he has seen iron—inquires if it is like it. You answer, “No.” Then he goes through all the category of things known: wood, lead, silver, coal, stone, platinum, etc.; yet still you answer in the negative; and from the starting-point through all the globe, nothing is found like to it. You can only tell him that gold has a specific gravity of 19; color, malleability, tenure, etc. So may we say that faith apprehends God; allies the soul to him; thrills the soul with new life; makes a backsliding Peter a pentecostal evangel, and a persecuting Saul into a heaven-baptized Paul. He who should seek to make up a work upon natural philosophy from his knowledge of one element, and his ignorance of all the rest, would make a sorry affair, and not very instructive; so he who makes up his moral theories from his knowledge of reason and ignorance of other things, does no less miserably. Indeed, it is these impassable gulfs of distinction that give to things their individuality. If two things are just alike and the same, they are one in substance, and you need not two names for them. Begin to translate the world upon this ground, and diversity is lost, and all things are in theory one and the same, and distinctive titles are lost in the common absorption. We find, therefore, that

faith, like all things elementary, has its own identity. It is its crowning glory that it is unlike everything else. It would infinitely degrade it in our conception if we could illustrate it by anything else; that we cannot, is its chief excellence. And he who finds it, realizes that this is not common ore, but as Christ well named it, "The Pearl of great price." It is distinct from reason, never in conflict more than the flight of the poet or the track of the mathematician or logician is in conflict with the rudiments. It is operative in a domain beyond that of reason. The little boy may cut the bands that fetter the proud eagle's wings; this done, he can only helplessly look on as it soars away into the blue ether. So reason may conduct the soul along the highways of thought and direct the will in the severance of the Spirit-bonds, but can only look on in admiration as upon bold wing it pushes out into invisible realities, and like Noah's dove, returns bearing the olive branch. In the early periods, ere invention had reached its present grand developments, the area of the visible heavens was limited, the stars and planets numbered and named, and the constellations made up; but when, with the advance of science, the telescope was invented, and, looking through it the human eye swept the new heavens, worlds upon worlds of light, whose sheen had never broken upon human vision, were brought to light, and the boundaries of knowledge infinitely enlarged. So, after reason has led man through all its devious, luminous pathways, the gospel of the Son of God plants the telescope of faith upon its highest summits, and bending low upon the knees of penitence and confession, he looks through the same and beholds that for which his spirit groaned.

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

Thus is faith the supplement of reason, the evidence of things not seen by sensuous vision. The hopes of human kind freighted with strong desire beat against the bars of the present life like the pinions of imprisoned birds. The mutations of this life form golden pinions, whereby the soul mounts to the spiritual. This carries us even to the boundary of the invisible. Even the heart-weary savage, whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds and hears him in the wind, grown tired of this unsatisfactory life, repairs, as he imagines, to Elysian hunting-grounds beyond the flood by putting an end to his own life. A poor Indian, who repeatedly declared that because he was an invalid, and could no longer go upon the warpath nor join in the chase, this life had nothing more for him, deliberately shot himself through the heart. And this uplifting of inborn convictions, in attest of the presence of these intuitions, restless man, prompted by the divinity within, builds an altar, making thus the world one vast temple dedicated to the "Unknown God," filling it with smoking altars and reeking Juggernauts, while "Calvaries are everywhere."

Columbus, with weary feet and restless heart, trod the shore of the old world, going as a court beggar from throne to throne, declaring that it was mathematically impossible that the continent then known was the only land of the earth. Since it was round, it must have a continent upon the other side to secure the equilibrium. Following the same mathematical laws, an astronomer of one country

indicated to another that if, at a given time, he should sweep with his glass a certain portion of the heavens, he would behold a planet that had never been seen by mortal eye, but whose existence was necessary to fill the mathematical outline. Obeying the directions, there was discovered the planet called Neptune. God has put into every human soul the airy-fingered mathematician, who is forever drawing for us the outline of invisible realities; and he who is so driven to bay by the auguries of his own soul as to demand proof, needs not a word of proof; he is wrung already in the grasp of a giant, arraigned at the bar of his nature. But Columbus needed ships and mariners, the astronomer the telescope, to realize their pre-conclusions. So these hopes and desires of the soul make dying bodies and living spirits the debris of mortality; and the light of faculties that mock the power of death, the bursting shell of the chrysalis and unfolding intuitions, equal the unknown quantity. When the algebraist says let X equal the unknown quantity, he does not mean that there is no such quantity, but that that which is unknown is to be made known. Faith solves the mighty problem of hope, and reveals to the soul the eternal verities. There is strange force in the expression "substance." The first and nearest desire of the soul is pardon, freedom from sin's yoke, acceptance with God; without this man is never happy. With smittings of conscience at heart, the king's purple turns to sackcloth. But with this, the martyr at the wheel or in the flame rejoices. Now, with all the hundreds we have seen gain this evidence by way of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we never knew one to fear that his deep peace was not of God but of Satan. Bishop Janes, on the verge of

the eternal world, sends us back word, "I am not disappointed." Bishop G. Haven: "There is no river here; it is all beautiful."

There are many different colors, so-called, a variety of shades and hues almost numberless and nameless; but all these are reducible to the seven prismatic colors of the rainbow. We have not merely red, but crimson and pink and majenta and scarlet and garnet; but all are shades, and by elimination disappear, leaving but the principal. When, however, you have by such reduction reached the prismatic red of the rainbow, it is no further divisible. You have a fundamental color; something unchangeable. So the Apostle in that other passage seems to have been reducing the variable shades of human experience back to their original when he says, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." The shades depart, the prismatic colors remain. In this he says, "Now, faith is the substance," etc. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away"; but here is an ever-abiding principle. After Columbus had voyaged for days amid the mutiny of sailors and perils and discouragements enough to break the heart of any but an iron nature, the compass, that, always pointing to the Polar star, guided the mariner safely over the bosom of the deep, was seen to vary and deflect from its pole, awakening the appalling thought in the minds of that isolated crew that, not only had they sailed beyond the recall of friends, but had passed beyond the control of the unerring laws that governed the known world. But, just then, when mathematical laws seemed stripped of their precision, and all hopes baffled, looking

upward, they descried bright-winged birds sailing through the upper air, and turning the ship and following them, they soon came in sight of verdant shores. Thus, in our voyaging across the stormy sea of life in quest of that better country, when expectation fails, and hopes are blasted, and the mutiny of men and the aberrations of reason seem to leave us to hopeless destruction, God sends high in the heavens the tinted, plumaged birds, Faith and Hope, and following in their wake, we speed in sight of the green-fringed shores of the promised land.

“The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.”

X X X V .

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

There are silent factors tending to great results, negative as well as positive quantities and qualities. We are so constituted in relation to the destinies of life that action reaches the goal, wins the prize, gains the victory. The absence of this action becomes a positive force. Neglect is a potent factor in the final result. The farmer, in order to bring ruin upon himself, need not burn up his barns, pluck up his vineyards and orchards, or sow thorns and briars; he need but let it alone, neglect it. So the mill-owner, the merchant, the banker. Let it alone, neglect disease, neglect mental resources—this is the king that sits upon his throne of darkness, with scepter rusted but mighty, and festoons the world with cobwebs. Under his influence the wheels of the engine come to a standstill, the plow rusts in the furrow, ships lie rotting upon the shores, all business stagnates, the world is wrapped in darkness and decay. This is equally true of moral agencies. Yet, this is not a hard thing, for nowhere do such large results hang upon such slight efforts. Men toil for riches and die poor; labor for home and fortune and are homeless. The little we may sow in these spiritual fields brings in this life an hundred-fold, and in the world to come, eternal life. Then who can say that it is a hard or unjust fate?

But neglect may carry us beyond the possibility of recovery. It is too late at harvest-time to begin to plow; too late for the miller and the miner and the merchant when

ruin has overtaken them; too late for the banker when the creditors stand at the closed door, or the sheriff enters; too late for the consumptive when hemorrhage has become permanent. Denver is a city of invalids. Their pale faces are seen on every street; but many of them take up the cry: "Too late! Had I come here one year ago, I might have been saved; now, I have only come here to be buried." So there comes a time when it is too late for moral reform. A boatman is on the stream above the falls; the water is gently undulating; he is enchanted with his surroundings—the light of the skies, the verdant banks, the carolling of the birds; but his boat has passed from the undulating waves into the strong current, and is sweeping swiftly through the tumultuous rapids. He seizes the oars, and what man can do, he does; but naught avails. Neglect has been at the oar too long. When the tiny boat is caught in the strong hands of the rapids to be dashed over the falls, it is too late for action. When the fire has been neglected until it mounts to the roof and envelopes the building, it is too late for restraint. So in morals, neglect not only brings dilapidation and ruin, but may carry the boat beyond the turning point, the flame past the power to restrain. Our spiritual notes may go to protest, and judgment stand at the door.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

For everything there is a time—a time to plant and a time to gather into barns, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, waxing and waning of the moon, ebb and flow of the tides. There are like alternations in man's nature. Each interest and passion has its periods—

its ebbing and flowing. Every man is aware that the impulses and emotions of his nature have their rise and fall. This is doubtless true of his religious convictions; not because God is changeable, but because man is; and let us always remember that it is man that is to be saved, and we must adapt our actions to the material and instrumentalities. If a house is to be built of poor material, we must try to take the timber at its best state.

There are circumstances, then, that favor and bring about most periods. We are all more or less influenced by the actions of others. It is so in business affairs, and also in social matters. God sends the Holy Spirit in answer to the united prayer of his people. Then God is near. The time to seek God is when others are most ready to help us. We need each other's aid. "Bear ye one another's burdens." One evening a young man came into our meeting, and told us that he had walked ten miles to reach that altar of prayer. He had been seeking the Lord for some time, but found no light. Hearing we had special services, and an altar of prayer, he had walked ten miles and waded the Kansas river to reach it. He was happily converted; said it seemed like morning was breaking after a long, dark night.

God does everything at its appointed time. You say you are not ready; then the Lord is making a mistake. The trees blossom at the right time, the birds know when to go south and not encounter the rude storms, know when to return on their instinctive pilgrimages. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider." But God is all-wise, and may see in an especial manner the reasons for

your immediate return; may see favoring circumstances; may also see dangers just ahead. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

But, it is argued, there is no limit to God's mercy. It is quoted:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

The thief upon the cross is also cited. As to the latter, this may have been, and probably was, the first time this thief had ever heard of Jesus as the Saviour of men. As to the other, let it be said that, although the lamp of God's mercy may continue to burn, and God's mercy be proclaimed infinite, it is quite another thing for a sinner to retain any willingness to be saved, or power to repent. Most people who have at all intelligent views of the plan of salvation, admit that God is a co-worker. What, then, does he supply? Man has the faculties, as he has eyes. God supplies the spiritual light—not simply his Word. That is scarcely more allied to the sight as light, than a work on optics can take the place of light. In two ways moral incapacity may be brought about: First, by the withdrawal of the light; second, by making the moral faculty incapable—that is, you can destroy vision by putting out the light or by blinding the eye. Of what use is light to a blind man? Of what use is spiritual light to a man who has seared his own vision, put out his own eyes? The man blind from his birth cannot accurately describe the objects of vision; has never been permitted to revel in the light of day; yet he has convictions of the light—a felt want forever crying out for satisfaction. The deaf man feels the incubus that rests upon his organ of hearing, and waits and groans for the melodies of sound.

Man may be morally blind and deaf, but a felt want within him forever crying out for the supreme revelation of light, testifies to the existence of these divine verities.

Thus, God, both within and without, lifts up the irrefragible witnesses of human condition, actual and possible. To these evidences all men are subject; and the world is full of men under conviction. Not only in the church, but in the shop, the store, the bank, and in all the busy haunts of life, are men whose spirits are crying out through their blindness for a light brighter than that through which they push the projects of life. In saloons, at the gambler's table—everywhere; in Bible lands and heathen climes, is found the same universal experience: "almost persuaded" to be Christians.

Yet "almost" has no element of joy, but of sadness. The field of grain that has come safely through the earlier storms, and almost ripe for the garner, is destroyed at last; the ship returning from a safe and prosperous voyage is stranded in sight of land—gone down in full view of friends and home. It is not the germ, the blade, the waving stalk, the farmer wants, but fully ripe grain. The horticulturist is not appeased for the loss of his fruit by remembering how beautiful the blossoms were, or how sweet their fragrance. The ship's loss cannot be compensated by any memories of favoring gales or shining ports at which it touched, if it reach not the final port in safety.

May not "almost" be ripened into "entire" in the world to come? If spiritual susceptibility has been exhausted, extension of time can make no difference. Salvation comes through the motion of spiritual powers. A man cannot assume the emotions of fear at will; cannot turn pale and

tremble by simply being willing to do so; cannot feel glad under occasions of sorrow; nor can he at will improvise any fundamental emotion. Yet, a man decides to cast away his emotions of repentance wrought in his nature by the Holy Spirit, and at another time he will repent. It may be that God will increase the light and influence of the Spirit, and thus overcome the hardening effect of his refusals; but, unless there be genuine repentance wrought in his soul, he cannot repent at will.

Have we not evidence of exhausted spirituality—men who are unaffected by all the appeals of instruction, warning, love or providence? Is it not equally possible that a nature that had thus run its probationary career should stand before the throne of God, with heaven and hell both in full view, and yet be unaffected by genuine repentance, or love for God, or any of the sentiments that belonged to the redeemed?

Probation is not measured by years, but by moral susceptibilities. The artist veils his picture from the light until he has set it with chemicals. Through probation the nature is sensitive and easily affected. With the exhaustion of susceptibility the picture is set, in light or darkness, never more to be changed. Its lines are indelible.

“There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.
There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die;
To die, as if by stealth.
It does not quench the beaming eye,

Or pale the glow of health.
 The conscience may be still at ease,
 The spirits light and gay;
 That which is pleasing still may please,
 And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
 Indelibly his mark,
 By man unseen; for, man, as yet,
 Is blind, and in the dark.
 And yet, the doomed man's path below,
 Like Eden, may have bloomed;
 He does not, will not, cannot know
 Or feel that he is doomed.

He thinks, he feels, that all is well,
 And every fear is calmed;
 He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
 Not only doomed, but damned.
 Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
 By which each path is crossed,
 Beyond which God himself hath sworn
 That he who goes is lost ?

How far may we go on in sin ?
 How long will God forbear ?
 Where does hope end, and where begin
 The confines of despair ?
 An answer from the skies is sent:
 'Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called to-day, *repent!*
 And harden not your heart.' "

XXXVI.

"But Peter followed afar off."—Luke xxii: 54.

Here is nothing metaphysical, scientific, nor literary; no effort could make anything of this but a plain, practical event; an event charged with the same blood that flows in human veins. The heroes of the Bible may, in a large measure, be duplicated on every street in town. Men just like them are found behind the counter, in the shop, plowing the fields, or drawing the fisherman's net. And though called as an apostle, there is nothing in that fact removes him from the near association with average men in the emergencies that arose in his pathway. What he did may illustrate the common tendencies in human nature. And the Head of the church has no doubt spread in full these records of defeat as well as victory upon the pages of the Bible, that they might prove as milestones and guide-board; that they might monument the rise and fall of others for our benefit; that while one may throw the shadow of warning across our pathway, others by their triumphs recorded, may mark "footprints on the sands of time"—

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

This temporary defeat of this remarkable man we have, therefore, a right to consider in the light of a sublime lesson to us, revealing the rocks upon which our vessels may dash and be broken. This defeat is occasioned by the same

causes, in the main, that produce the same results in the lives of others; and he is thus not alone, but being more conspicuous by his standing near the head of this stream, and by the scripture delineation here given, we make his case a key to the many; and whatever may be said, let this be remembered, that where one had done better than he, a hundred would have done infinitely worse. Notice, there was self-reliance. "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not *I*." Victories on the moral battle-fields of the world must be won with weapons of a higher order than those which cleave their way upon the ensanguined fields of earth. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the ruler of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Wherefore we are commanded to take the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand; to be strong in the Lord and the power of his might. Now, there was in the fiery, impulsive disciple the stuff to have made a Marshal of the Empire in the stormy career of a Bonaparte. But that is not the stuff that makes a marshal of God's empire. There are men who can march with unfaltering step and cheek unblanched straight into the cannon's mouth amid the thunders of the bloodiest battle-fields, who, in a fierce moral test, cannot find strength to say *No* to the voice of the tempter. There are men who tremble at the roll of martial music, who, strengthened of God, defy kings and potentates when resistance to these is obedience to God. When the Lord of Hosts will have a warrior, he arms him from the arsenals of the skies.

Notice, further, his faith was conditional; he was trusting in the name of Jesus, rather than in Jesus himself. He

had been with him when he opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf; had heard his voice resound amid the aisles of the sepulcher where rested the ashes of the slumbering dead, and call the sleeper to life. But all this had changed. Summer had gone—gone its foliage, gone its music and its banners; and a dreary winter scene to-day played its dirge through the leafless branches. On this dark day no blind eyes were being opened, no deaf ears being unstopped, no dead men were springing to life at his command, nor troops of people spreading branches in the way and singing hosannas to his name; but as a limp and helpless criminal, Jesus was led to Pilate's bar. And the faith of Peter, based upon these exhibitions of power, went down in this eternal wreck. Yet this Jesus had not changed; the same power that healed the sick and raised the dead was still there. But men believe in the displays of power. But Christ took the sword from him, and in so doing took the man out of him; when that was gone, all was gone; there was no divinity, no grace, no power of the Holy Spirit with which to meet moral issues. Human courage is not sufficient to spiritual conflicts. He followed afar off. Half-heartedness is always an evil, and is the source of its own woes. The man who does you a favor and yet reluctantly, neutralizes all its good thereby. The man in business who halts feebly along surrounds himself with difficulties that flee from a man of decision; and though his energy may bring difficulties, they are all swallowed up in success. If we take hold of the nettle feebly, it will sting us; but seize it with firm hand, and it injures not. "Our doubts are traitors, and they often make us lose the good that we might win, by fearing the attempt." There

are thousands who can be Christians in sunshine that fly when storms arise; they are conditional Christians. There is not so much difference in natural gifts as in the grace they possess. A conditional union man is an unconditional traitor. We may say the same of Christians. "He followed afar off," and thus was thrown into bad company, among the servants, who could not have approached him, taunting him thus, had he been beside Jesus in the judgment hall. Here these menials could not have come. So we often increase our difficulties by our distance from the cross. The thorns are not in the way, but just outside the path. He cut himself off from assistance. True, it looked as though power had fled, and that form and voice seemed robbed of power. But the same power inhered in him, though at this moment restrained. While iniquity culminates, he could even now pray the Father, who would send twelve legions of angels to his aid—around were hovering those celestial legions, panting to let the Saviour go. The red thunderbolts were forged that could, at the bidding of Jesus, sink this guilty world so deep beneath the anathemas of an angry God that a courier of lightning wing might not have reached it in a thousand ages. But they may not be loosed from the burning throne in his behalf who gave himself to die for guilty man; but, in behalf of those trembling disciples it would have been exerted. They were not to die for their fellow's sins; but to live to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ when he had ascended on high. There was power for them.

But we must place ourselves within God's domain ere his power is exerted on our behalf. Peter repented before he danger was over. He met the look of the Saviour, so

full of sympathy and love; his heart was touched and troubled. He went out and "wept bitterly."

"Blest tears of soul-felt penitence,
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know."

Peter, in all his after life, manifests the power and strength of grace. How different was he on the day of Pentecost. Now he was not self alone, but self baptized with the Holy Ghost. He had waited at the foot of the cross until the Spirit sat like cloven tongues of fire upon him, and he feared not man, but God alone.

XXXVII.

Anger.

In our passions we are allied with the brute creation. In our principles we are more especially allied to the Almighty—to that which is above us. The beast is governed by the impulses of his emotions, by feeling; man, though subject to like passions—anger, love, hate—finds a higher law, before which passion is to be set aside. Is God susceptible to anger? The Bible everywhere so represents him. Theologians have largely concurred in considering these representations figurative. Why not consider the representations of love figurative, also? It is said that it would belittle our conception of the divine being to consider him as influenced by anger. What is the real philosophy of human anger? Has it a place in the moral and spiritual economy of man, or is it an exotic to be rooted out? First, whatever primary elements are in man, are created by God, not the handicraft of the devil. Second, all that God has created is for some purpose. All the elements and faculties of our nature were intended to be exercised. Where, then, does sin enter? Sin begins with the abuse, excess or perversion of these faculties. We may assume, then, that anger has its legitimate part to play in human experience. What is the mission of anger? With the brute it is evidently self-defense: the angry animal rends and devours all in his way. Those animals that do not defend

with fangs and claws, but find their protection in flight, betray no signs of anger. Take the rabbit, for instance. You cannot make it seem to be mad. Take the cat, and the eyes flash, and the bristles rise. God has given to these animals anger for the same purpose as teeth and claws. Not so man; for he is forbidden to resist injury; forbidden also to seek revenge—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord—bidden to retain hatred or malice. So it is not for these purposes. It must have another and entirely different intent.

Anger is useful to human nature, yet paradoxically. Its good is not present until anger is absent. The builder, when constructing an arch, first makes one of wood, carefully rounded. Upon this he builds the arch of brick or stone, and then knocks away the wooden arch, no longer serviceable. So is anger to character—no service, yet, in the final consummation, indispensable. A brick-maker, as he puts up the kiln, puts combustible matter into it—a layer of wood with a layer of brick. Then he sets fire to it, and burns out all the wood; but, in burning out, it has burned the bricks to that consistency required. They are now fit to leave the fire and go into the wall. So is temper to character. It burns it hard; then the fire and flame and smoke should disappear. A man who had no temper would be much like unburned or sunburned brick—soft, and inclined to crumble. We want burnt brick, but not hot brick. Have you seen a smith temper the edged tool? Notice how he makes an axe of malleable steel, and when it is shaped, it is too soft and pliable for the purpose for which it was made. Try it upon one of these live oak trees, and the moment it strikes a knot the edge turns over. But the

smith takes it and subjects it to the fire, watching the heat rise by degrees; and when it has reached a proper heat, he subjects it to a convulsive shock, by thrusting it into cold water; then he watches it until a bluish hue spreads itself upon the steel, indicating a proper temper. It has been in the fire; but the fire goes not with it. It is cold steel, glittering and sharp.

In this way character is formed—through the spirit and temper given it. It is made requisite to the purposes of life. You see a man cool, self-poised, self-possessed in the hour of peril and presence of danger. He is apparently as cold and glittering as the axe; but he is thus stern and cool because he has been in the fire; because there is fire in him. It is not in flame or smoke, not in irritation or rage; yet, he has all these other qualities because of the (invisible, it may be) endowment of anger, spirit, temper.

The defiant, combative, aggressive spirit is secured to the Church through this. In former days, I think the Church had a clearer sense of conflict, present and immediate, with the evil one. They saw him as a "roaring lion going about seeking whom he might devour." And they were full of schemes and devices and strategy to take him in his own craftiness. Luther had such a sense of this, that he looked up from his studies one evening and fancied he saw the devil in bodily presence, and, siezing his ink-bottle, he hurled it at him; and it is said the ink-stain is upon the wall until this day.

Had not this great reformer been endowed with temper, he would never have developed the characteristics that so distinguished him. He was not angry when he hurled his grand defiance: "I'll go to the Diet at Worms, if every tile

on the roofs of their houses were a devil." But in that is shown a nature full of these latent fires—a well-tempered man. He arrayed himself against Christendom—a well-tempered axe, striking ruthlessly at the roots of forest giants, and felling them to the earth.

God means that these elements within us should array us against wrong, and that our indignation and wrath should prevent our being quiescent in the presence of wrongs against God and man. In the temperance crusade you see quiet ladies enter saloons. They are not angry. When reviled, they revile not again. Yet they are able to bring themselves to this work because of the strong tides of grief and indignation that have swept through the bosoms of wives and mothers, as they have seen husbands and sons swept down the black gulf of sin.

XXXVIII.

Intimations of the "Yet to Be."

Man lives not merely in the present. Out of the fragments of every-day life he is constantly building a life that is "yet to be"; and strange, passing strange, that what he makes from what is left each day is always more magnificent to his eyes than the day's realities—the shadow more gorgeous and substantial than the substance itself; the fragments that are left from a "few loaves" make seven baskets-full. Above the solid earth of daily experience, his nature insists upon uplifting the starry, resplendent heavens of hope. But these things cannot be meaningless as features of our constitution. From the whole scene around us, the sheen of the skies and the captivating beauty of the world we inhabit, spring promises of a brighter day. The mighty pageant of nature is instinct with intimations of glories unrevealed. The soft breath of the zephyr and the loud thunder are the signal soft or the trumpet-blast summoning glorious battallions to troop into place in the line of unfolding destiny.

All human life is a forward movement, from youth to old age. Anticipation casts its plummet forward; its face is ever to the front. Though the vessel be wrecked, hope takes the floating spars, and from them constructs a fresh barque with which to navigate the stormy sea, and make at last the looked-for port. Above all life's bitter disappointments, the star of the future shines with unsullied luster, and

the heart beats forward into the anticipated grandeur of the coming day. Nations, as well as individuals, have always had their golden age, their millennium. These instincts are not placed in the bosom of man to mock him—“*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*” The universal consciousness of man has been lifted up in favor of a bright future. The Indian looks away from the defeats and disappointments of this life to the happy hunting grounds, upon whose elysian fields the chase shall be resumed with no lack of success; and when he buries the brave, he buries with him his pony, his arms and provisions for the continuance of his journey.

“The word proclaimed by the concordant voice of mankind fails not; for in man speaks God.”

“If, then, all souls, both great and good, do teach
With general voice, that souls can never die;
'Tis not man's flattering gloss; but nature's speech,
Which, like God's oracle, can never lie.”

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in years; but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.”

XXXIX.

A Revival Appeal.

[At Union Meeting, Lawrence.]

While I listened to Brother S——, my mind was forcibly drawn to the manner in which things classify themselves viz., by character.

It was no fault of Brother S—— that his words addressed to Christians were not applicable to all here, and yet they were not. As his words fell upon our ears, this congregation was divided, not by a line running through the middle of it, but a zigzag line was drawn through this vast assembly, separating persons sitting in the same pew, and belonging to the same household; and on one side of that line were the saved, and on the other the unsaved. Those to whom these words of Christian counsel and cheer came would gladly have shared the bread of life with you, but character drew the line and made these words distasteful to you. There are mothers here who would suffer anything to make this bread of heaven sweet to your taste.

Then I imagined this platform suddenly transformed into a judgment scene, and Christ, as he is announced one day to appear, sitting on the judgment throne. Would not the same line run through this house? It would still be no fault of these friends of Jesus, or Jesus himself. He has died for you, and followed you for years, knocking, knocking, at the door of your hearts. It would still be the

fault of your own rebellious hearts. You maintain the line over which the mercy of God cannot come.

Do you say, "I do not like excitement?" This is not excitement. But if it were, have you not had all the gentle, stormless elements of Christian influence from the days of childhood until now—the gospel at home, a mother's prayers and example, the Sunday-school and the sanctuary? What can God do that he has not done?

Do you dream of some future opportunity for repentance and reformation in that shadowy land beyond the grave? Ask yourself if we may not here exhaust, by refusal and rebellion, the spiritual susceptibilities of our nature, and hopelessly bankrupt it. The photographer, when he takes a picture, finds its impress on the sensitive plate so fleeting, that he hurries with it into the dark room, and there, by the application of proper chemicals, *sets* the picture so that it may be brought into the strong light. So in probation, the soul's tablet is quick and sensitive. Death is doubtless the chemical which, in the dark chamber, sets forevermore, in light or shade, the picture we are taking as it will stand in the white light of eternity.

ANECDOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

HABIT.

Habit at first is but a silken thread,
Fine as the light-winged gossamer that sways
In the warm sunbeams of a summer's day;
A shallow streamlet, rippling in its bed;
A tiny sapling, ere its roots are spread;
A yet unhardened thorn upon the spray;
A lion's whelp that hath not scented prey;
A little smiling child, obediently led.
Beware! That thread may bind thee as a chain;
That streamlet gather to a fatal sea;
That sapling spread into a gnarled tree;
That thorn, grown hard, may wound and give thee pain;
That playful whelp his murderous fangs reveal;
That child, a giant, crush thee neath his heel!

THE TERROR INSPIRED BY DEATH.

Men may sink in the waves of strife, and forget death amid the roar and smoke of battle, but when coolly, calmly contemplated, it is not to be fully overcome by mortal courage. At the terrible assault of the city of St. Sebastian, the forlorn hope of the British troops took their position just across the river Aremea, awaiting the ebb of the tide that they might cross and scale the walls; and, as they thus stood in full view of the shells and fire barrels that lined the wall, awaiting the passage of the slowly-retreating waters, many of those troops—among the world's bravest troops—became frantic, almost delirious; some laughed outright, not knowing what they did; others shouted; some sang; some prayed.

NO LONGER VALIANT SOLDIERS.

Soon after the battle of Castiglione, and just before the battle of Rivoli, Napoleon, arranging before him two regiments that had shown signs of fear and hesitation, he thus addressed them: "Soldiers of the 39th B. and 85th B., you are no longer French soldiers." To the chief of the staff he gave command to have inscribed on their banner standards, "They are no longer of the Army of Italy."

A SOUL IN EARNEST.

Napoleon, hurrying to Paris as it fell into the hands of the enemy: "Faster, Faster!" cried he, as the postilions incessantly poured their lashes on the panting steeds; and yet "Faster, Faster!" he shouted, while the carriage wheels were already on fire. His throne, his crown, his empire, shook in the balance.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHYSICAL.

At the battle of Biberach, 60,000 Austrians were posted on the heights in order of battle. St. Cye, in command of 20,000 French, beheld a movement amid the Austrians that conveyed to his practiced eye evidences of alarm and irresolution. He immediately marched up the heights and routed the enemy, who scarcely returned a blow.

CHARACTER MEASURED BY OBSTACLES OVERCOME.

Some mountains are much higher than others, because, having a later origin, there was greater resistance to their upheaval, owing to a thickened and hardened earth's crust. This resistance caused them to ascend higher when the resistance was overcome.

Rev. D. L. Griffiths, at a point where he went to preach in the mountains of Colorado, accosted a little girl, and inquired if she attended Sunday-school? "No," said she, "we have no Sunday-school such as you mean. We never did have here, though I used to have one myself here." "What kind of a Sunday-school did you have?" "Why, papa gave me a little calf, and I had a little kitty, and I used on Sunday to take them to my play-house, and we had a real nice Sunday-school." "And why don't you have it now?" "Why, the calf has got so big he won't come any more!"

A man was accustomed to hang himself once in a while, as an expression of indignation, and his wife would cut him down. He was careful to see that she was conveniently near when he went aloft. But, at last, one day, she said, after he got his neck well adjusted in the noose: "You old fool, you may hang this time." And, despite his struggles, he died. So those persons who are always going right out of the Church, if somebody does not do something to save them, at last, you had better let them hang.

A Scotch minister asked a parishioner how he liked his sermons. "Ah," said he, "this cold weather I have to sit away back by the stove, and there are Deacon Smith and Mrs. Grimes and Mrs. Brown and others in front of me, with mouths wide open, and by the time it gets to me it's poor stuff, poor stuff!"

It is pleasant to be a minister, for one is salted on one side, and sugared on the other; so that between the two processes he is likely to be well preserved. Indeed, he is in the situation we used to be in front of the old-fashioned fireplace—roasting on one side, and freezing on the other.

Place—Fort Scott, Kansas, during State Fair, 1870.

Scene—Baptist Tabernacle. Experience of a man present: "We hear much about intoxication. I have been intoxicated for a week past—not like the old maid, on dried apples, but on horse-racing; but to-night, thank God, I am as happy as a big sunflower."

The air presses upon the surface of the body with a weight of fourteen pounds to the square inch. If it were not for this, we would fly to pieces. Humboldt, upon the Himalayas, found the blood oozing from his ears and eyes. So the pressure of affliction in such a world as this is necessary to hold us in consistency.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.—The *Methodist*: "I have been baptized, and you haven't." *Baptist*: "I don't care, I have been vaccinated, and that is just as good."

A little boy told his mother if she did not give him a piece of pie at once, he would go right down the street and catch the measles.

A man sawed a limb off a tree, and found, after he struck bottom, that he had sawed the limb between himself and the tree.

A little boy in Leavenworth, in class-meeting, said: "Whether I live long or die short, I mean to die in the service."

Where God drives the plowshare of affection, there he also plants the seeds of life.

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